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SONGS OF ENGLAND

A collection of English Melodies including Traditional Ditties and the Principal Songs and Ballads of the last Three Centuries.

Edited with new symphonies and accompaniments by
J. L. HATTON and EATON FANING

Volume 3

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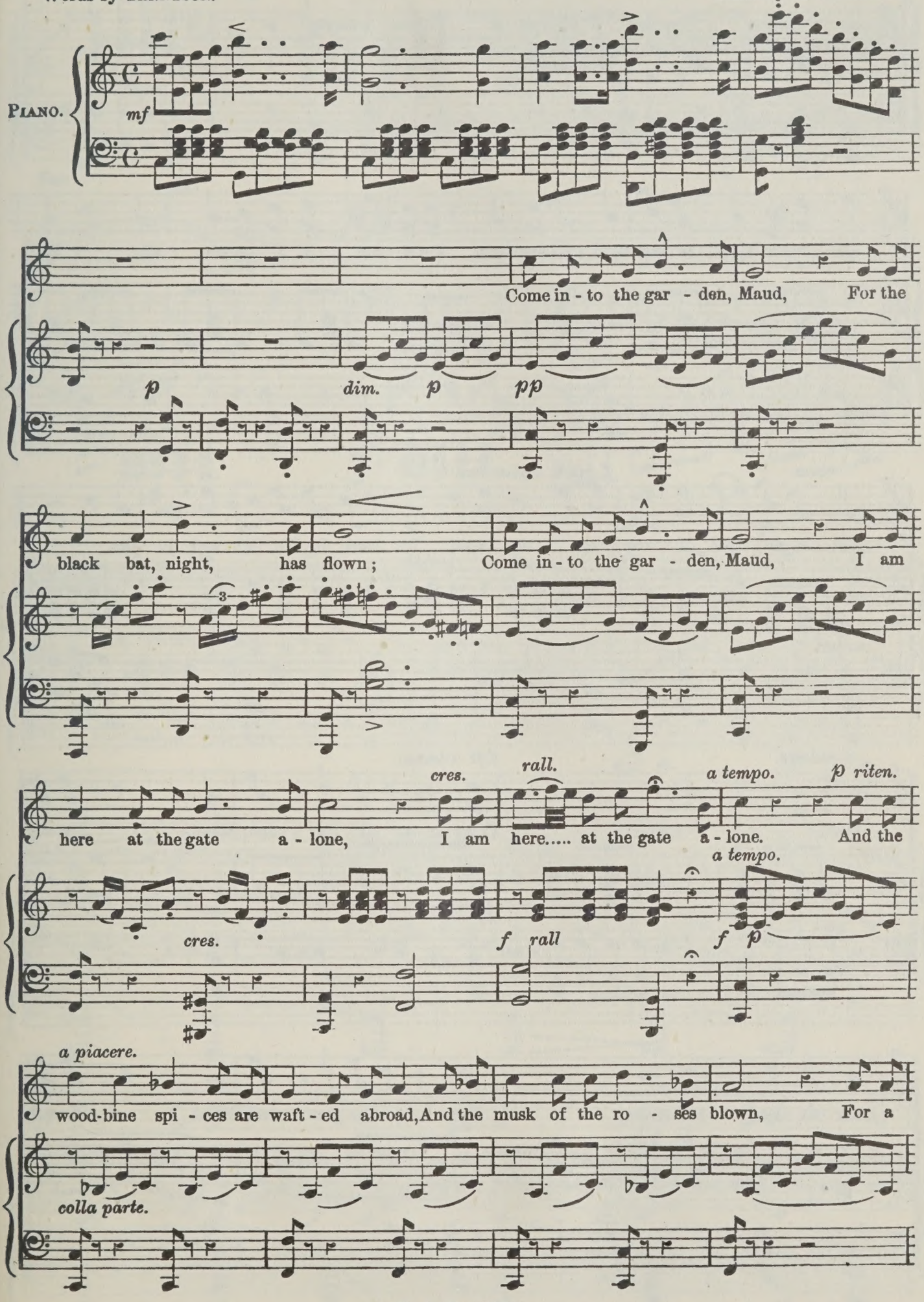
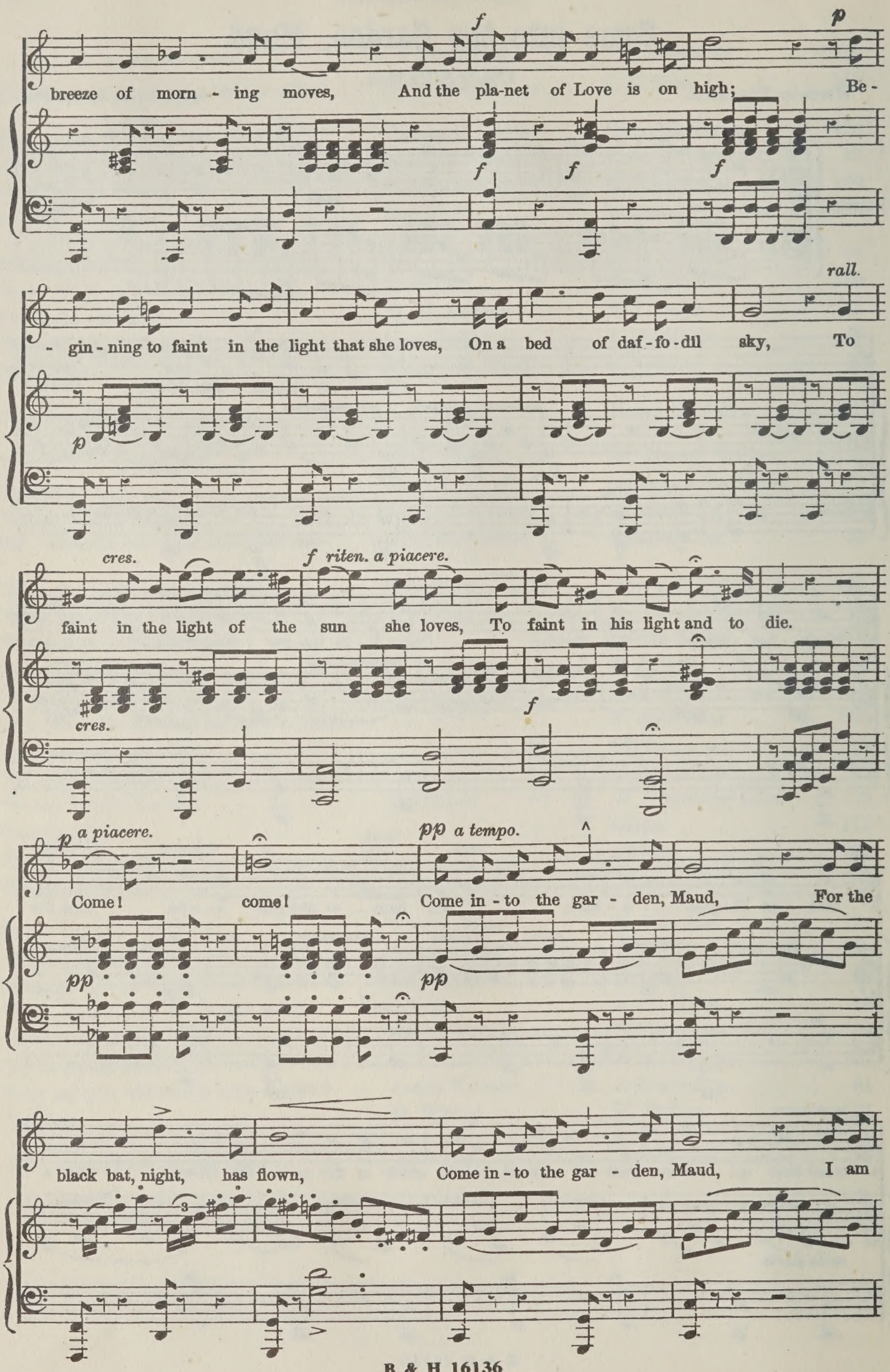
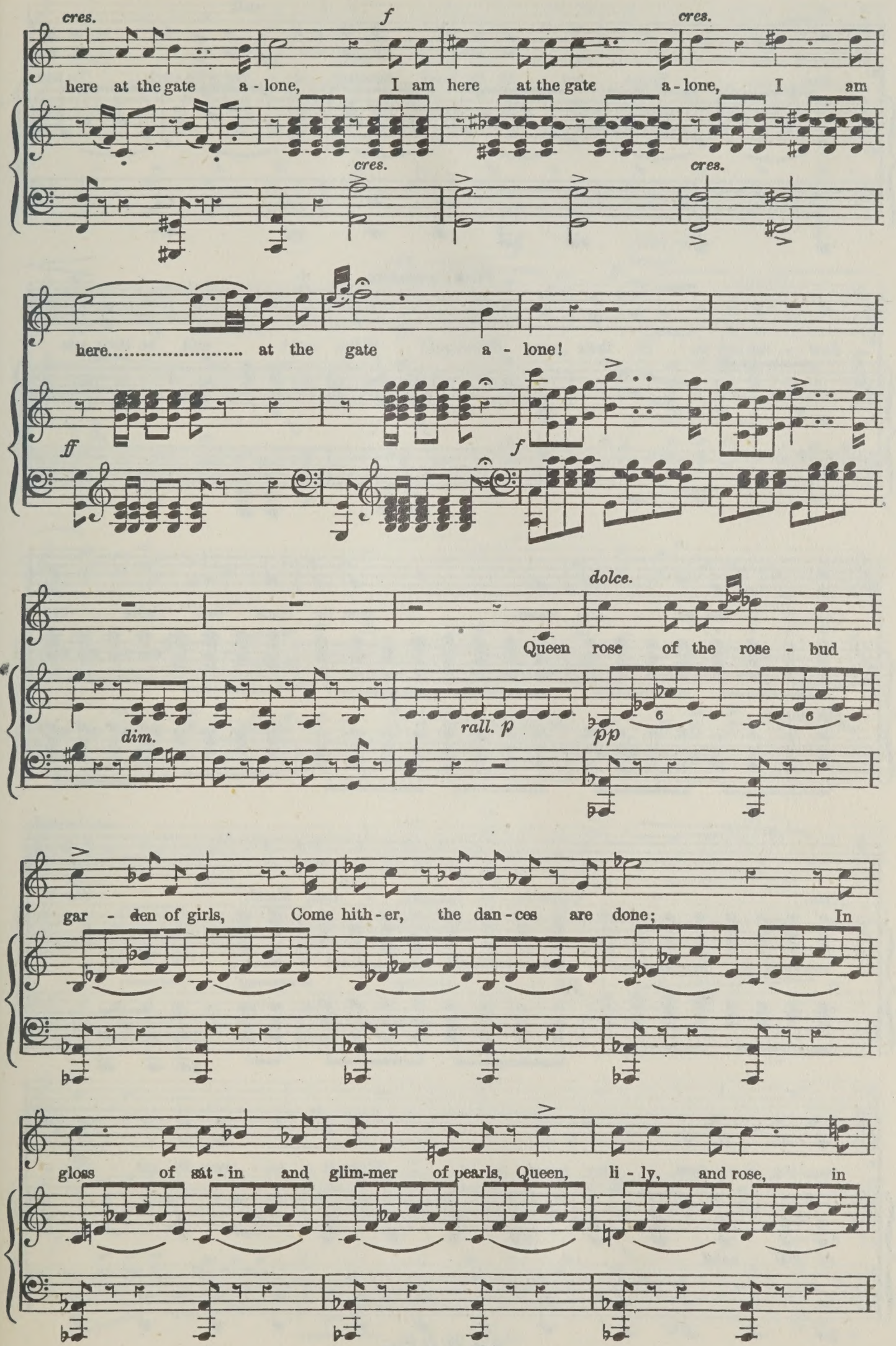
Come into the Garden, Maud.

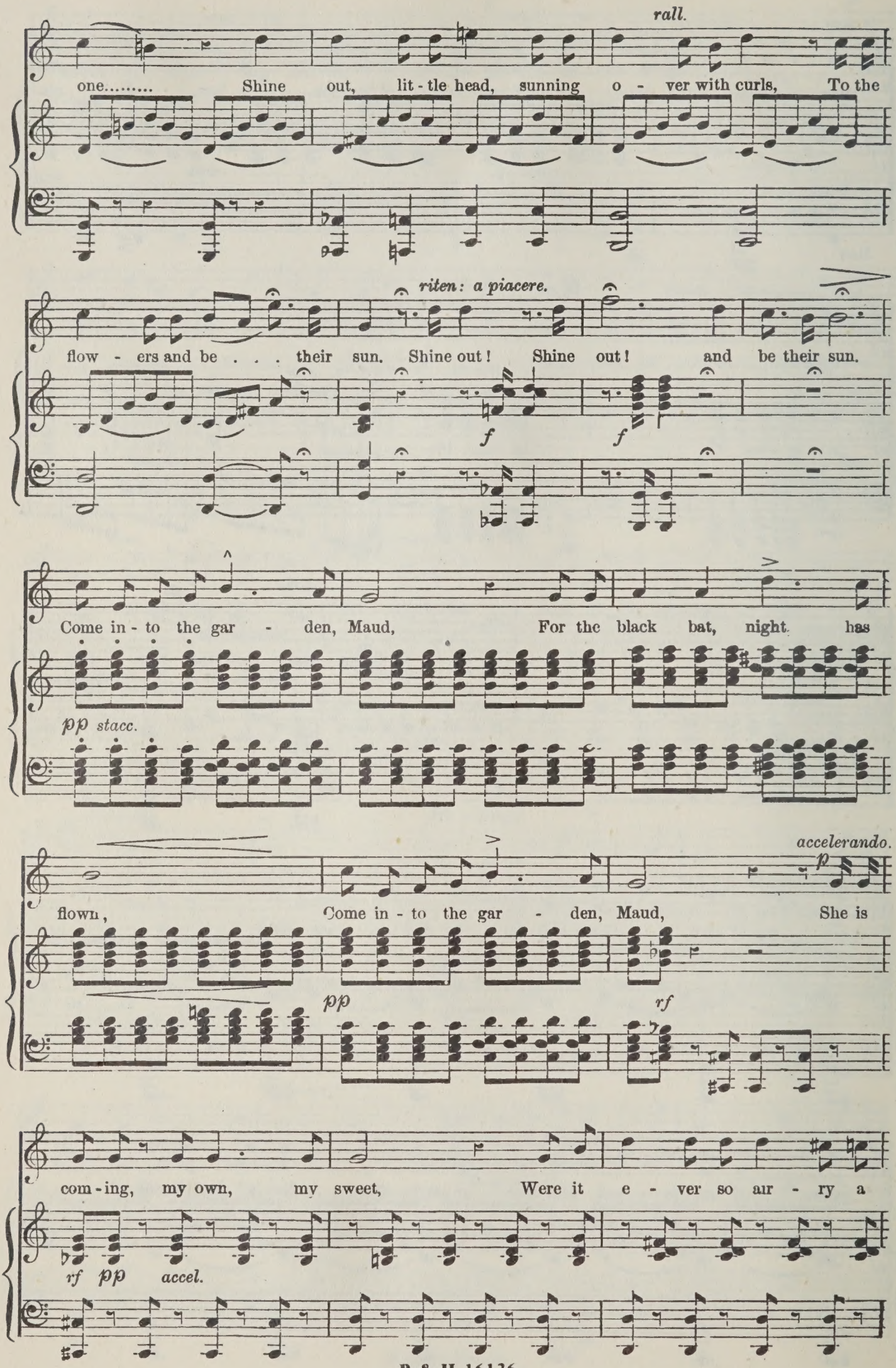
CAVATINA.

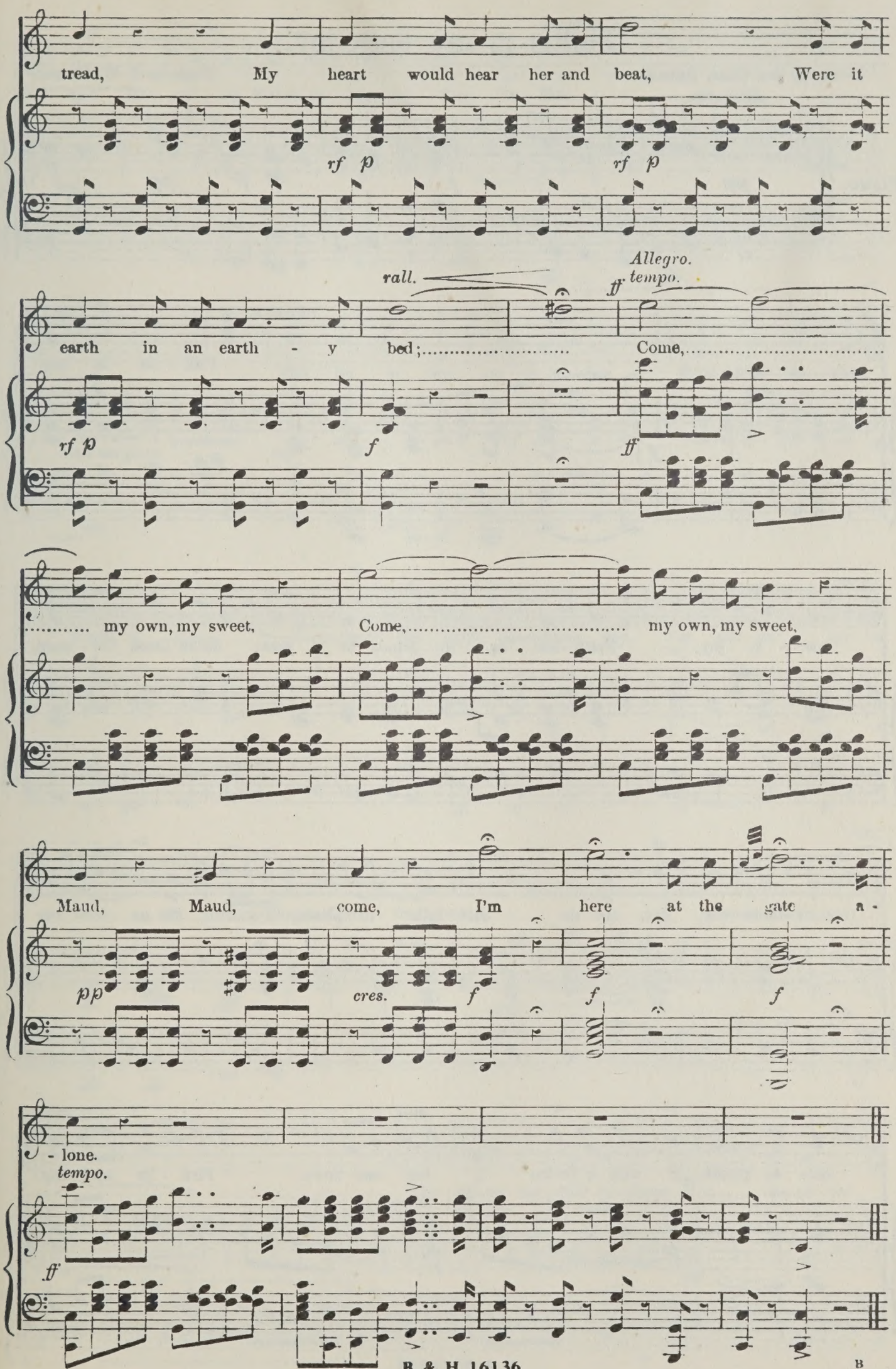
Words by TENNYSON. Music by M. W. BALFE.




f
p
breeze of morn - ing moves, And the pla-net of Love is on high; Be -
f f f
rall.
- gin - ning to faint in the light that she loves, On a bed of daf - fo - dil sky, To
p
cres.
f riten. a piacere.
faint in the light of the sun she loves, To faint in his light and to die.
cres.
f
p a piacere.
pp a tempo.
Come! come! Come in - to the gar - den, Maud, For the
pp pp
black bat, night, has flown, Come in - to the gar - den, Maud, I am


cres.
f
cres.
here at the gate a - lone, I am here at the gate a - lone, I am
cres.
cres.
here..... at the gate a - lone!
ff
f
dolce.
Queen rose of the rose - bud
dim.
rall. p
pp
gar - den of girls, Come hith - er, the dan - ces are done; In
gloss of sat - in and glim-mer of pearls, Queen, li - ly, and rose, in


rall.
one..... Shine out, lit - tle head, sunning o - ver with curls, To the
riten: a piacere.
flow - ers and be . . . their sun. Shine out! Shine out! and be their sun.
f
f
Come in - to the gar - den, Maud, For the black bat, night has
pp stacc.
accelerando.
p
flown, Come in - to the gar - den, Maud, She is
pp
rf
com - ing, my own, my sweet, Were it e - ver so air - y a
rf pp accel.


tread, My heart would hear her and beat, Were it
rf p
rf p
rall.
Allegro.
ff tempo.
earth in an earth - y bed; Come,
rf p
f
ff
my own, my sweet, Come, my own, my sweet,
Maud, Maud, come, I'm here at the gate a -
pp
cres.
f
f
f
- lone.
tempo.
ff

Phillis is my only joy.

Words by Sir Chas. Sedley. Music by J. W. Hobbs

Allegretto.

Piano.

pp *f* *pp*

Phil - lis is my

f *p*

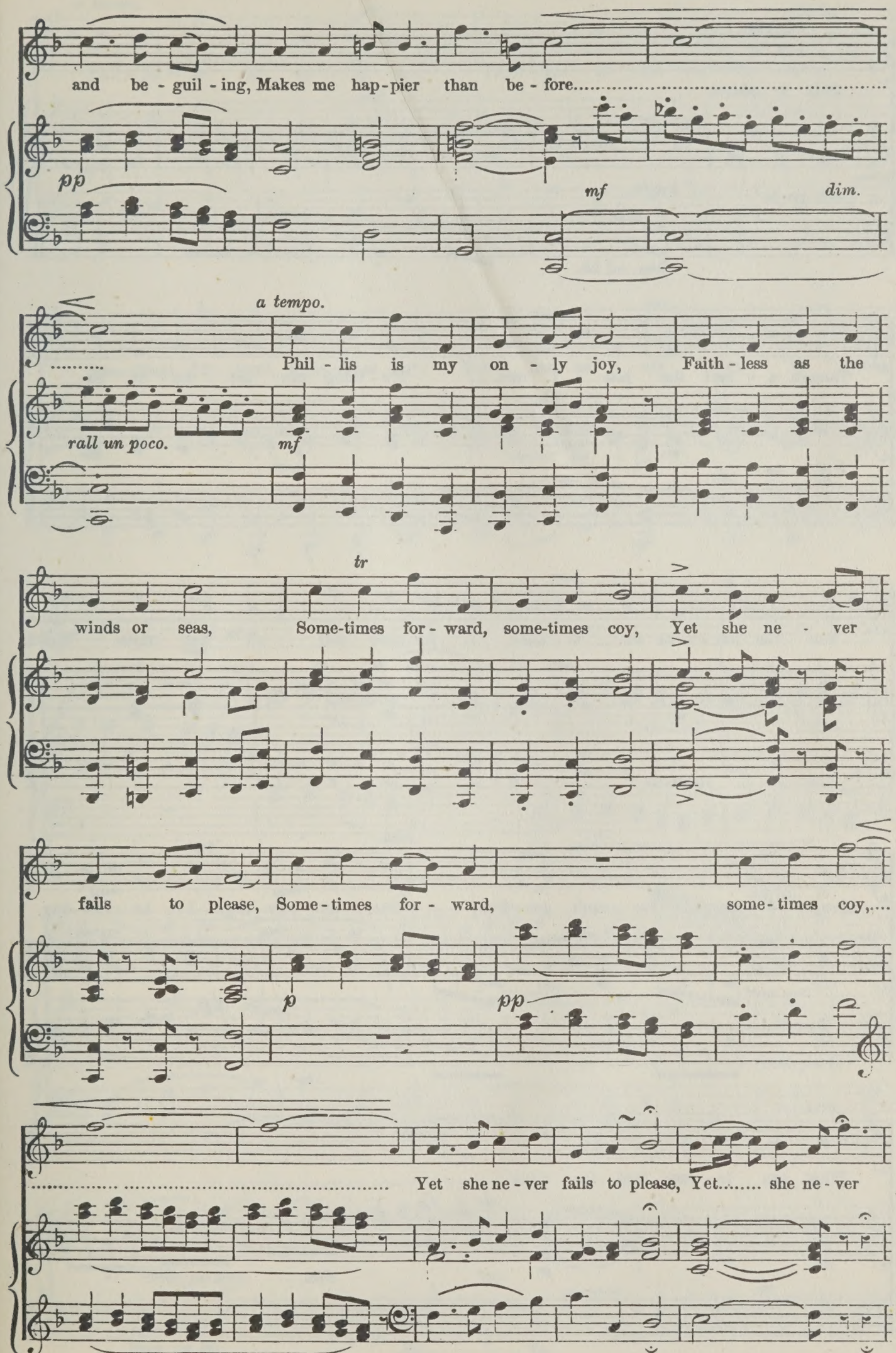
on - ly joy, Faith - less as the winds or seas; Some - times for - ward,

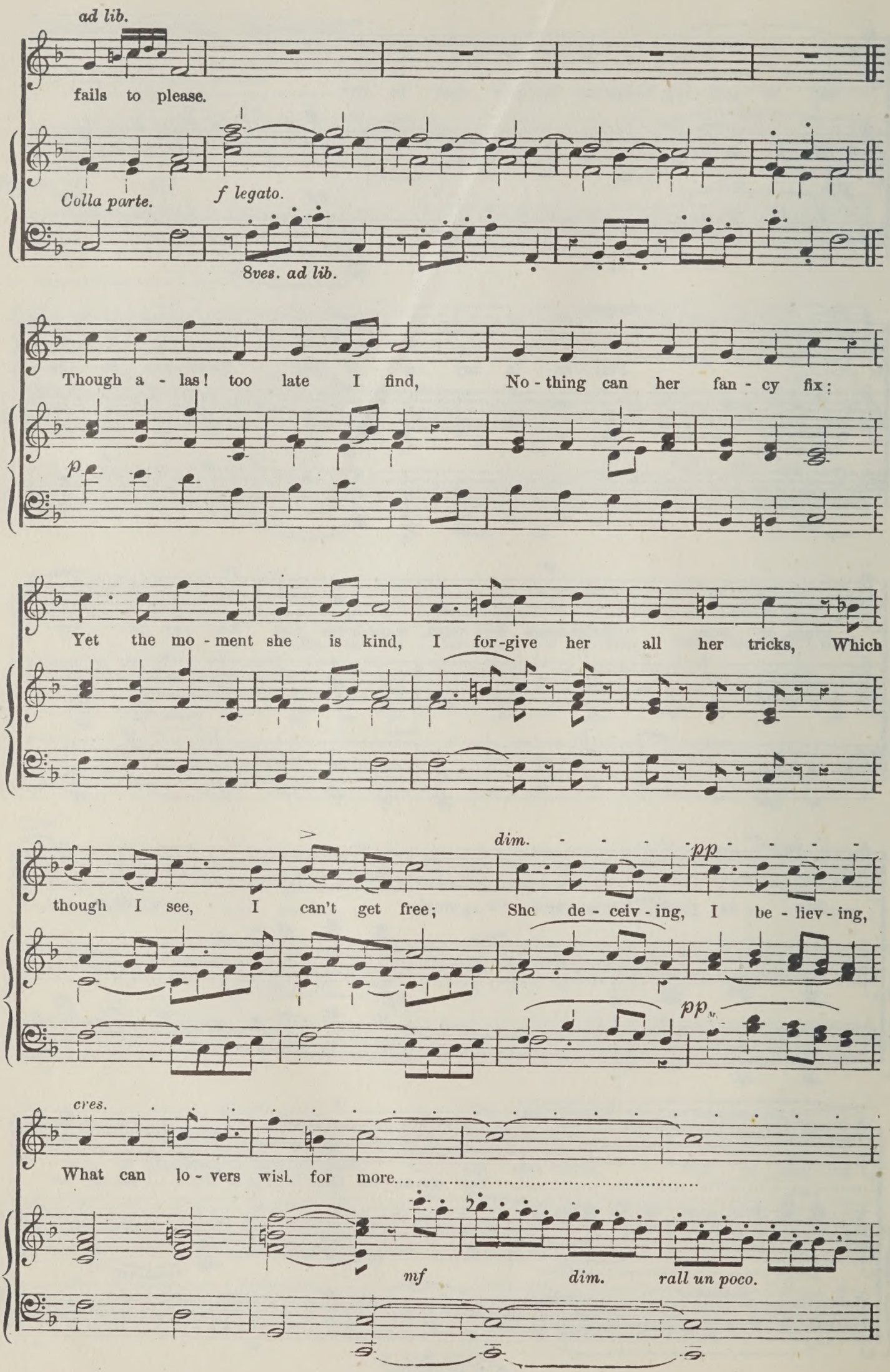
sf

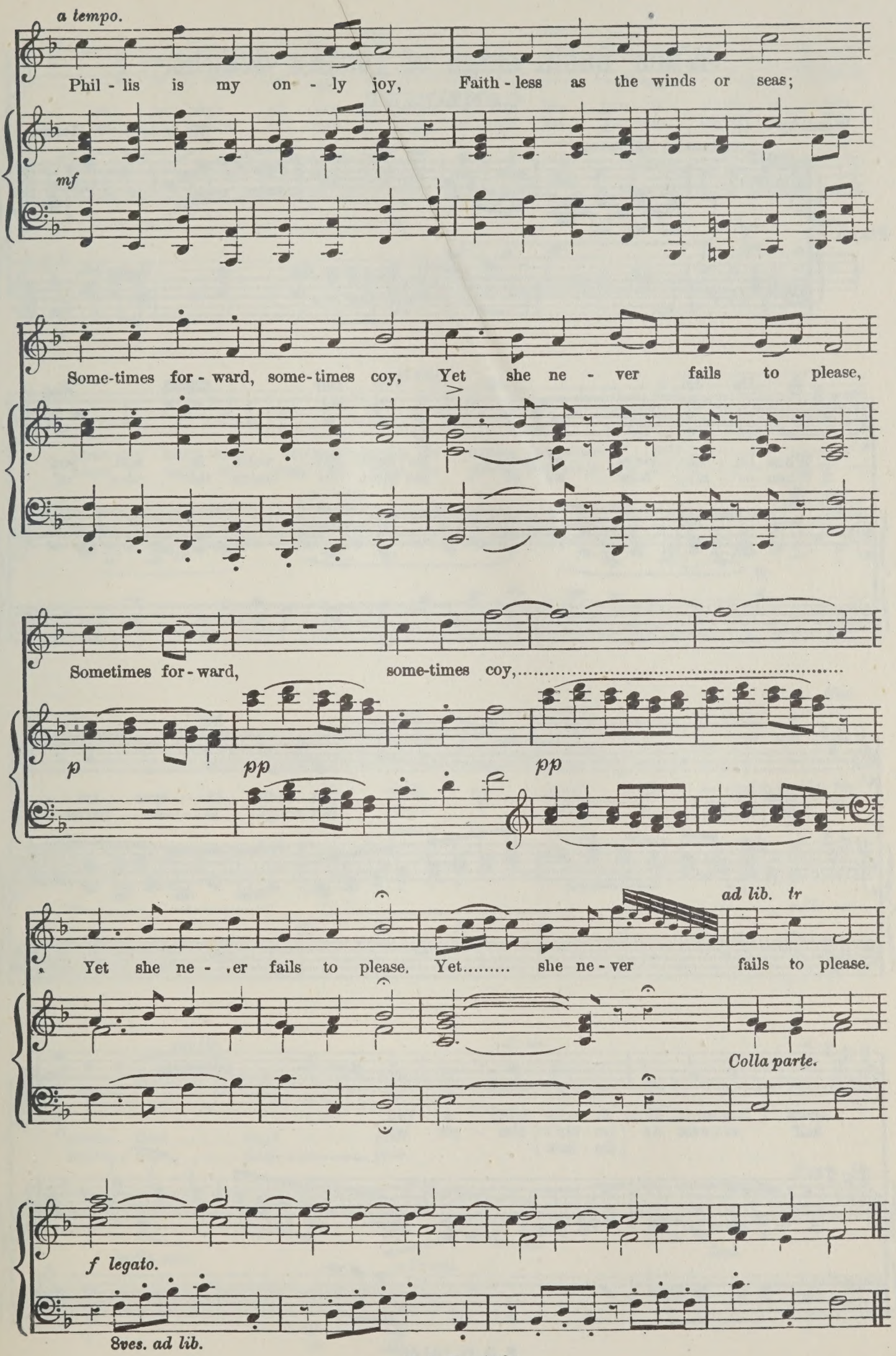
some - times coy, Yet she ne - - ver fails to please, Yet..... she ne - - ver

sf

fails to please. If with a frown I am cast down, Phil - lis smil - ing


and be - guil - ing, Makes me hap-pier than be - fore.....
pp
mf
dim.
a tempo.
Phil - lis is my on - ly joy, Faith - less as the
rall un poco.
mf
tr
winds or seas, Some-times for - ward, some-times coy, Yet she ne - ver
fails to please, Some - times for - ward, some - times coy,....
p
pp
Yet she ne - ver fails to please, Yet..... she ne - ver


ad lib.
fails to please.
Colla parte.
f legato.
8ves. ad lib.
Though a - las! too late I find, No - thing can her fan - cy fix:
p
Yet the mo - ment she is kind, I for-give her all her tricks, Which
though I see, I can't get free; She de - ceiv - ing, I be - liev - ing,
dim.
pp
pp
cres.
What can lo - vers wish for more.....
mf
dim.
rall un poco.

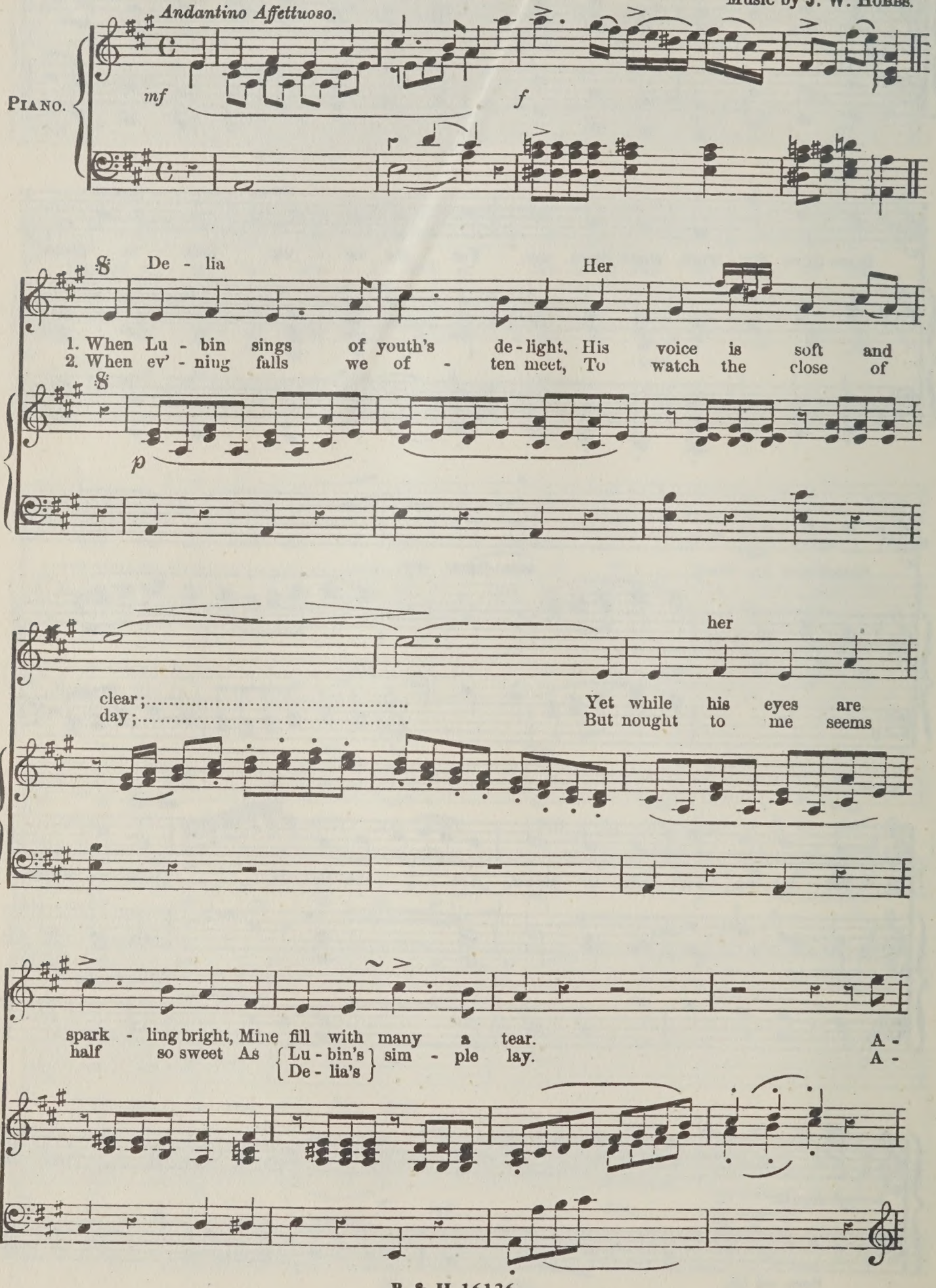

a tempo.
Phil - lis is my on - ly joy, Faith - less as the winds or seas;
mf
Some-times for - ward, some-times coy, Yet she ne - ver fails to please,
Sometimes for - ward, some-times coy,.....
p
pp
pp
ad lib. tr
Yet she ne - ver fails to please. Yet..... she ne - ver fails to please.
Colla parte.
f legato.
8ves. ad lib.

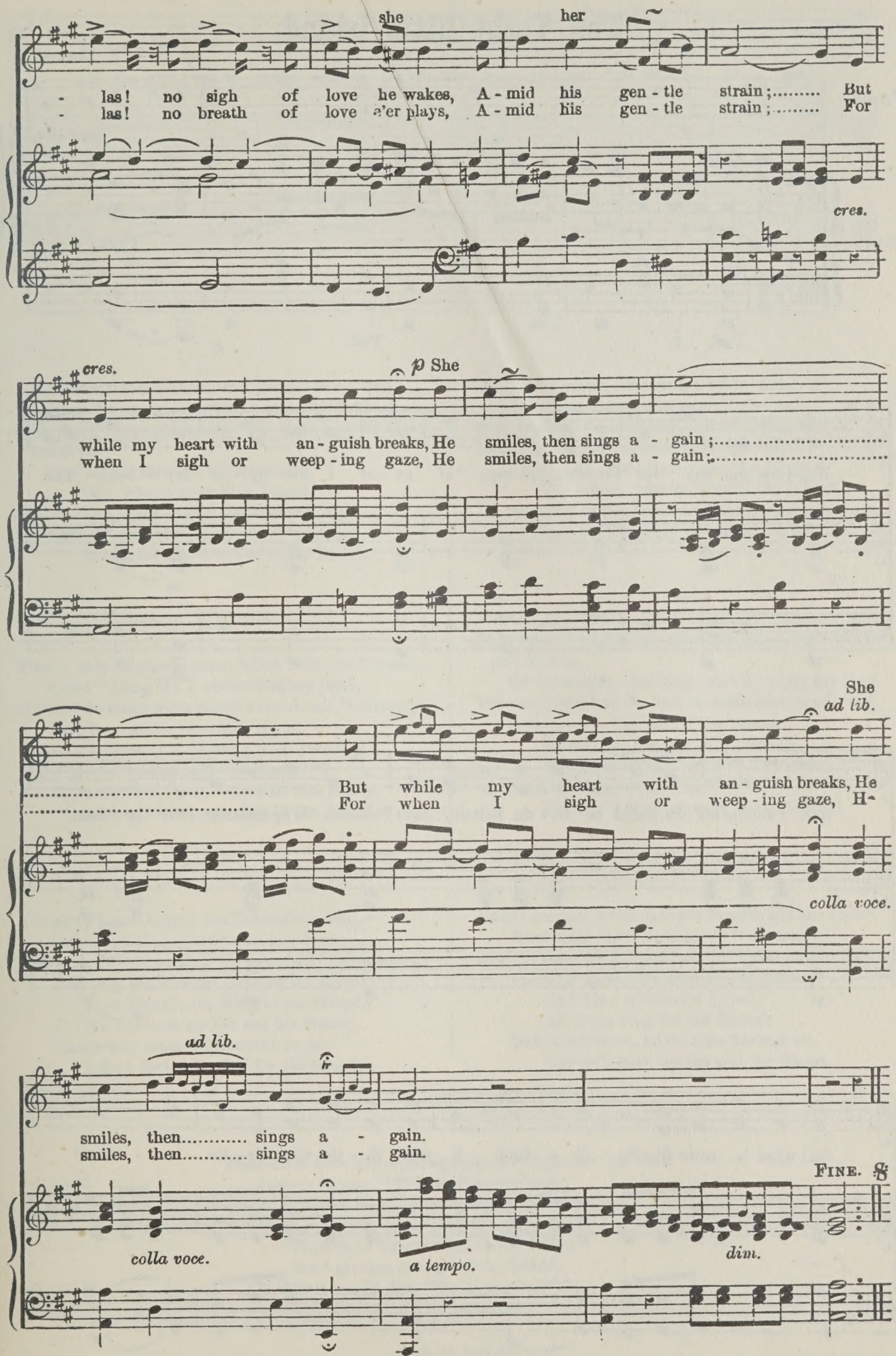
When Lubin sings of youth's delight.

CANZONET.

Words by J. GILL. Music by J. W. HOBBS.

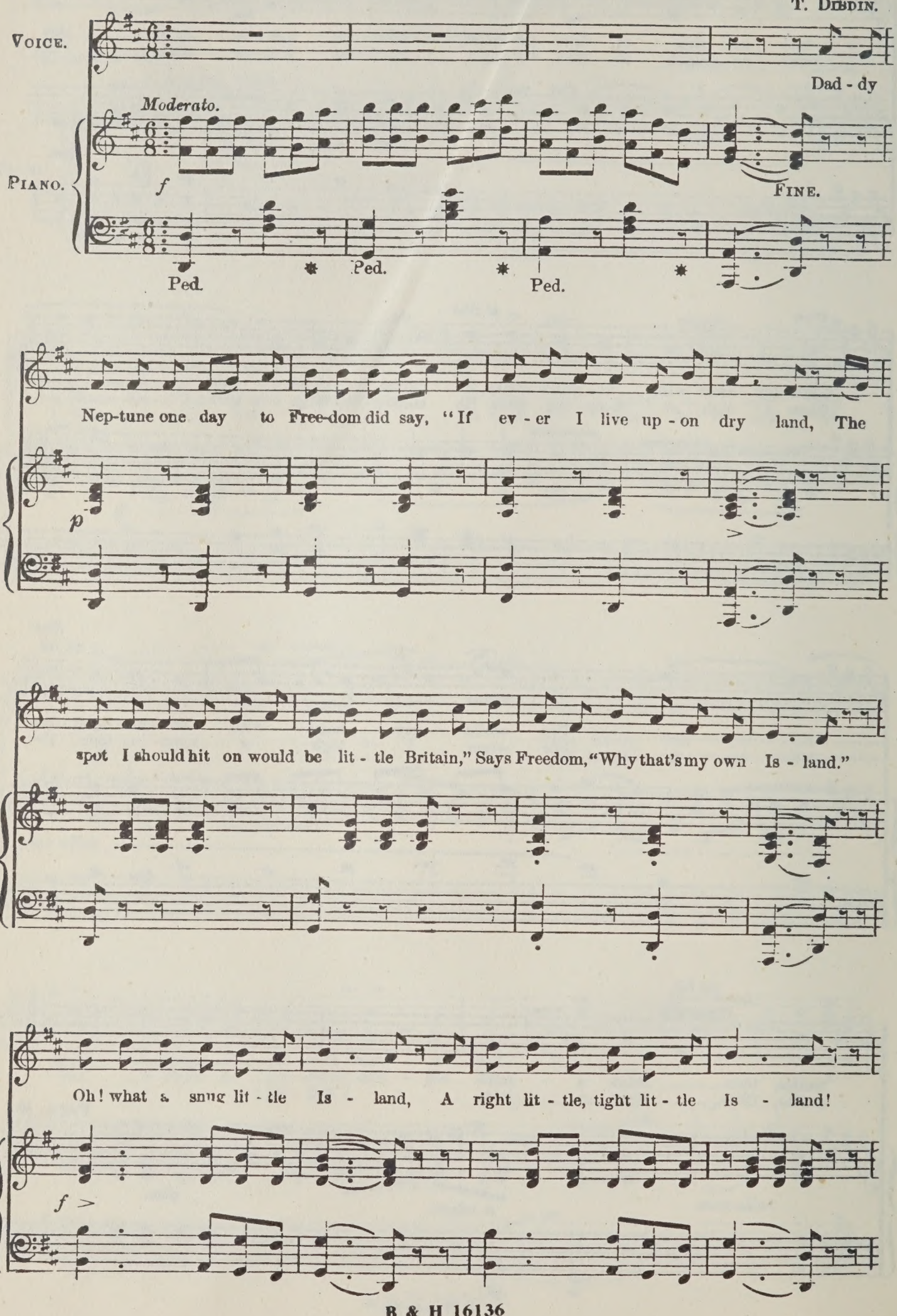
Andantino Affettuoso.

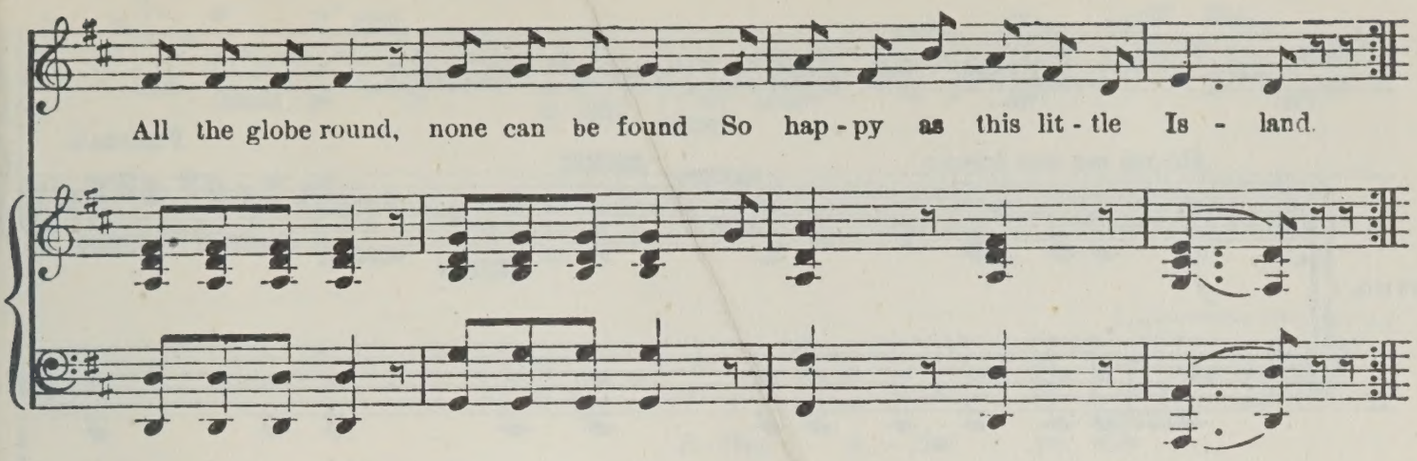



she
her
- las! no sigh of love he wakes, A - mid his gen - tle strain;..... But
- las! no breath of love e'er plays, A - mid his gen - tle strain;..... For
cres.
cres.
p She
while my heart with an - guish breaks, He smiles, then sings a - gain;.....
when I sigh or weep - ing gaze, He smiles, then sings a - gain;.....
She
ad lib.
But while my heart with an - guish breaks, He
For when I sigh or weep - ing gaze, H-
colla voce.
ad lib.
smiles, then..... sings a - gain.
smiles, then..... sings a - gain.
FINE.
colla voce.
a tempo.
dim.

The Tight little Island.

T. Dibdin.





2.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water, he couldn't come by dry land;
And Dane, Pict and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs on,
And all for the sake of our Island,
Oh! what a snug little Island,
They'd all have a touch at the Island;
Some were shot dead—some of them fled,
And some stay'd to live in the Island.

3.

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried "Hang it! I never liked my land;
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful Island."
Says he, "'Tis a snug little Island,
Shan't us go visit the Island?"
Hop, skip and jump,—there he was plump,
And he kick'd up a dust in the Island.

4.

Yet party deceit helped the Normans to beat,
Of traitors they managed to buy land;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we ne'er had been lick'd,
Had they stuck to the King of the Island.
Poor Harold, the King of the Island,
He lost both his life and his Island;
That's very true—what could he do?
Like a Briton he died for his Island.

5.

Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade a,
Quite sure if they ever came nigh land;
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing in the Island.
Oh! the poor Queen and the Island,
The drones came to plunder the Island,
But snug in her hive, the Queen was alive,
And buzz was the word in the Island.

6.

These proud puffed-up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes,
Of our wealth: but they scarcely could spy land,
Ere our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck,
And stoop to the lads of the Island.
Huzza! for the lads of the Island;
The good wooden walls of the Island;
Devil or Don, let'em come on,
But how'd they come off at the Island!

7.

I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch
Have since been oft tempted to try land,
And I wonder much less they have met no success,
For why should we give up our Island?
Oh! 'tis a wonderful Island,
All of'em long for the Island;
Hold a bit there, let'em take fire and air,
But we'll have the sea and the Island.

8.

Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune
In each saying, "This shall be my land
Oh the Army of England to all they could bring land,
Would show'em some play for our Island.
We'd fight for our right to the Island,
We'd give'em enough of the Island;
Invaders should just—bite at the dust
But not a bit more of the Island.

Arise, ye subterranean winds.

PURCELL.

Allegro ma non troppo.

PIANO.

f

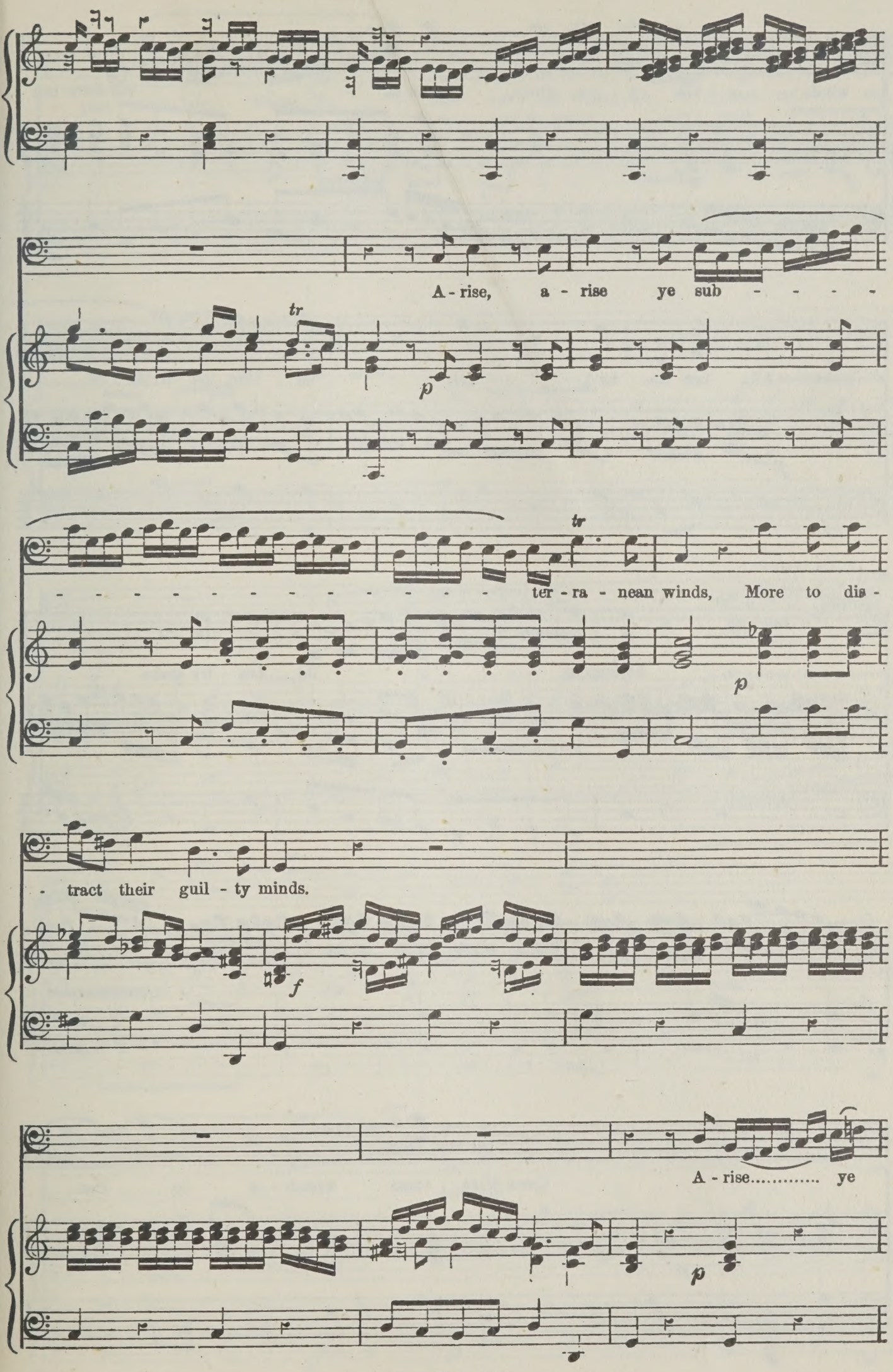
A - rise, a - rise ye

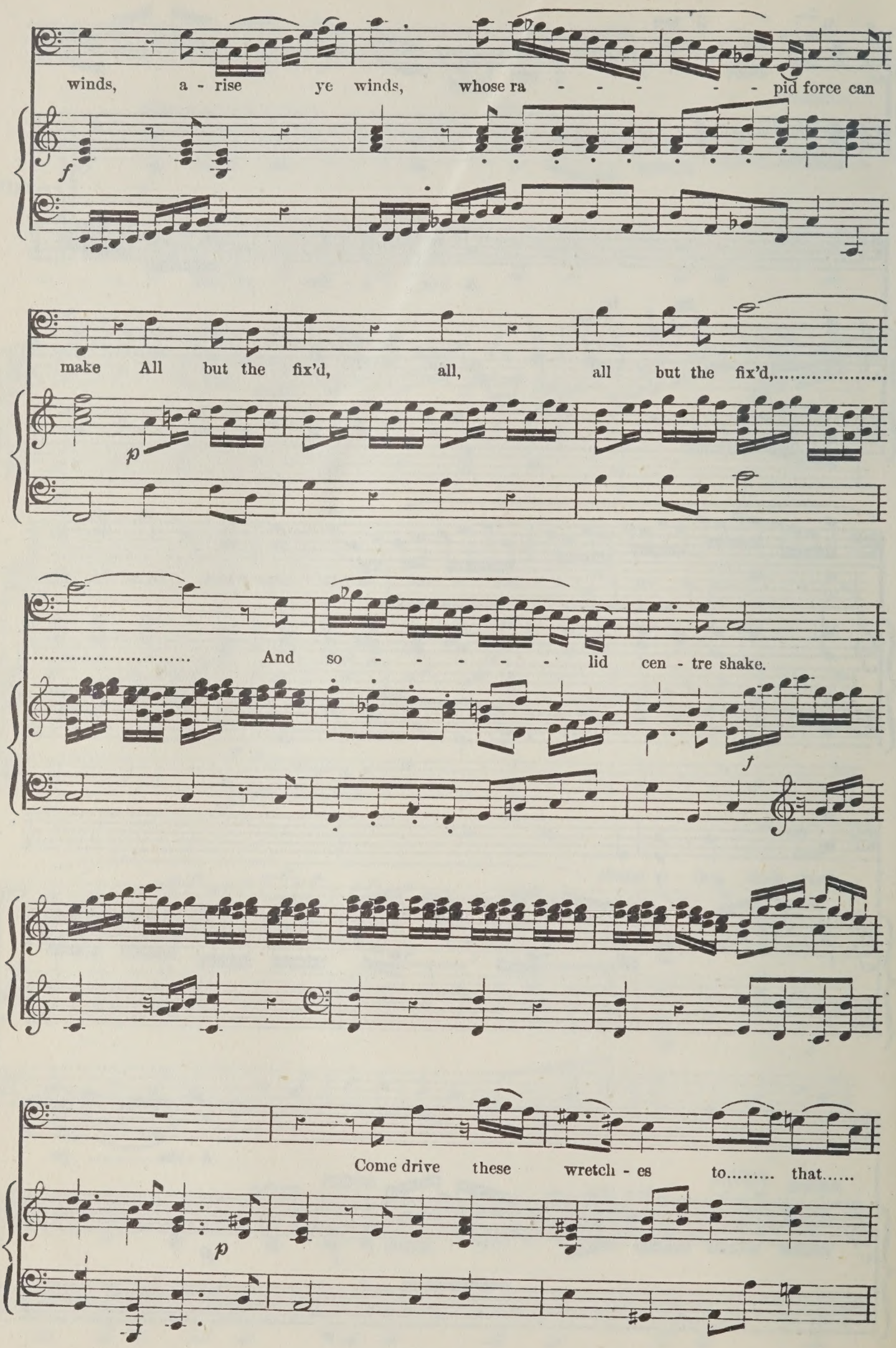
tr

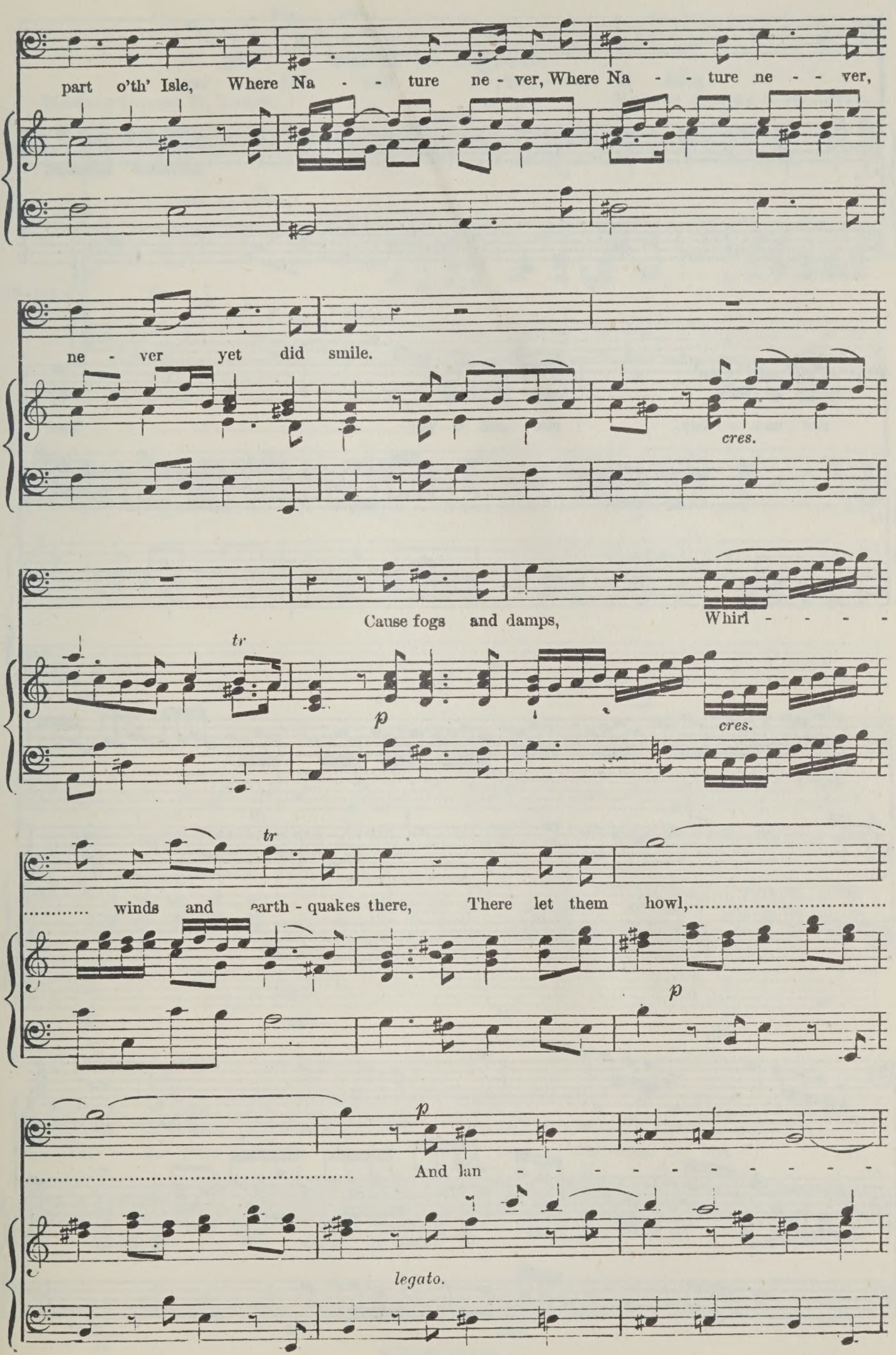
p

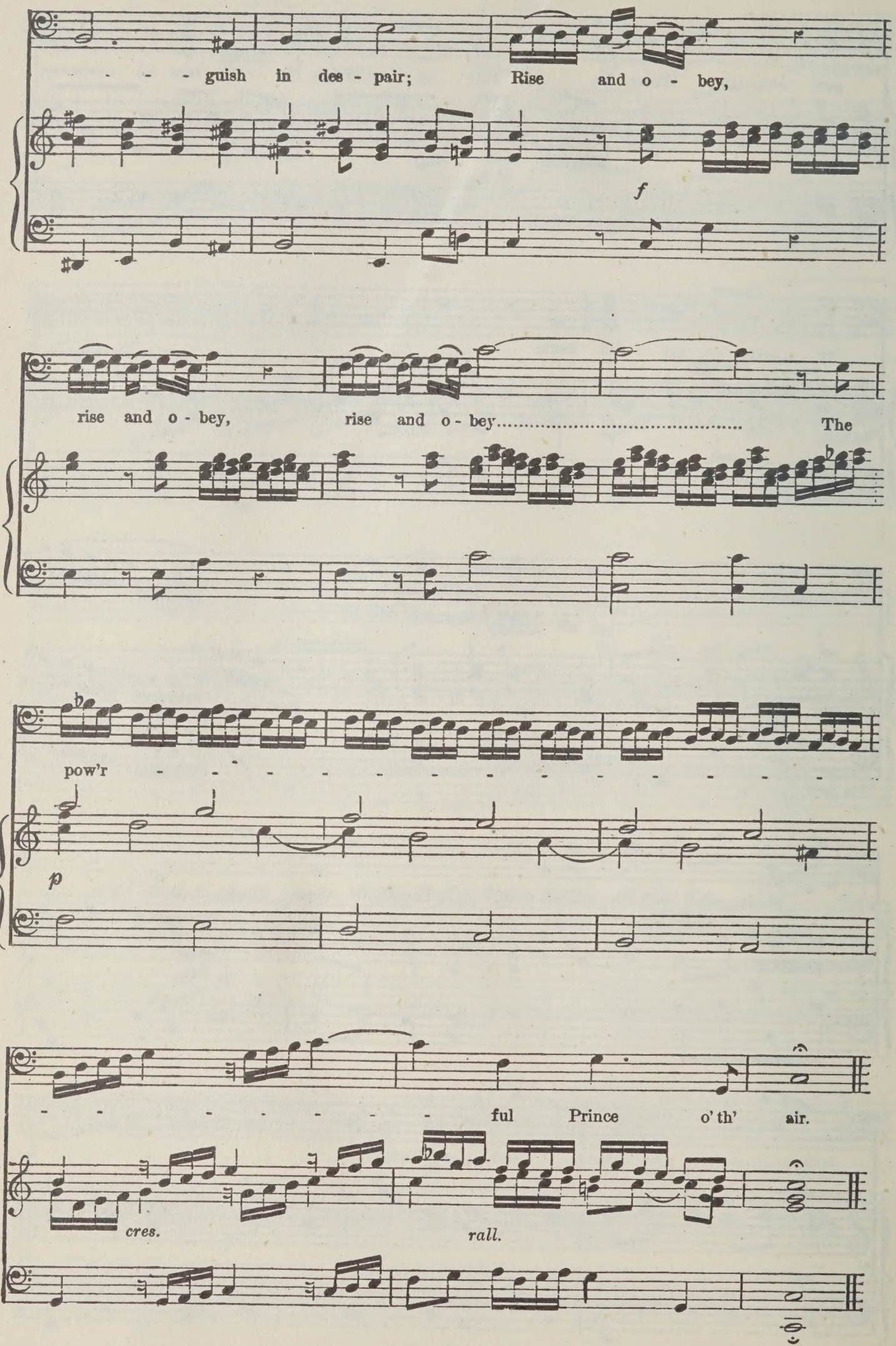
sub - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ter - ra - nean winds,

f


A - rise, a - rise ye sub - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ter - ra - nean winds, More to dis -
- tract their guil - ty minds.
A - rise..... ye

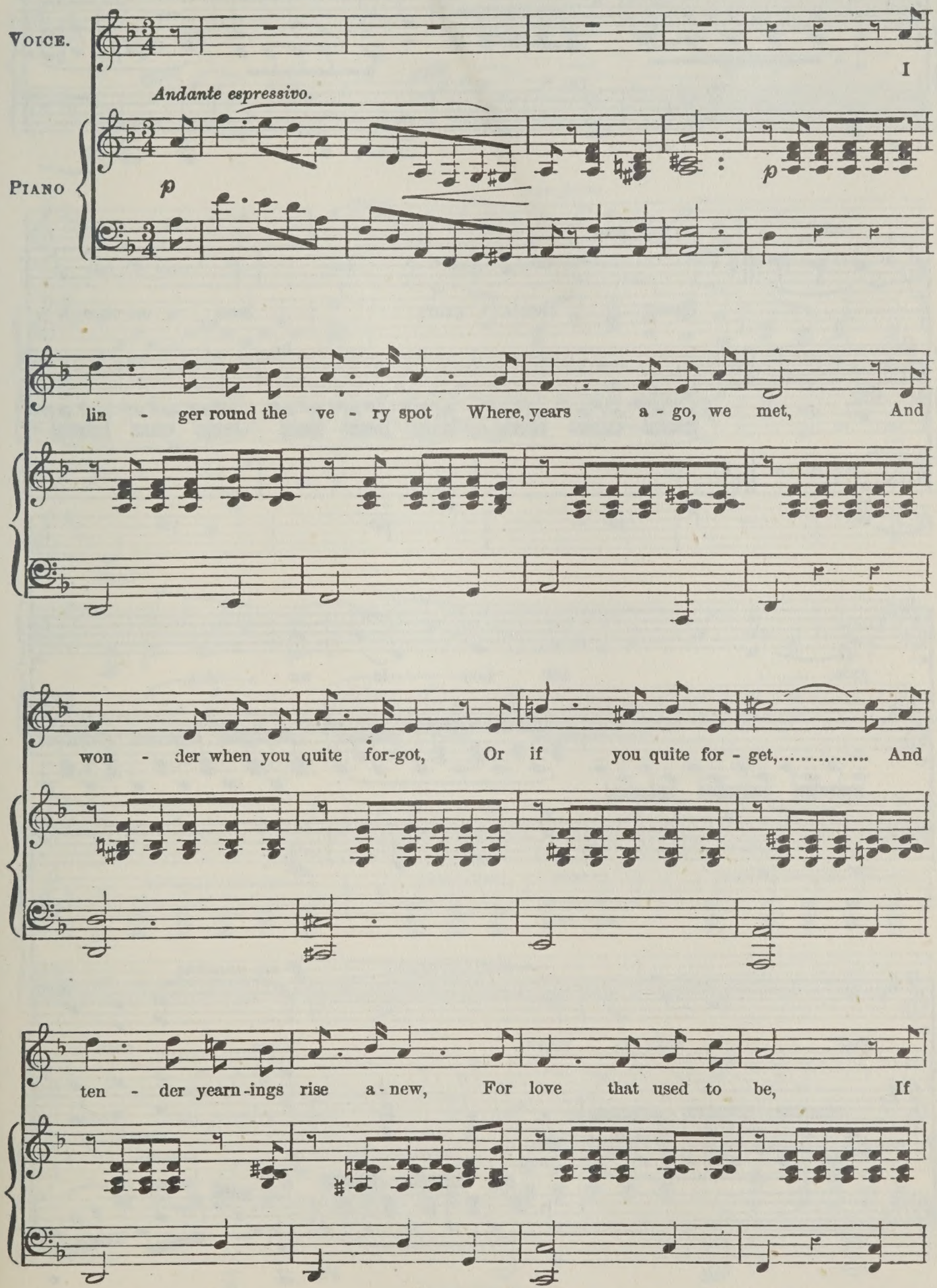

winds, a - rise ye winds, whose ra - - - - - - pid force can
f
make All but the fix'd, all, all but the fix'd,.....
p
..... And so - - - - - - lid cen - tre shake.
f
Come drive these wretch - es to..... that.....
p

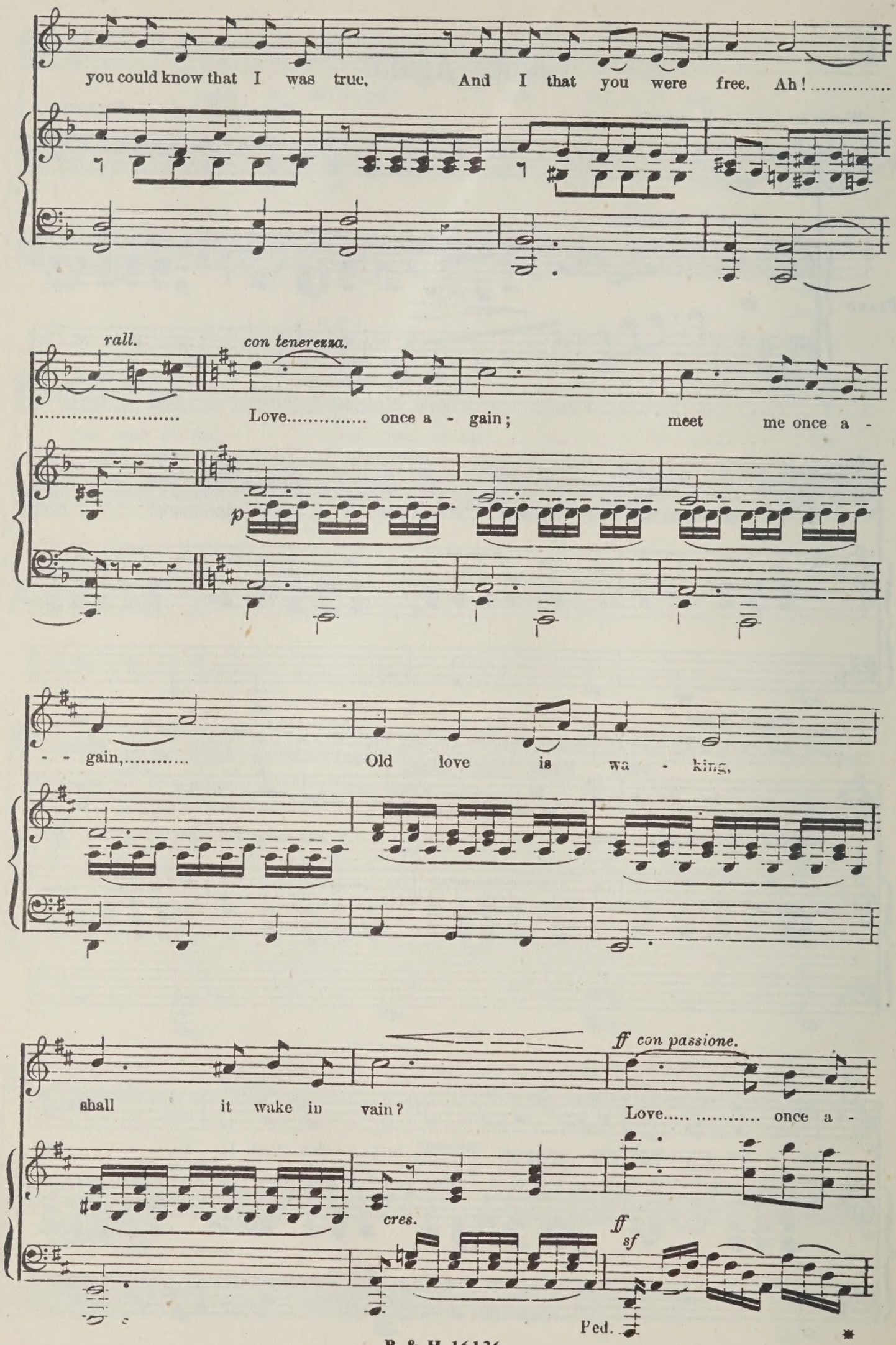

part o'th' Isle, Where Na - - ture ne - ver, Where Na - - ture ne - - ver,
ne - ver yet did smile.
cres.
Cause fogs and damps, Whirl - - - -
tr
p
cres.
tr
..... winds and earth - quakes there, There let them howl,.....
p
p
And lan - - - - - - - - -
legato.

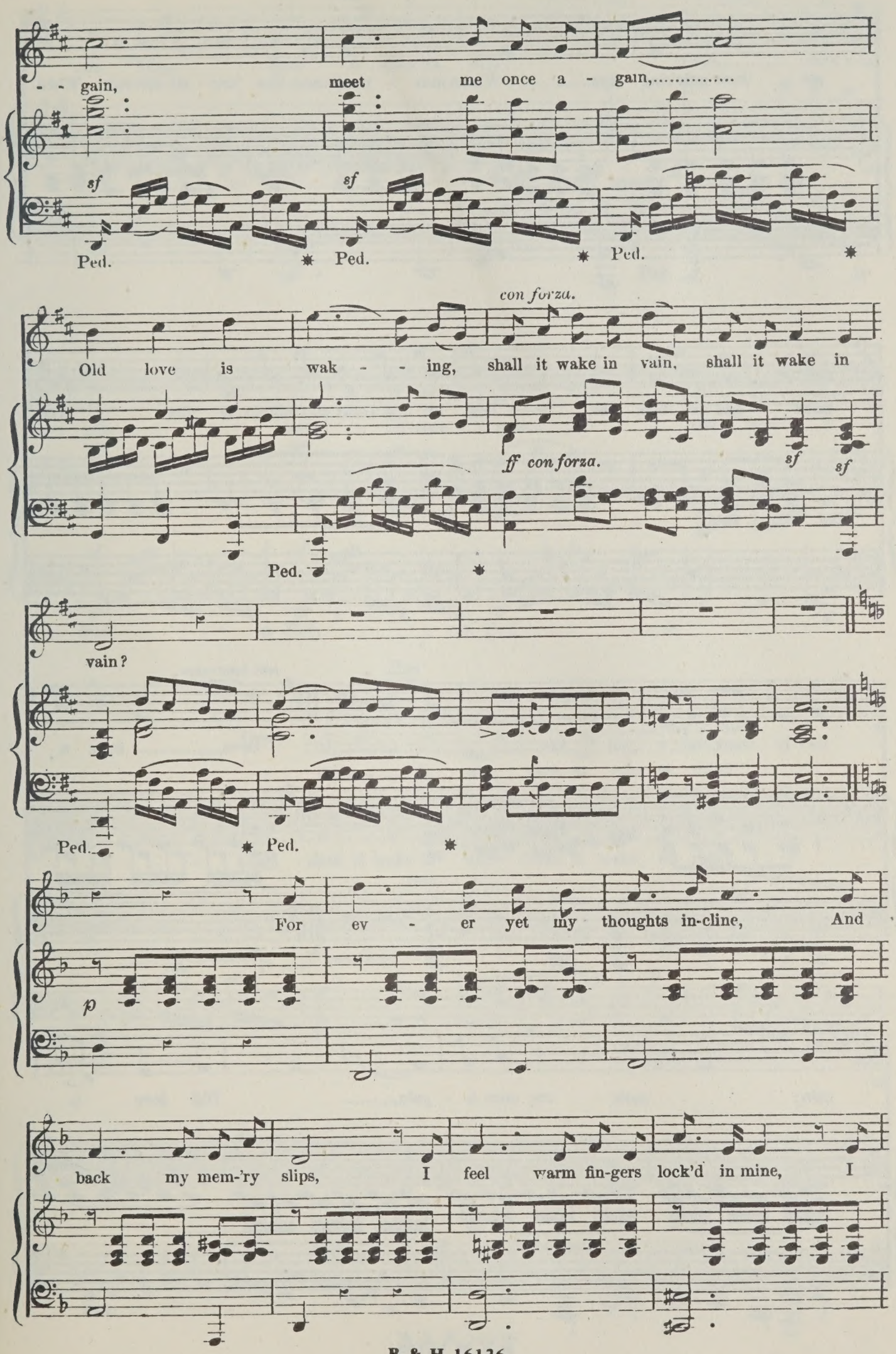

- - - guish in des - pair; Rise and o - bey,
f
rise and o - bey, rise and o - bey..... The
pow'r - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
p
- - - - - - - ful Prince o' th' air.
cres.
rall.

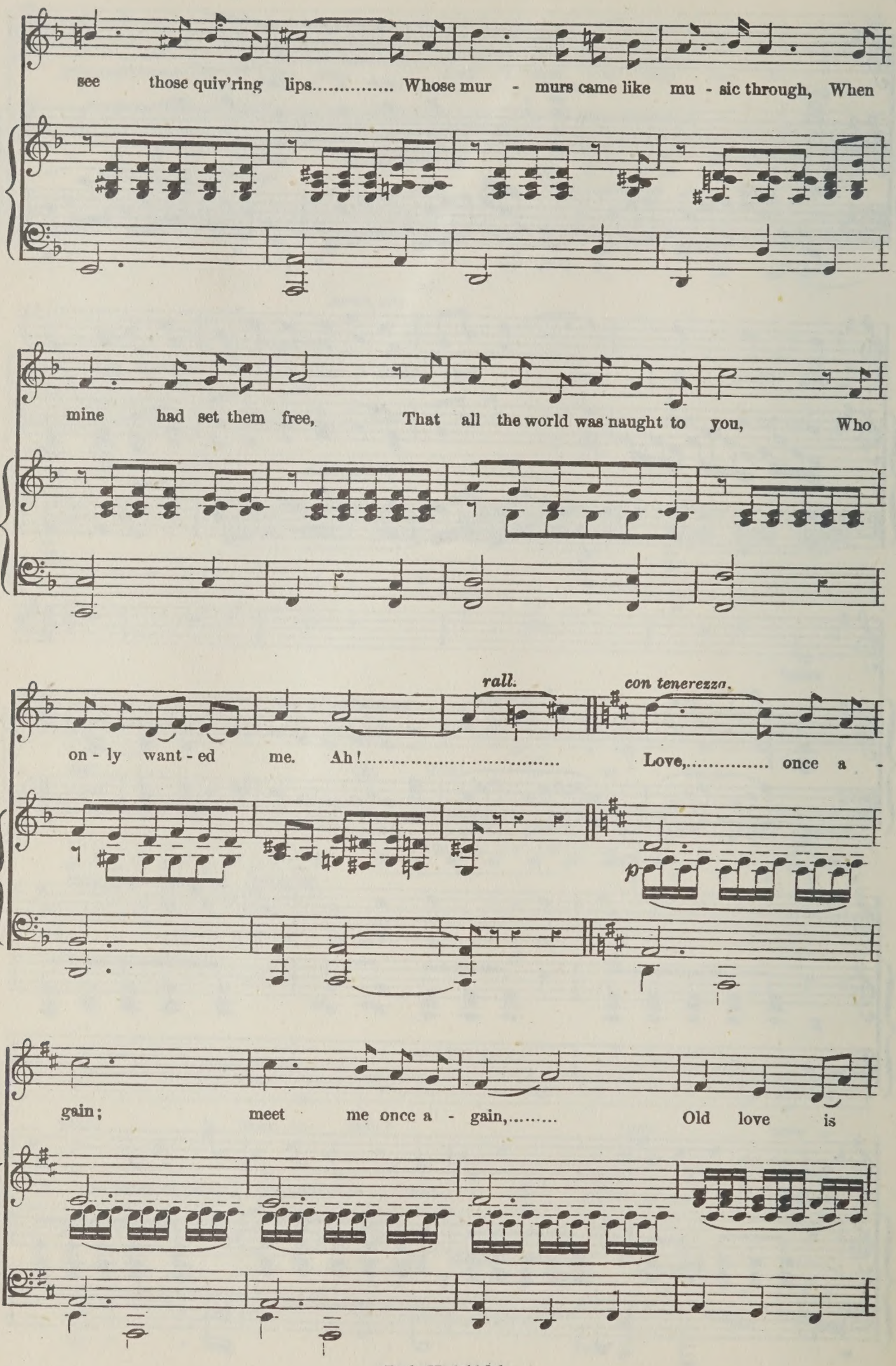
Once Again.

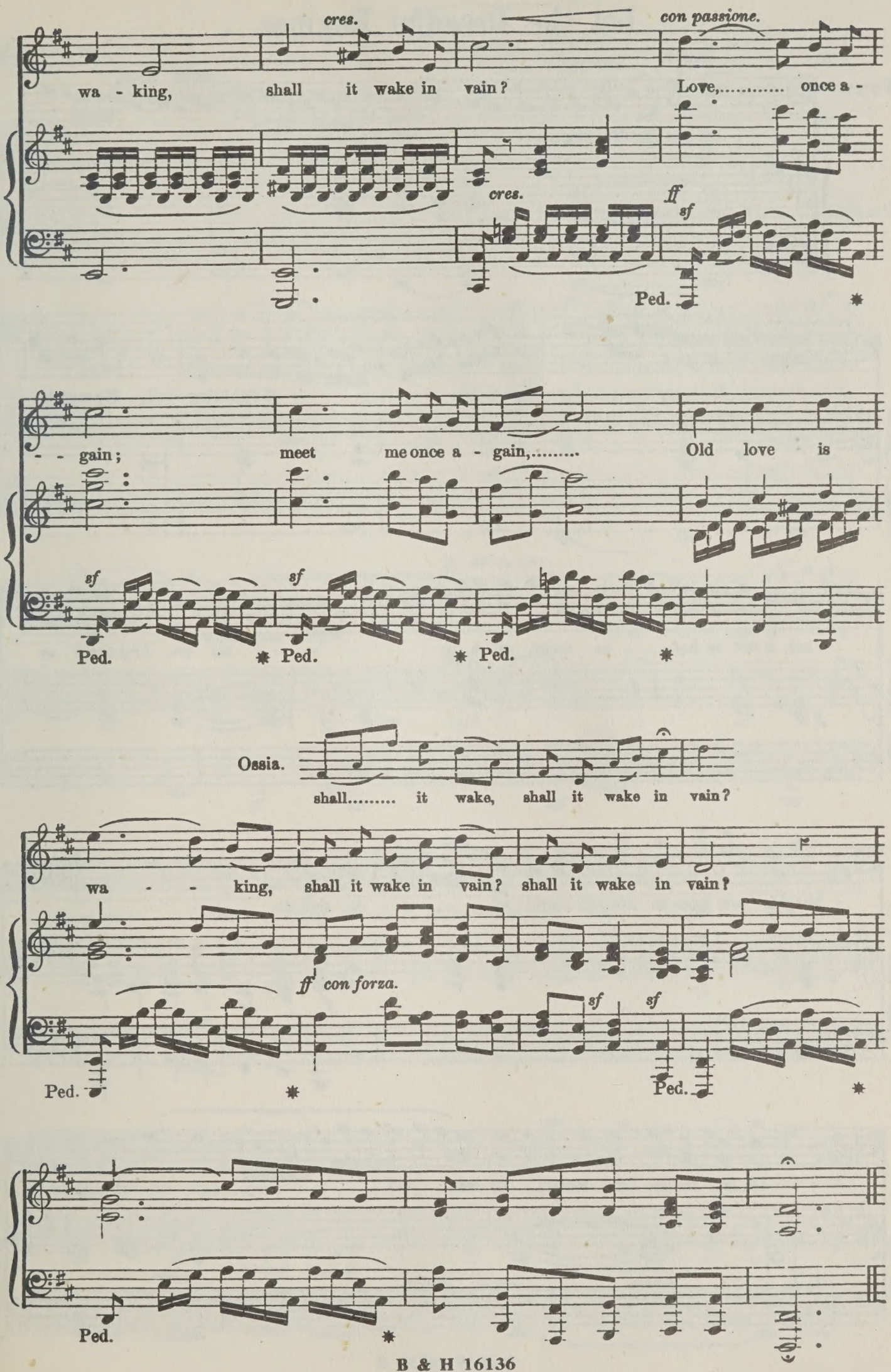
Words by LIONEL H. LEWIN. Music by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.




you could know that I was true, And I that you were free. Ah!
rall.
con tenerezza.
Love..... once a - gain; meet me once a -
p
- - gain,..... Old love is wa - king,
ff con passione.
shall it wake in vain? Love..... once a -
cres.
ff
sf
Ped.

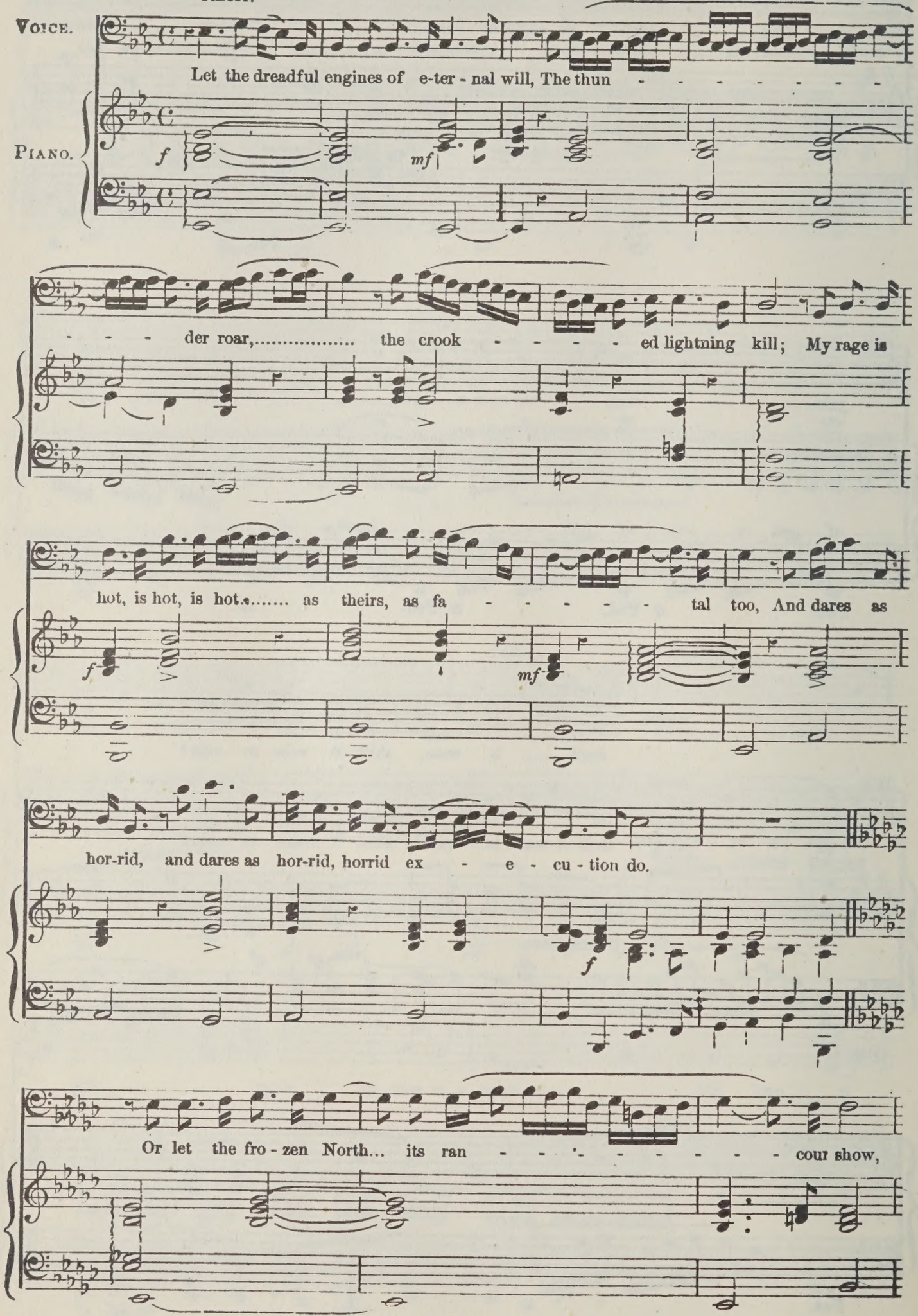

- - gain, meet me once a - gain,.....
sf
sf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
con forza.
Old love is wak - - ing, shall it wake in vain, shall it wake in
ff con forza.
sf
sf
Ped.
vain?
Ped.
Ped.
For ev - er yet my thoughts in-cline, And
p
back my mem-'ry slips, I feel warm fin-gers lock'd in mine, I

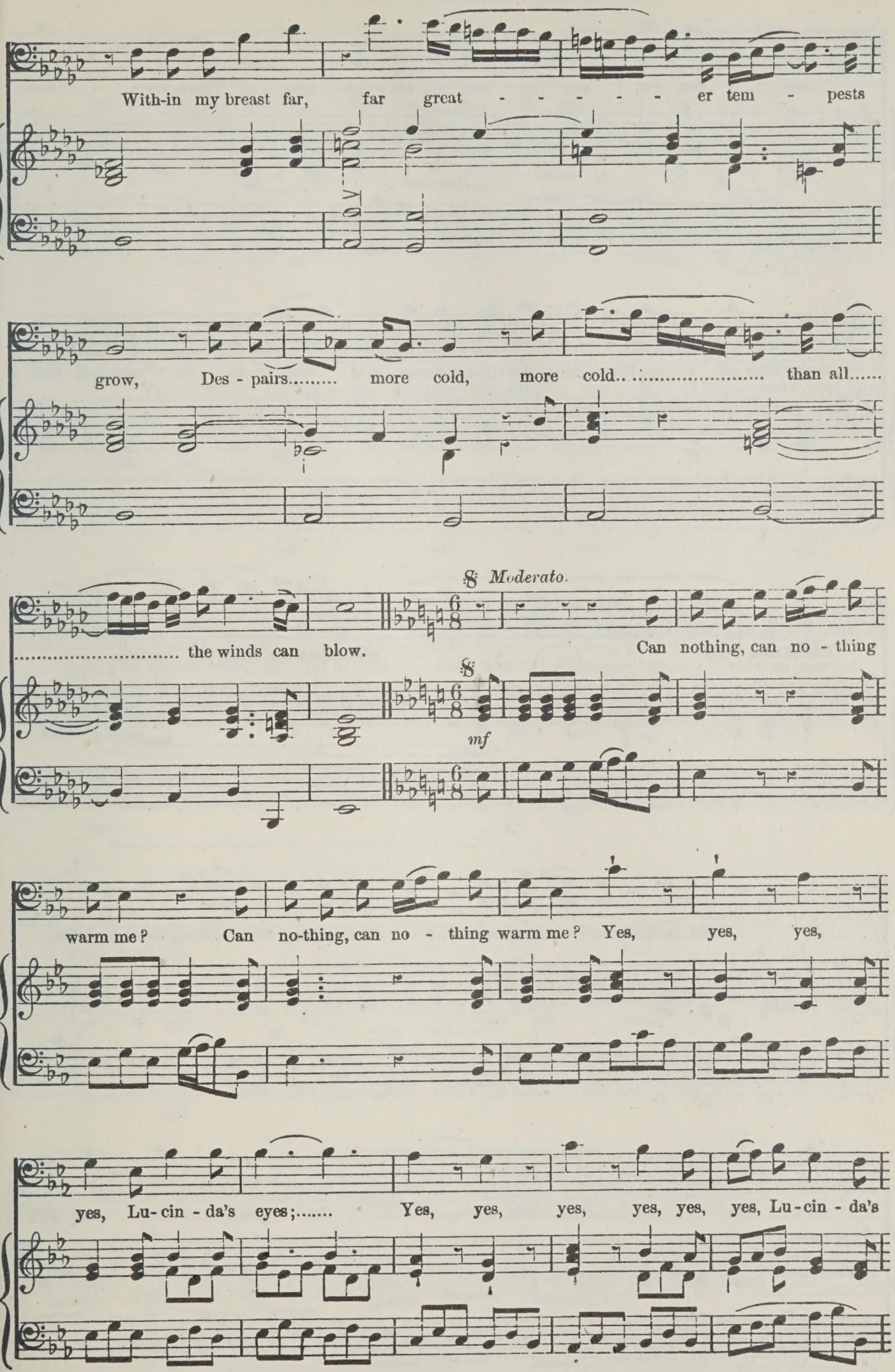

see those quiv'ring lips..... Whose mur - murs came like mu - sic through, When
mine had set them free, That all the world was naught to you, Who
rall.
con tenerezza.
on - ly want - ed me. Ah!..... Love,..... once a -
p
gain; meet me once a - gain,..... Old love is

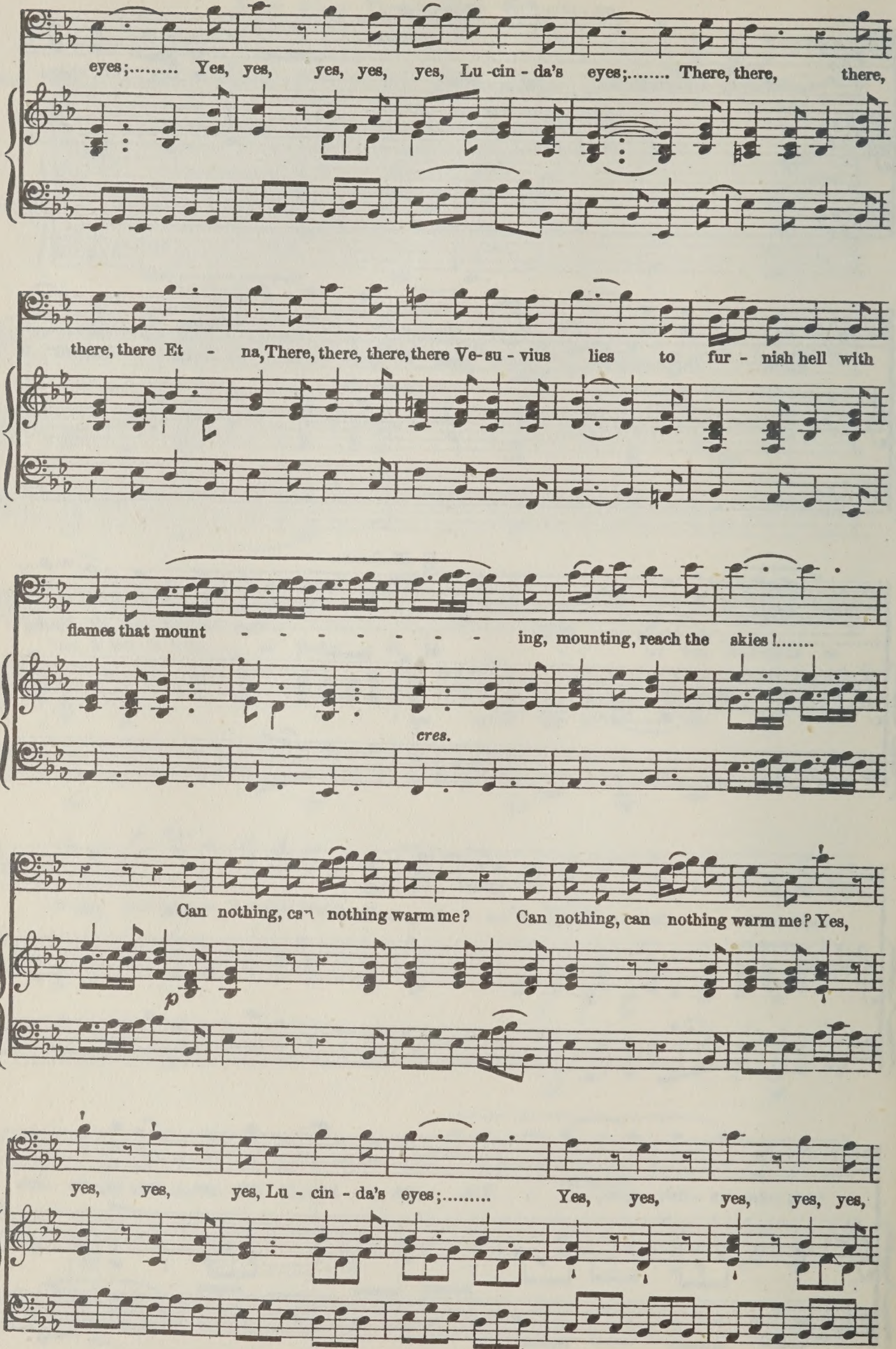

cres.
con passione.
wa - king, shall it wake in vain? Love,..... once a -
cres.
ff
sf
Ped.
- - gain; meet me once a - gain,..... Old love is
sf
sf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ossia.
shall..... it wake, shall it wake in vain?
wa - - king, shall it wake in vain? shall it wake in vain?
ff con forza.
sf
sf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

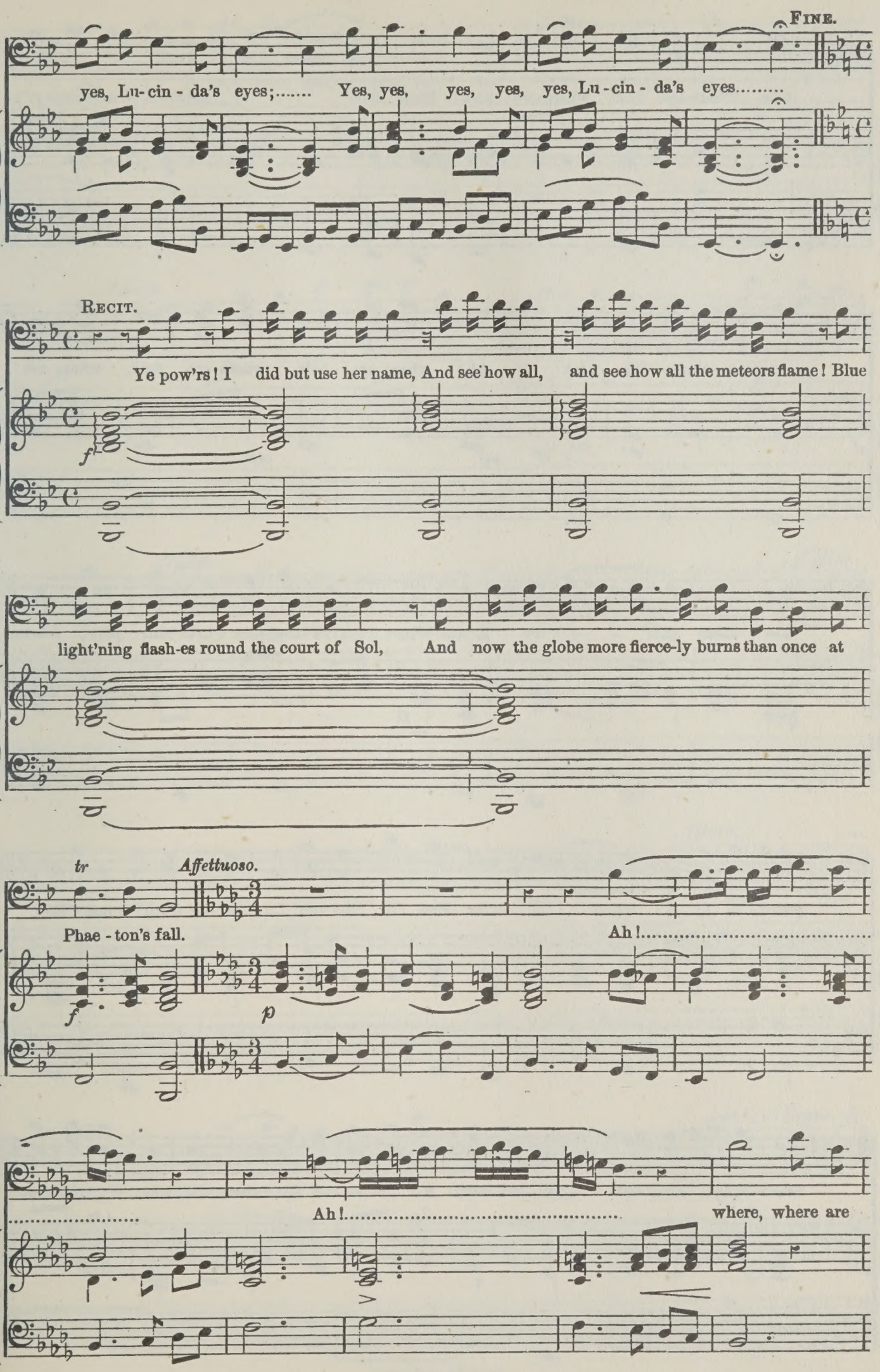
Let the Dreadful Engines.

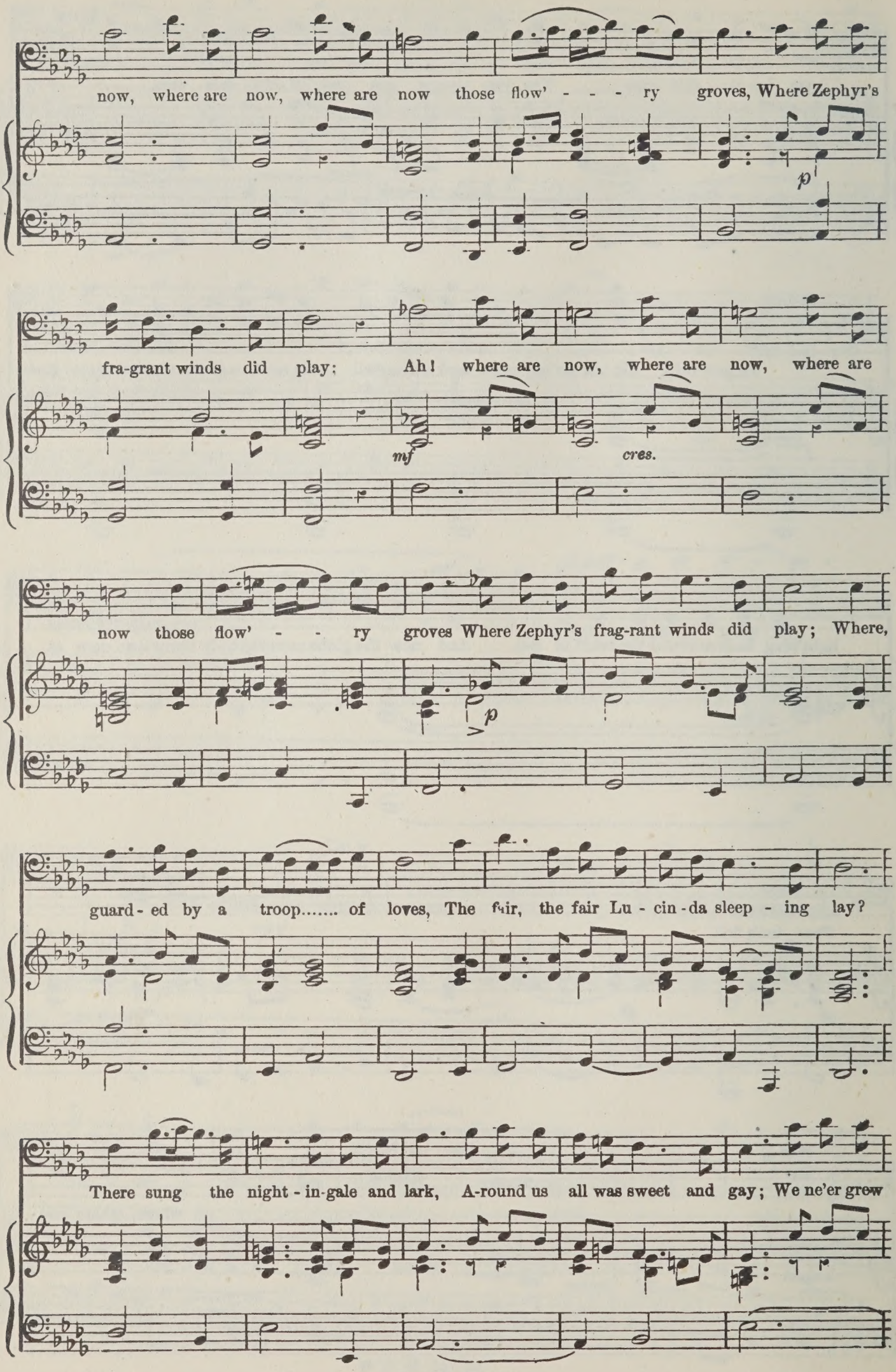
RECIT. PURCELL.

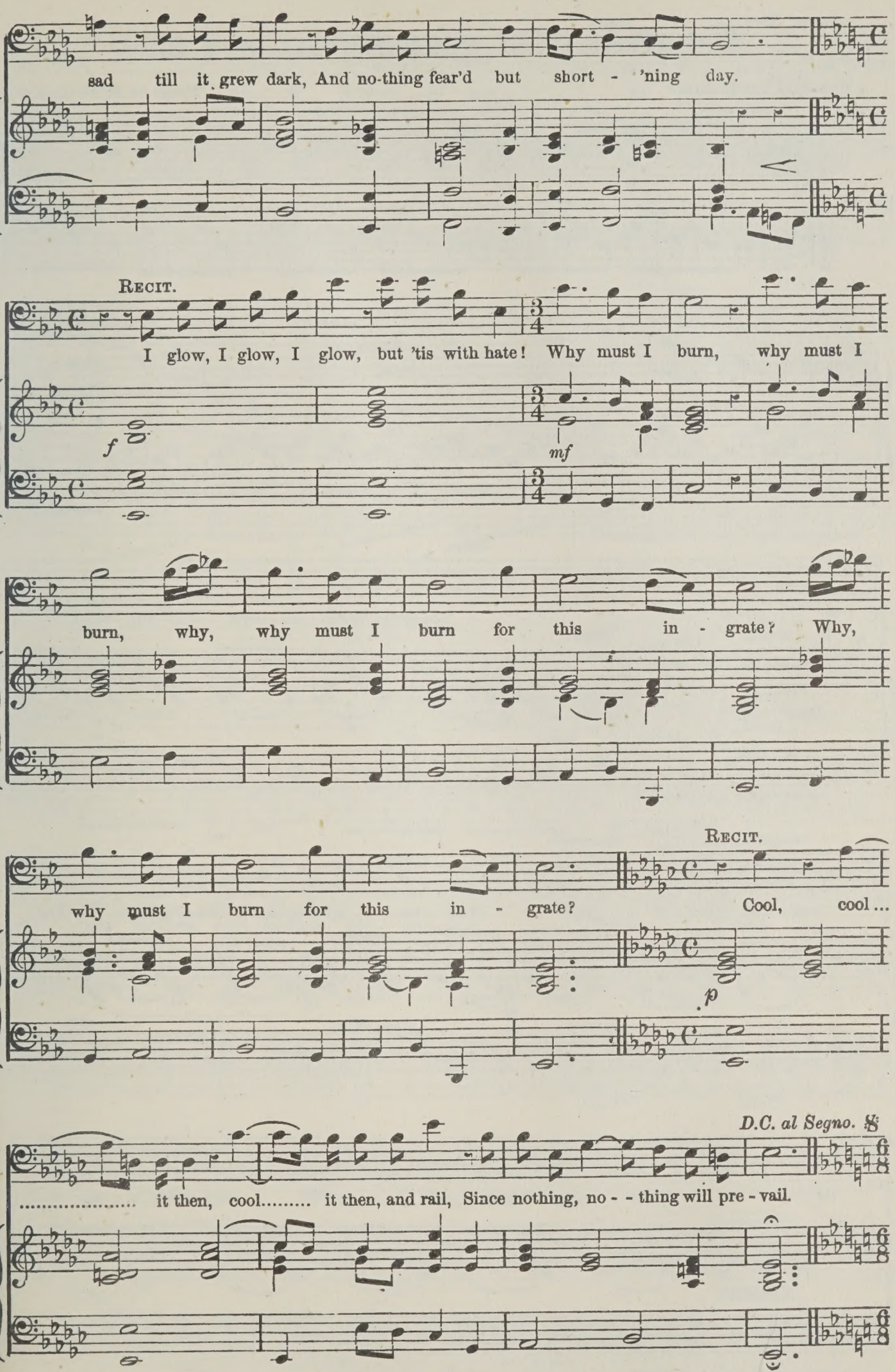



With-in my breast far, far great - - - - - er tem - pests
grow, Des - pairs..... more cold, more cold..... than all.....
𝄋 Moderato.
..... the winds can blow.
Can nothing, can no - thing
𝄋
mf
warm me? Can no-thing, can no - thing warm me? Yes, yes, yes,
yes, Lu-cin - da's eyes;..... Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin - da's


eyes;..... Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin-da's eyes;..... There, there, there,
there, there Et - na, There, there, there, there Ve-su-vius lies to fur - nish hell with
flames that mount - - - - - - - - ing, mounting, reach the skies!.....
cres.
Can nothing, can nothing warm me? Can nothing, can nothing warm me? Yes,
p
yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin-da's eyes;..... Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,

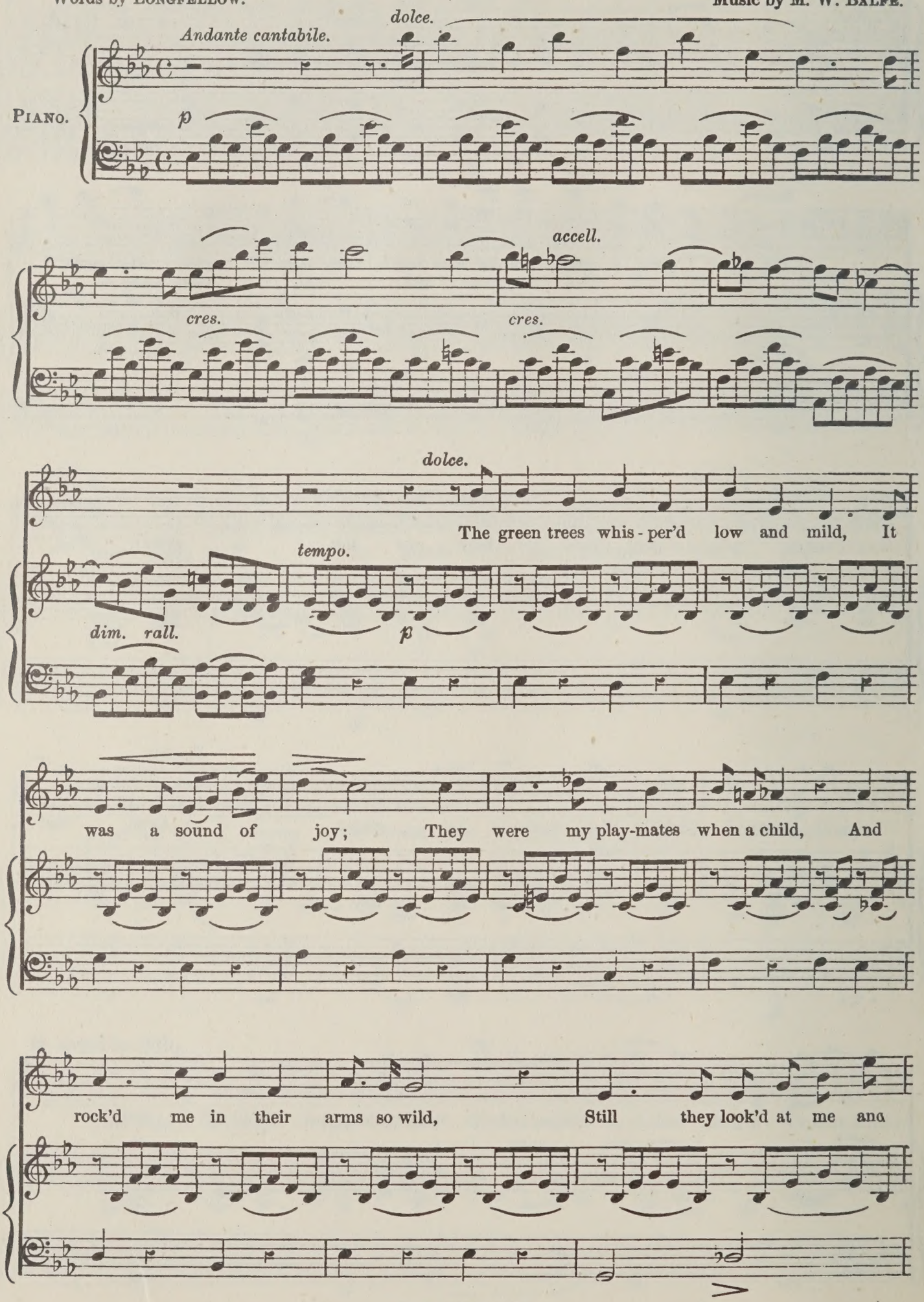

FINE.
yes, Lu-cin-da's eyes;..... Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, Lu-cin-da's eyes.....
RECIT.
Ye pow'rs! I did but use her name, And see how all, and see how all the meteors flame! Blue
f
light'ning flash-es round the court of Sol, And now the globe more fierce-ly burns than once at
tr
Affettuoso.
Phae-ton's fall.
Ah!.....
f
p
.....
Ah!.....
where, where are

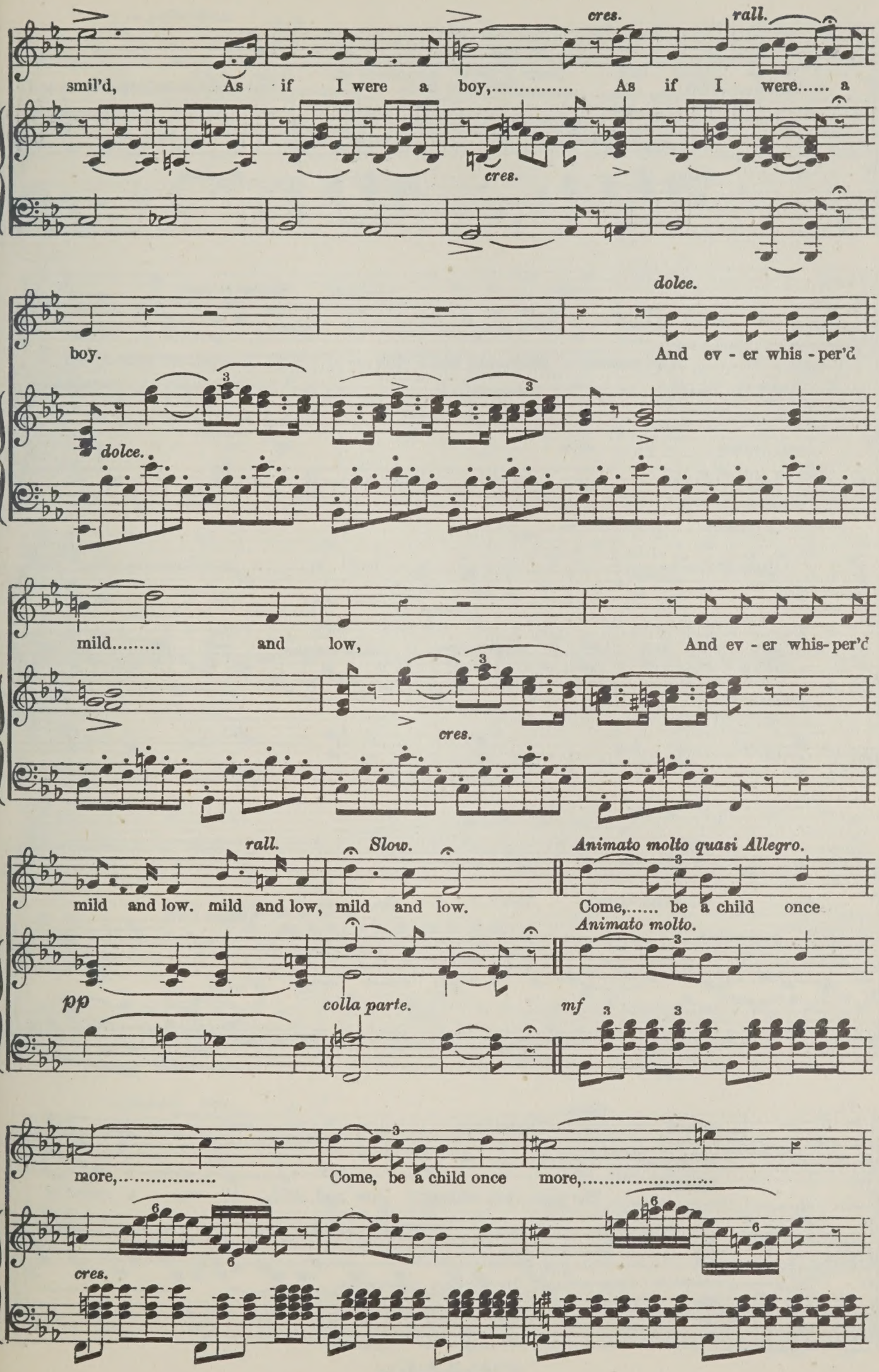

now, where are now, where are now those flow' - - - ry groves, Where Zephyr's
p
fra-grant winds did play; Ah! where are now, where are now, where are
mf
cres.
now those flow' - - ry groves Where Zephyr's frag-rant winds did play; Where,
p
guard-ed by a troop..... of loves, The fair, the fair Lu - cin-da sleep - ing lay?
There sung the night-in-gale and lark, A-round us all was sweet and gay; We ne'er grew

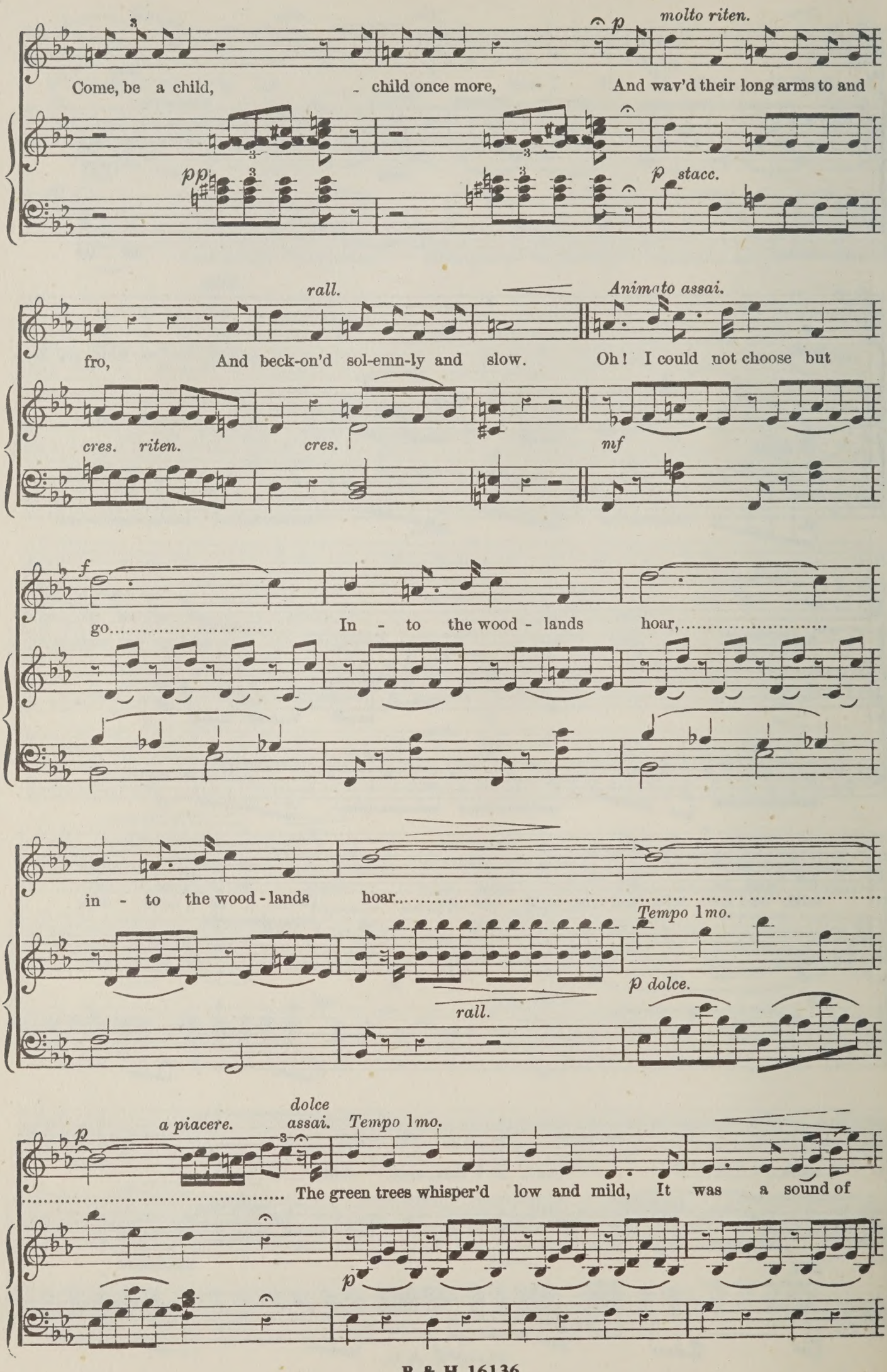

sad till it grew dark, And no-thing fear'd but short - 'ning day.
Recit.
I glow, I glow, I glow, but 'tis with hate! Why must I burn, why must I
f
mf
burn, why, why must I burn for this in - grate? Why,
Recit.
why must I burn for this in - grate? Cool, cool ...
p
D.C. al Segno. 𝄋
..... it then, cool..... it then, and rail, Since nothing, no - - thing will pre - vail.

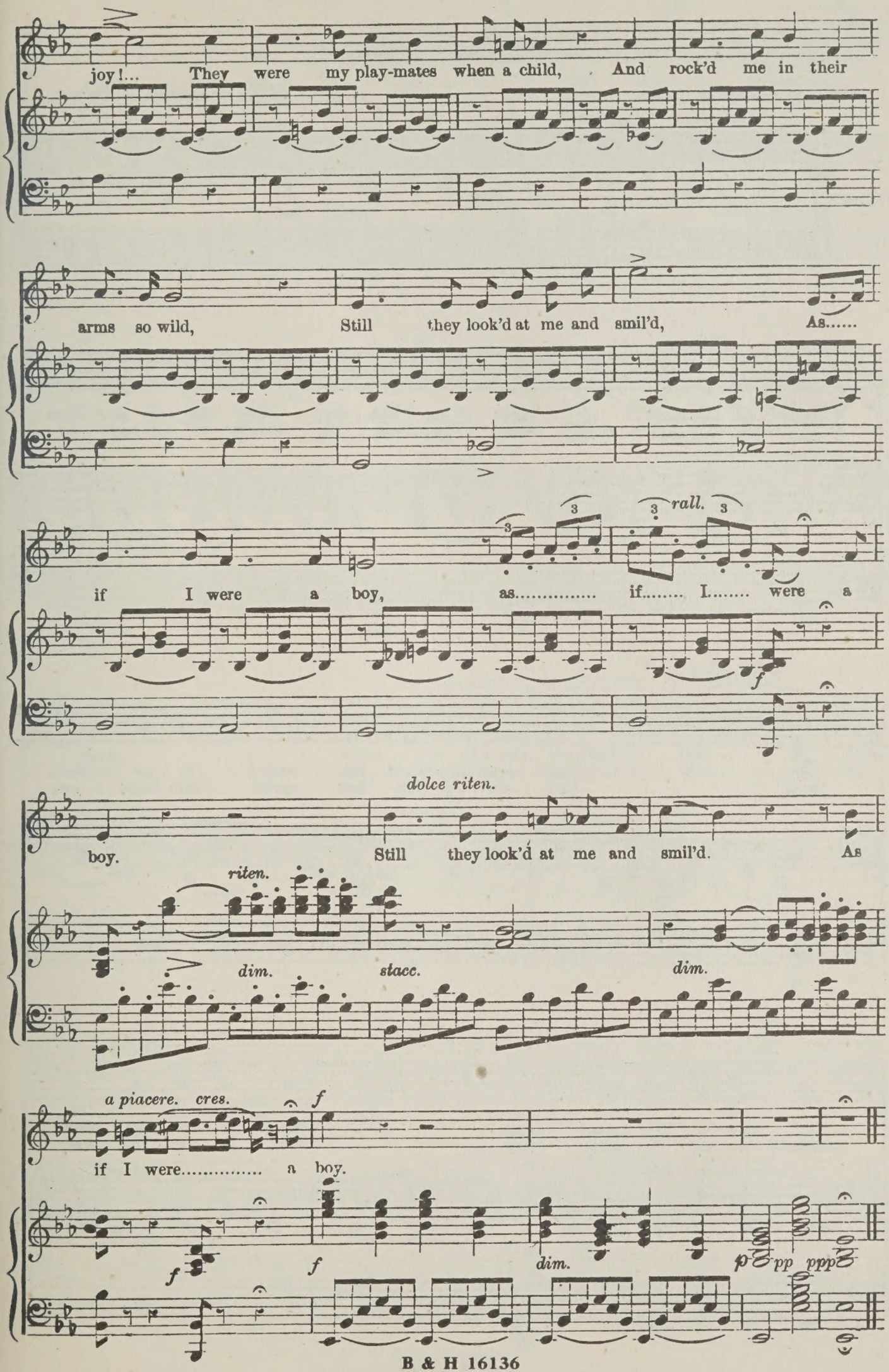
The green trees whispered low and mild.

Words by LONGFELLOW. Music by M. W. BALFE.



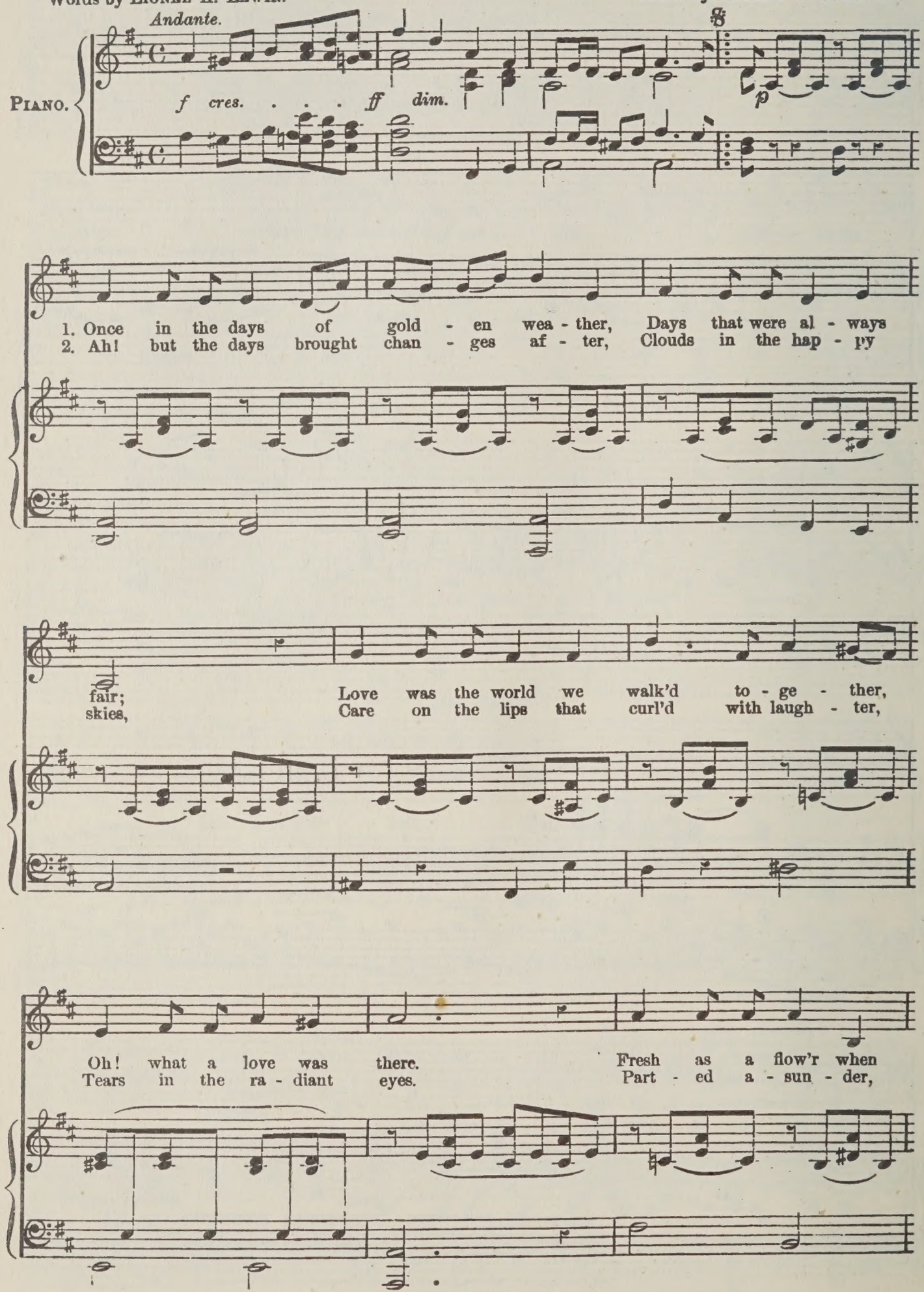

cres.
rall.
smil'd, As if I were a boy,..... As if I were..... a
cres.
dolce.
boy.
And ev - er whis - per'd
dolce.
mild..... and low,
And ev - er whis-per'd
cres.
rall.
Slow.
Animato molto quasi Allegro.
mild and low. mild and low, mild and low.
Come,..... be a child once
Animato molto.
pp
colla parte.
mf
more,.....
Come, be a child once more,.....
cres.

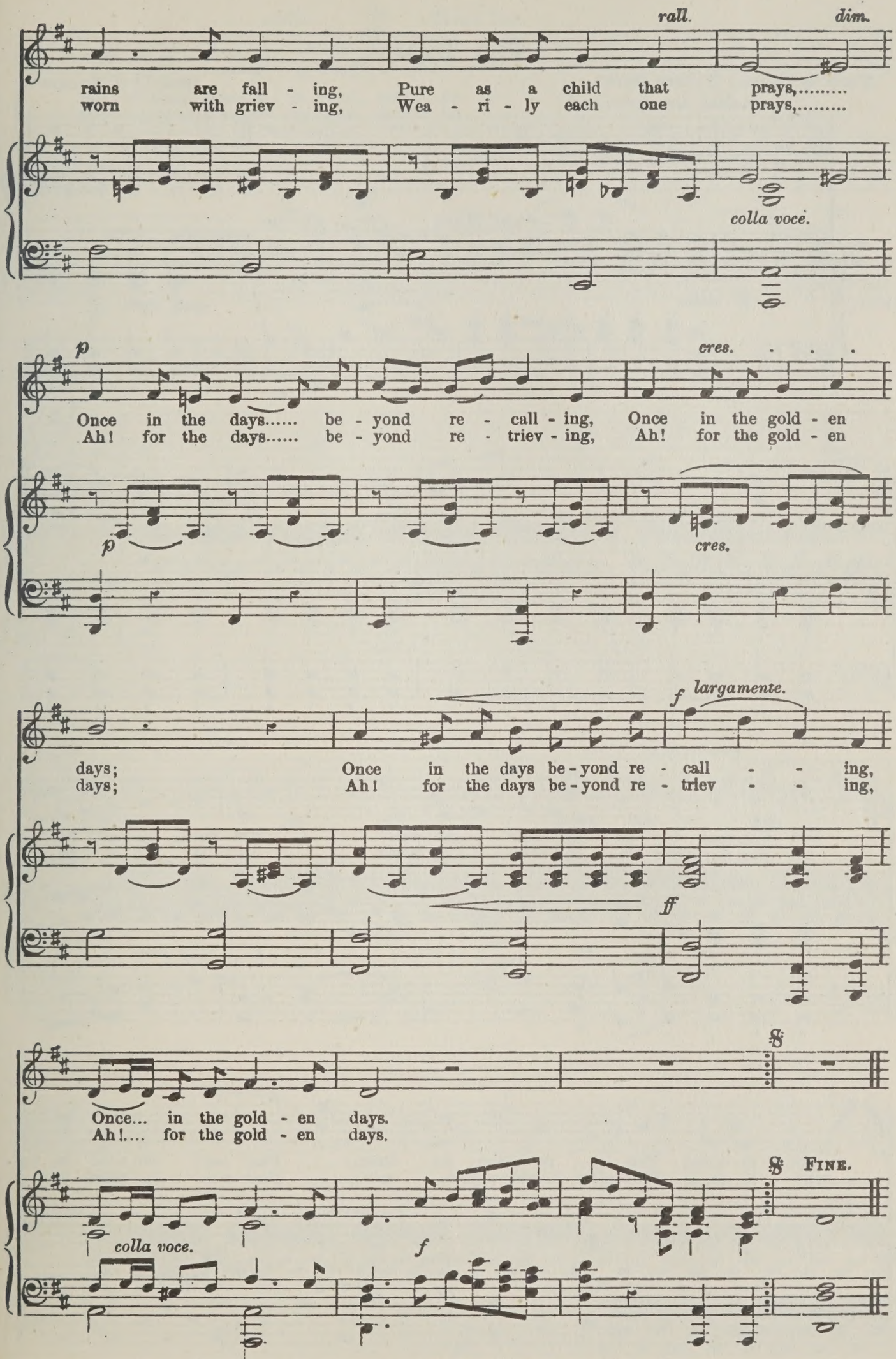

molto riten.
Come, be a child, child once more, And wav'd their long arms to and
stacc.
rall.
Animato assai.
fro, And beck-on'd sol-emn-ly and slow. Oh! I could not choose but
cres. riten.
cres.
mf
go..... In - to the wood - lands hoar,.....
in - to the wood - lands hoar.....
Tempo 1mo.
p dolce.
rall.
a piacere.
dolce assai.
Tempo 1mo.
The green trees whisper'd low and mild, It was a sound of


joy!... They were my play-mates when a child, And rock'd me in their
arms so wild, Still they look'd at me and smil'd, As.....
if I were a boy, as..... if..... I..... were a
rall.
boy. Still they look'd at me and smil'd. As
dolce riten.
riten.
dim.
stacc.
dim.
a piacere. cres.
f
if I were..... a boy.
f
f
dim.
p pp ppp

Golden Days.

Words by LIONEL H. LEWIN. Music by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

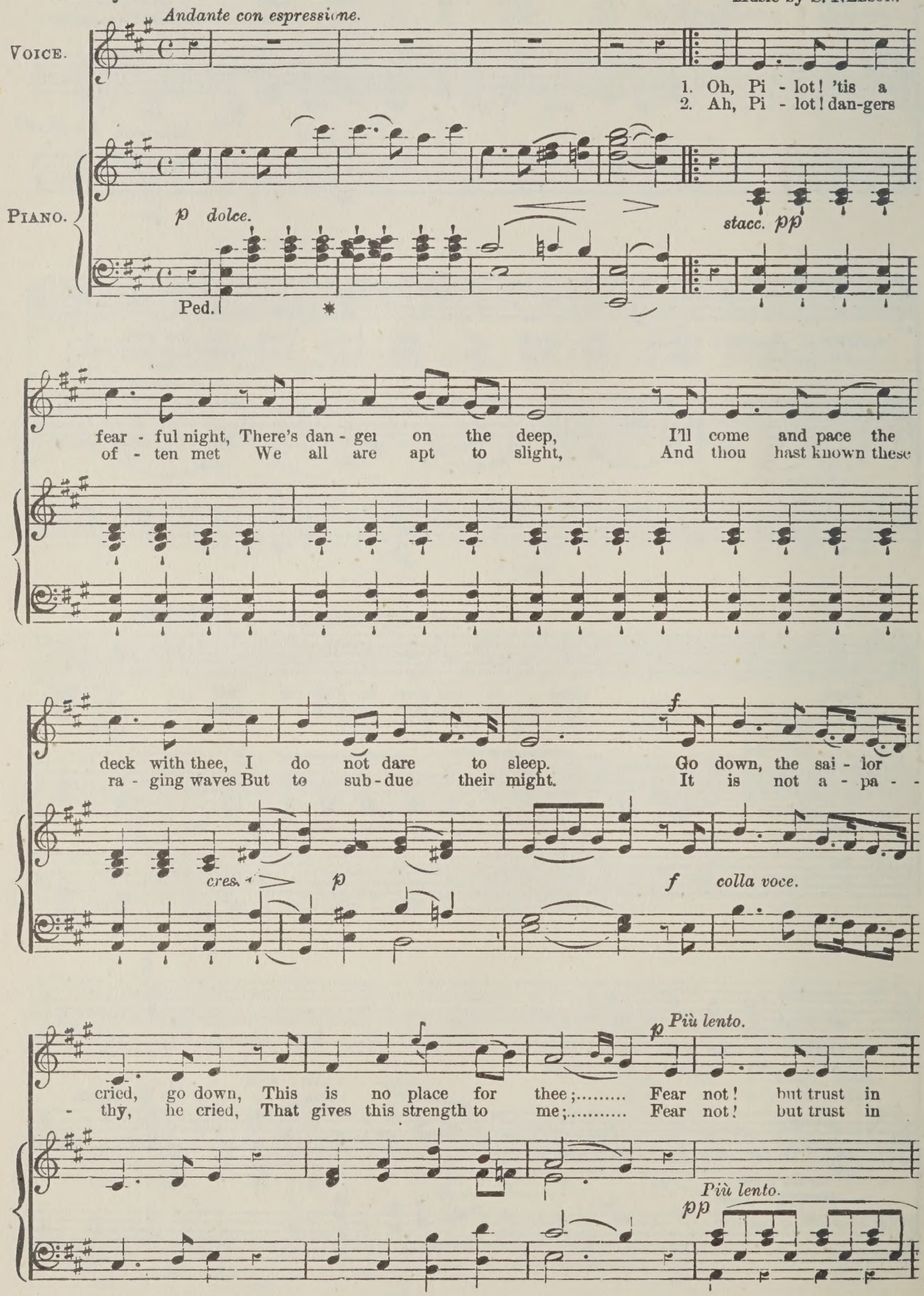


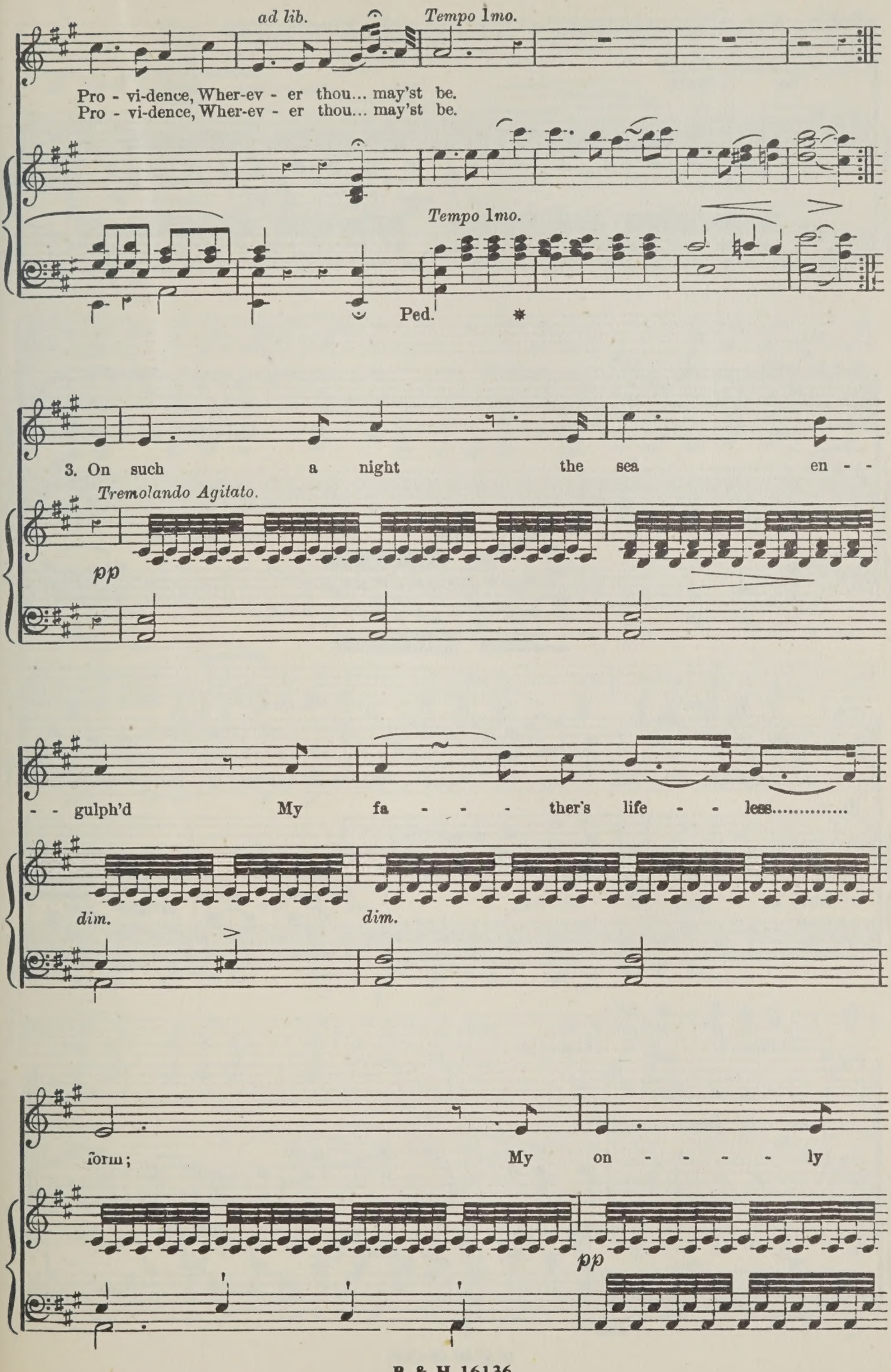

rall.
dim.
rains are fall - ing, Pure as a child that prays,.....
worn with griev - ing, Wea - ri - ly each one prays,.....
colla voce.
p
cres.
Once in the days..... be - yond re - call - ing, Once in the gold - en
Ah! for the days..... be - yond re - triev - ing, Ah! for the gold - en
p
cres.
f largamente.
days; Once in the days be - yond re - call - - ing,
days; Ah! for the days be - yond re - triev - - ing,
ff
Once... in the gold - en days.
Ah!.... for the gold - en days.
Fine.
colla voce.
f

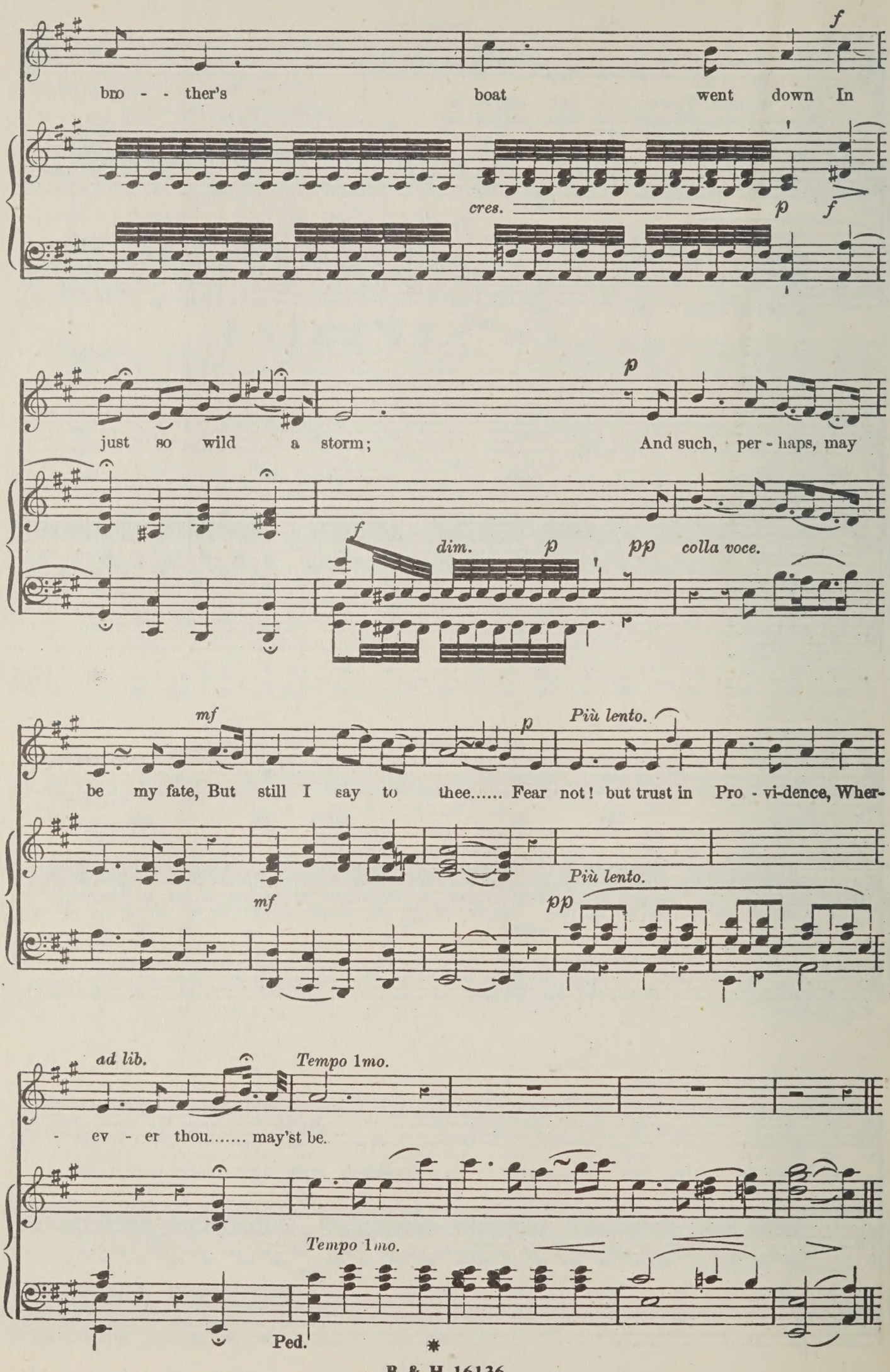
The Pilot.

Words by THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

Music by S. NELSON.



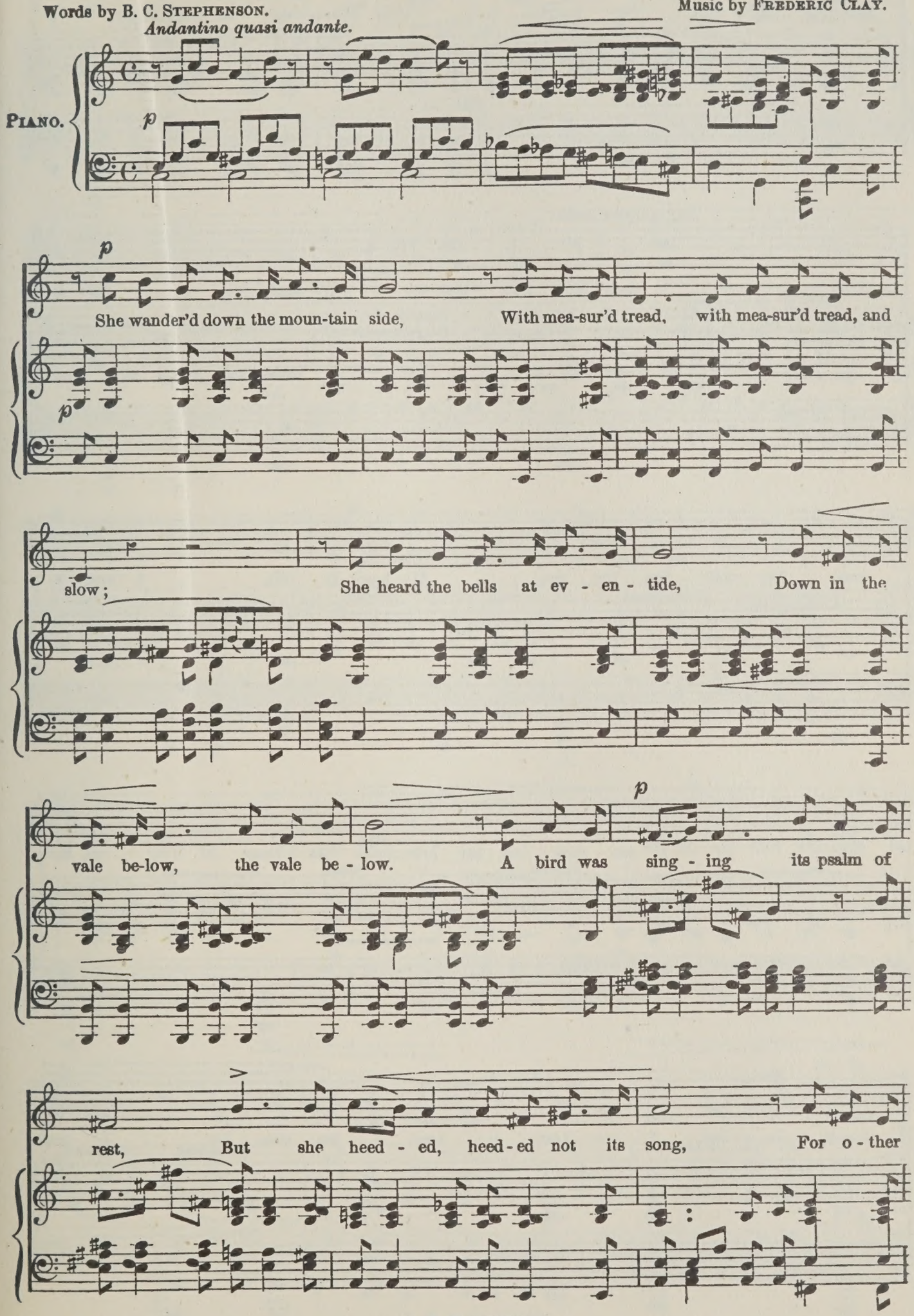

ad lib.
Tempo 1mo.
Pro - vi-dence, Wher-ev - er thou... may'st be.
Pro - vi-dence, Wher-ev - er thou... may'st be.
Tempo 1mo.
Ped.
3. On such a night the sea en - -
Tremolando Agitato.
pp
- - gulph'd My fa - - - - ther's life - - less.....
dim.
dim.
form; My on - - - - - ly
pp

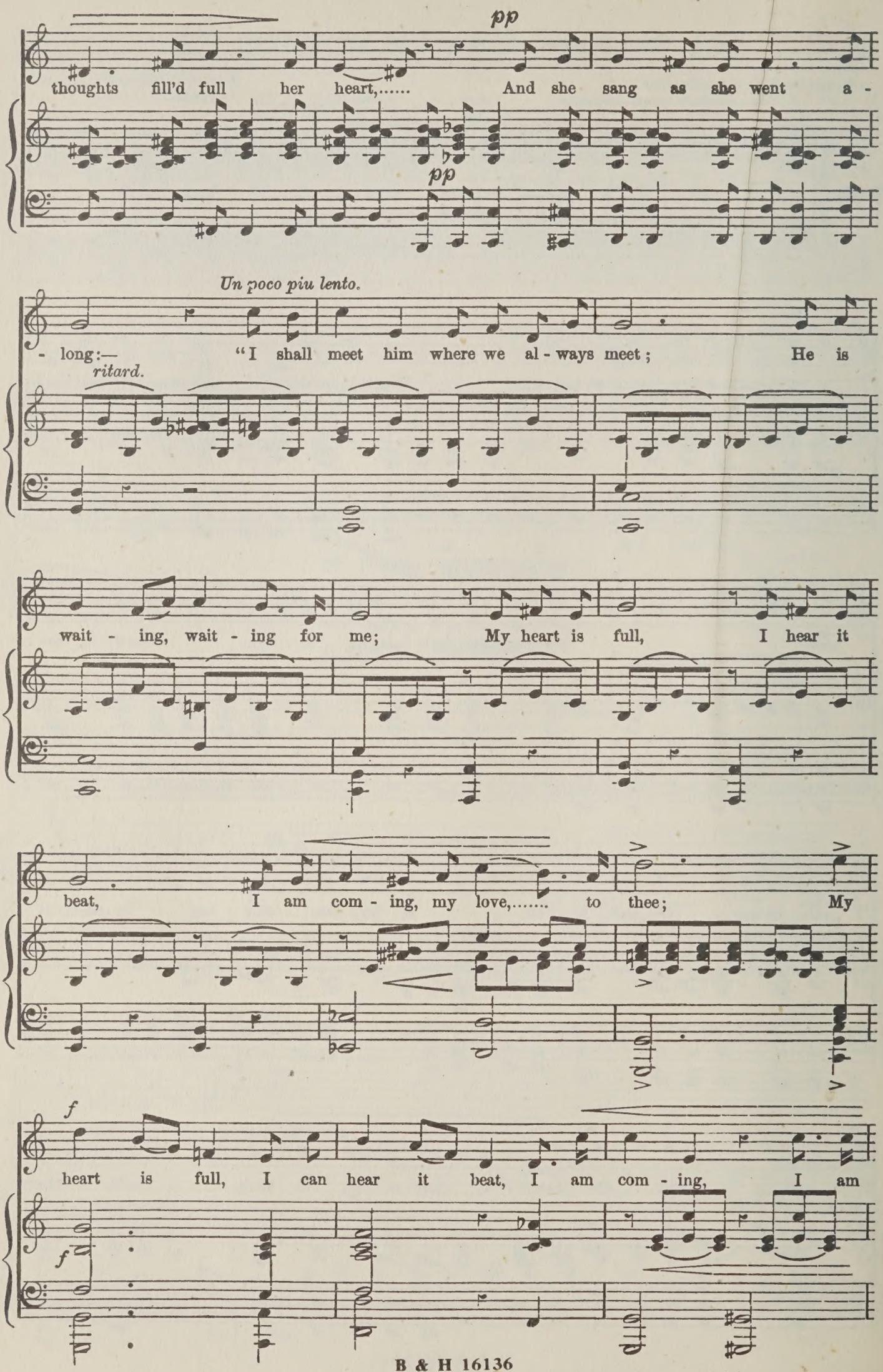

bro - - ther's boat went down In
cres.
p
f
just so wild a storm; And such, per - haps, may
dim.
pp
colla voce.
be my fate, But still I say to thee..... Fear not! but trust in Pro - vi-dence, Wher-
Più lento.
Più lento.
ad lib.
Tempo 1mo.
- ev - er thou..... may'st be.
Tempo 1mo.
Ped.

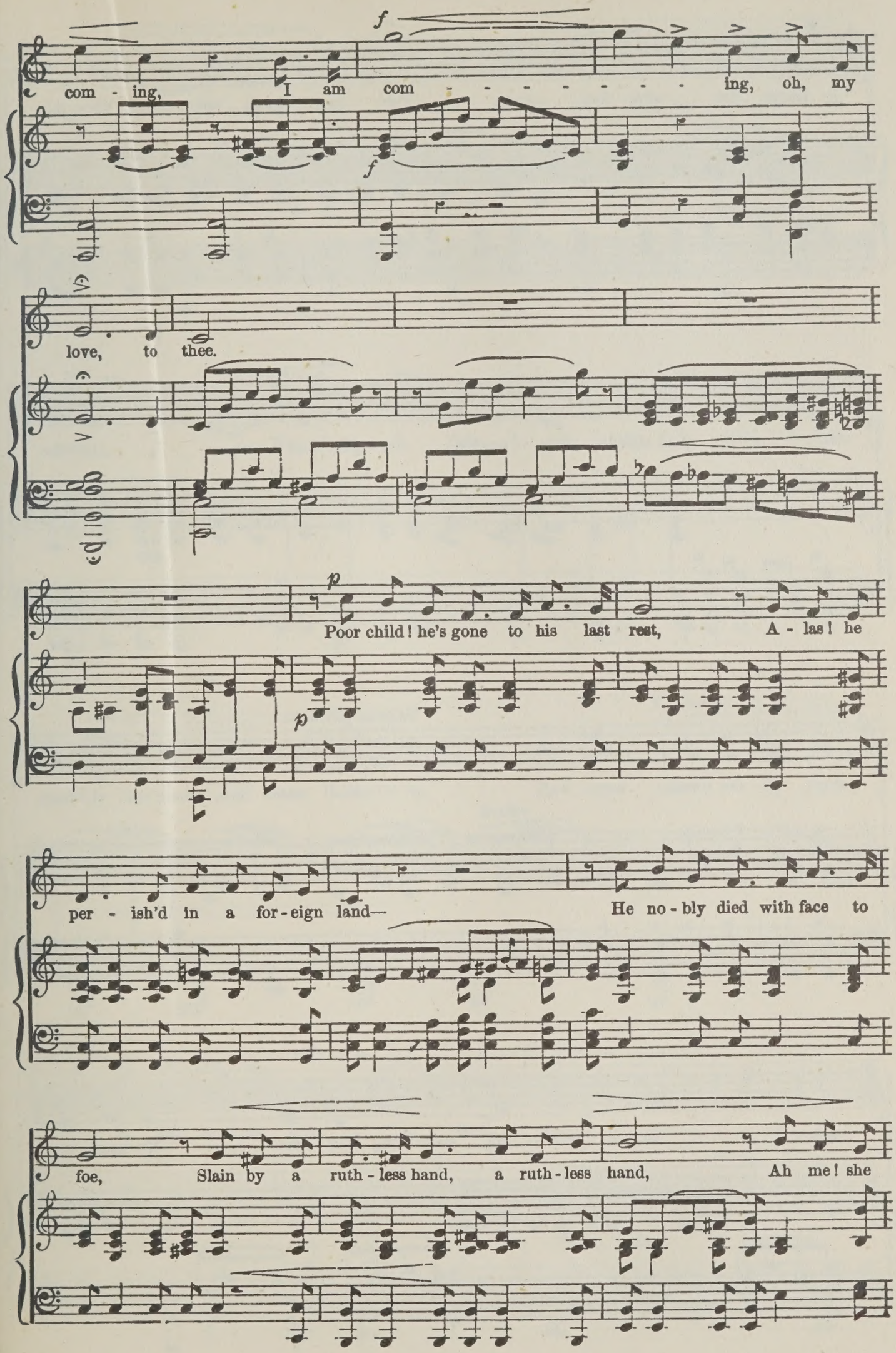
She wandered down the mountain side.

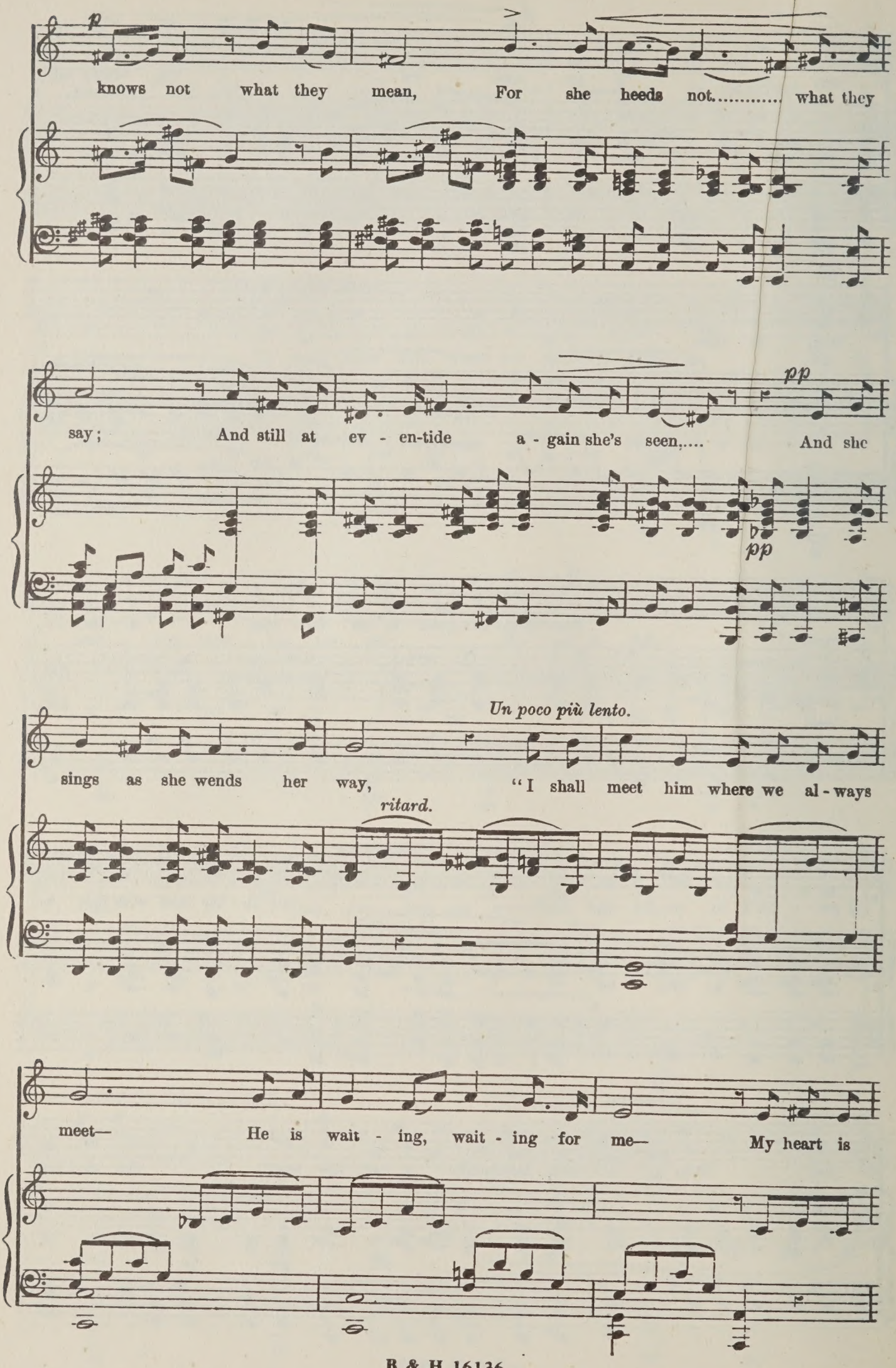
Words by B. C. STEPHENSON. Music by FREDERIC CLAY.

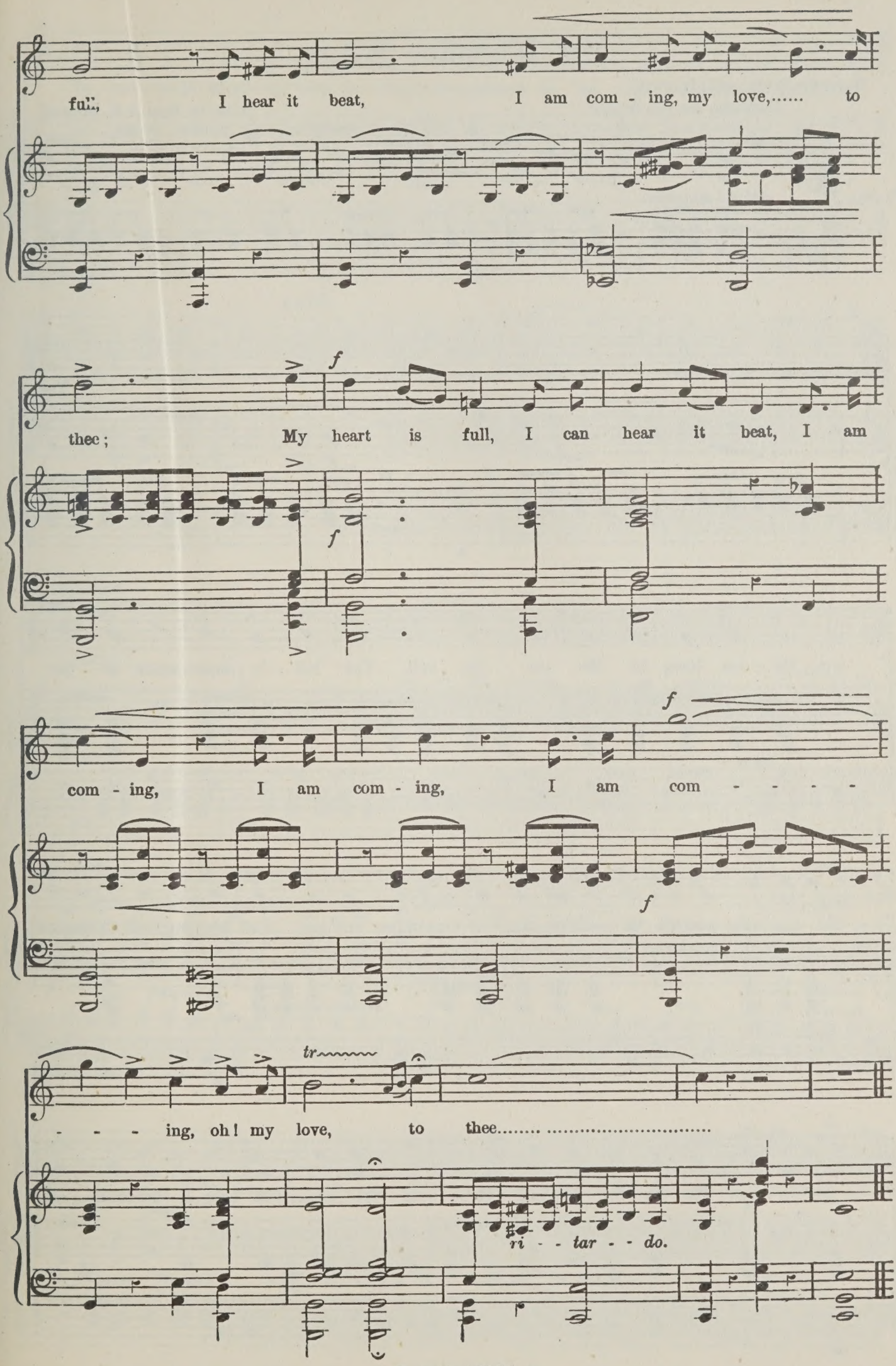
Andantino quasi andante.




pp
thoughts fill'd full her heart,..... And she sang as she went a -
pp
Un poco piu lento.
- long:— "I shall meet him where we al - ways meet; He is
ritard.
wait - ing, wait - ing for me; My heart is full, I hear it
beat, I am com - ing, my love,..... to thee; My
f
heart is full, I can hear it beat, I am com - ing, I am
f


f
com - ing, I am com - - - - - - - - ing, oh, my
f
love, to thee.
p
Poor child! he's gone to his last rest, A - las! he
p
per - ish'd in a for-eign land— He no - bly died with face to
foe, Slain by a ruth - less hand, a ruth - less hand, Ah me! she


p
knows not what they mean, For she heeds not..... what they
say; And still at ev - en-tide a - gain she's seen,.... And she
pp
pp
Un poco più lento.
sings as she wends her way, "I shall meet him where we al - ways
ritard.
meet— He is wait - ing, wait - ing for me— My heart is


full, I hear it beat, I am com - ing, my love,..... to
thee; My heart is full, I can hear it beat, I am
com - ing, I am com - ing, I am com - - - -
- - - ing, oh! my love, to thee.....
ri - - tar - - do.

The Mistletoe Bough.

Words by THOMAS H. BAYLY.

Music by HENRY R. BISHOP.

Allegretto ma non troppo.

PIANO.

dolce e semplice.

The

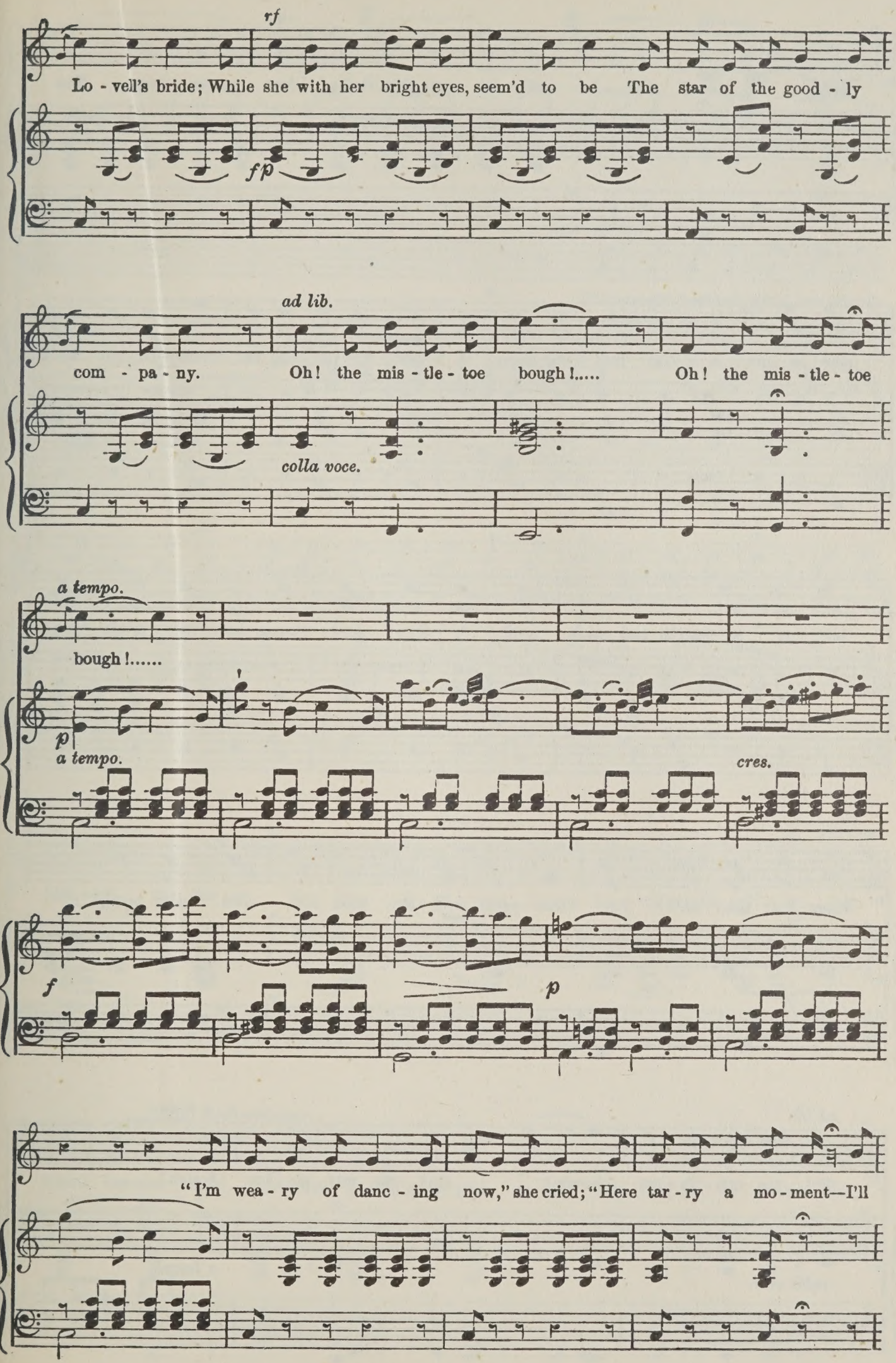
f *p*

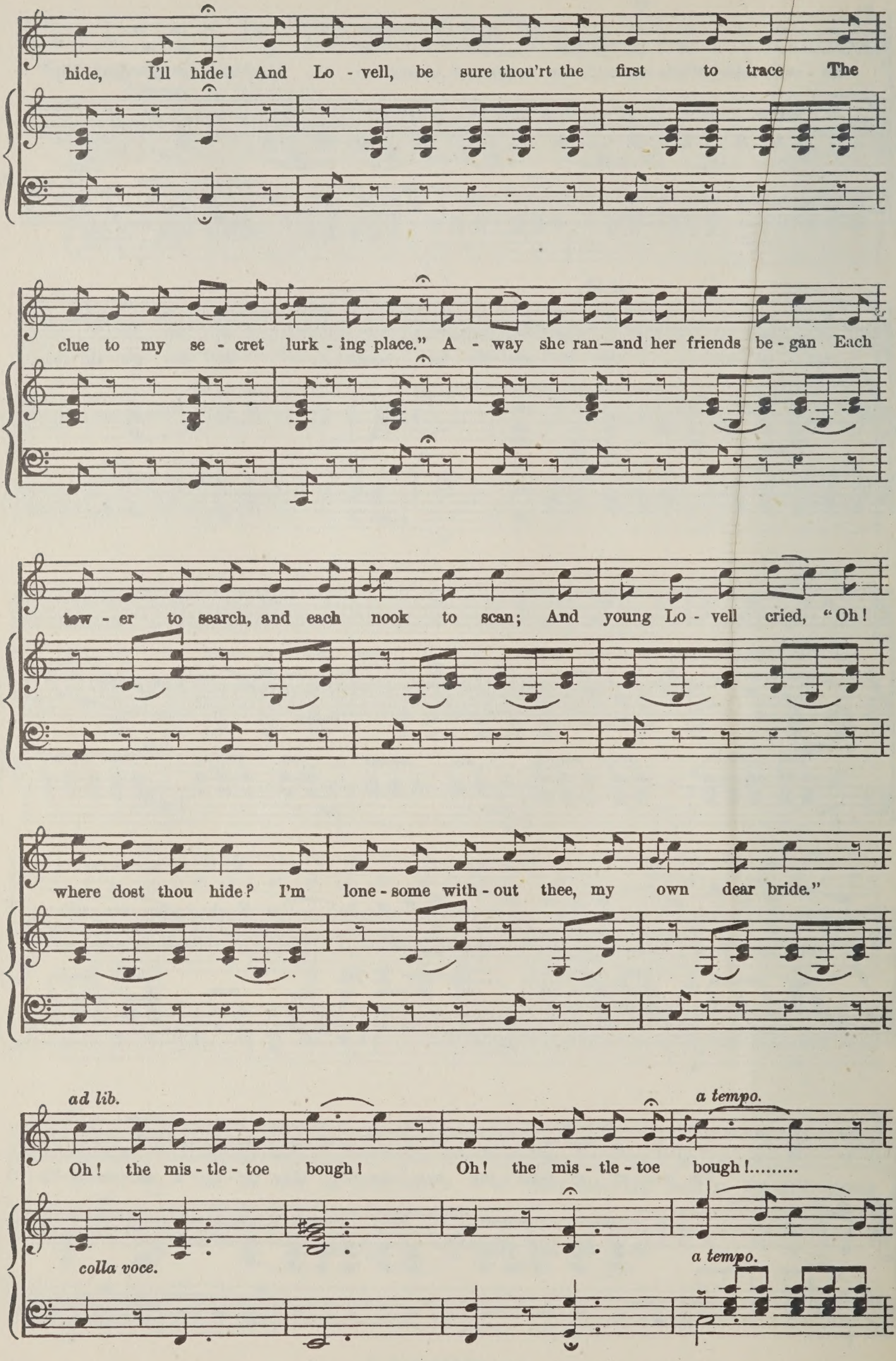
mis - tle - toe hung in the cas - tle hall, The hol - ly branch shone on the

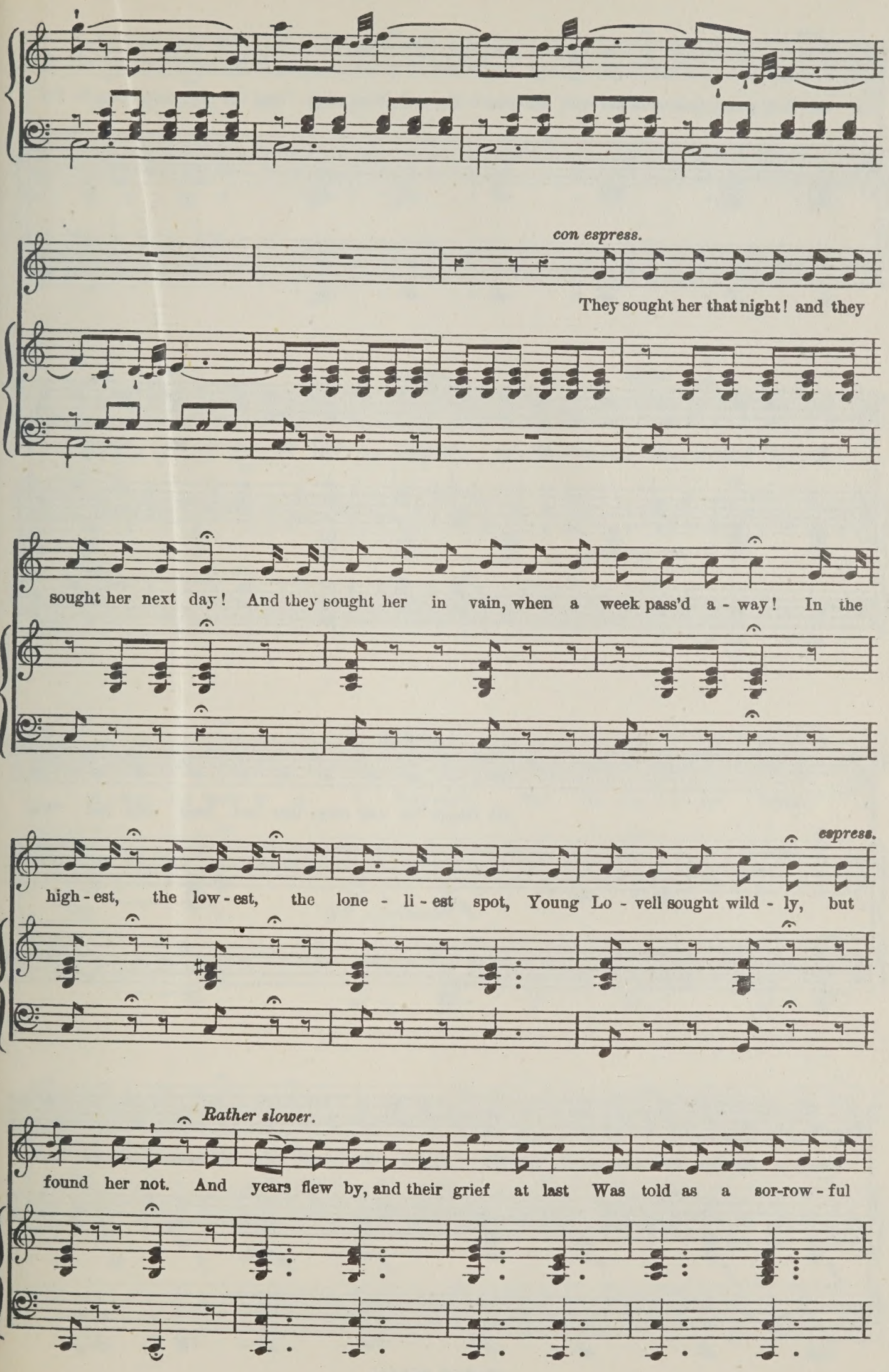
old oak wall; And the Ba - ron's re - tain - ers were blithe and gay, And keep-ing their Christ-mas

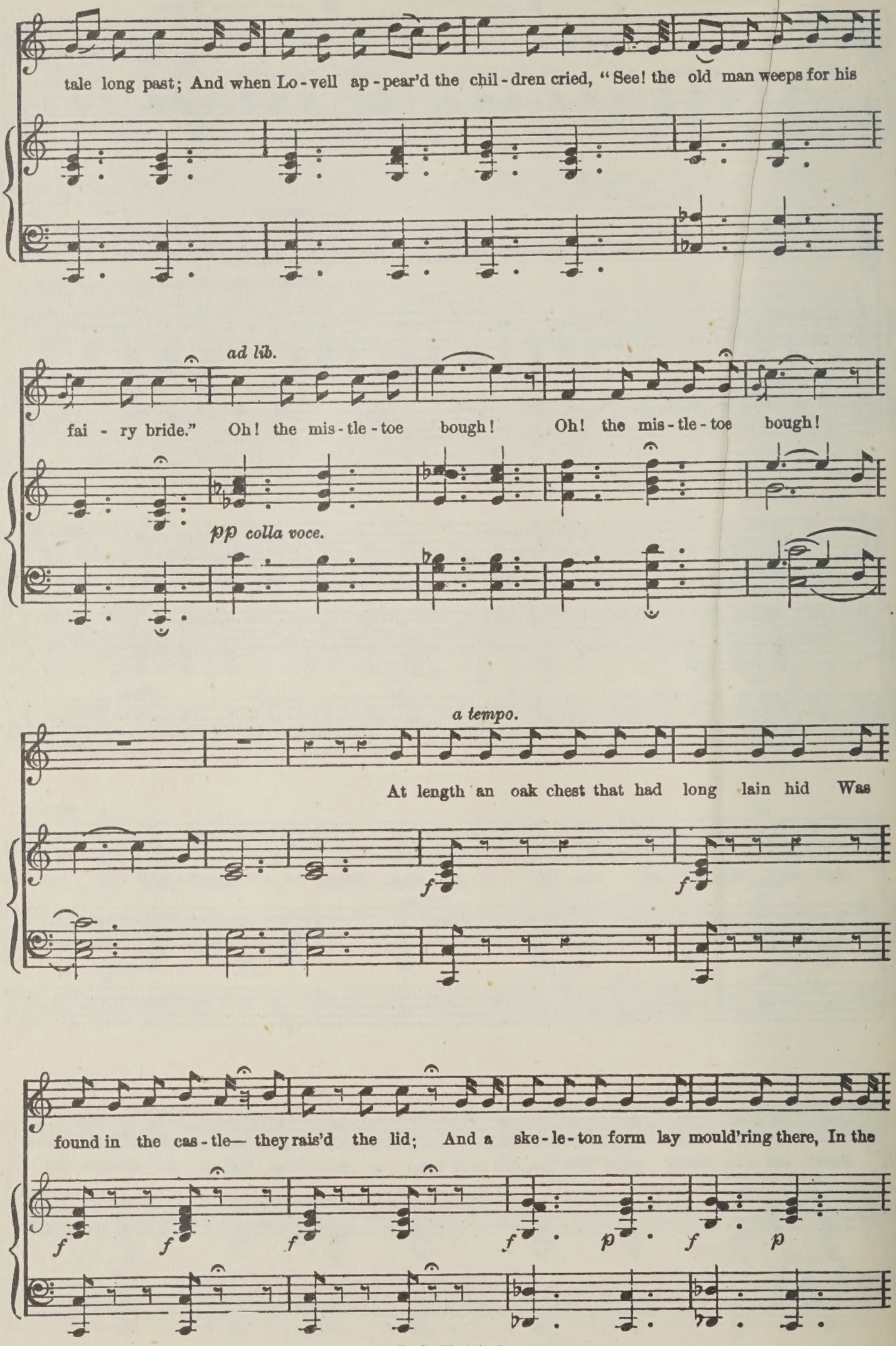
mf

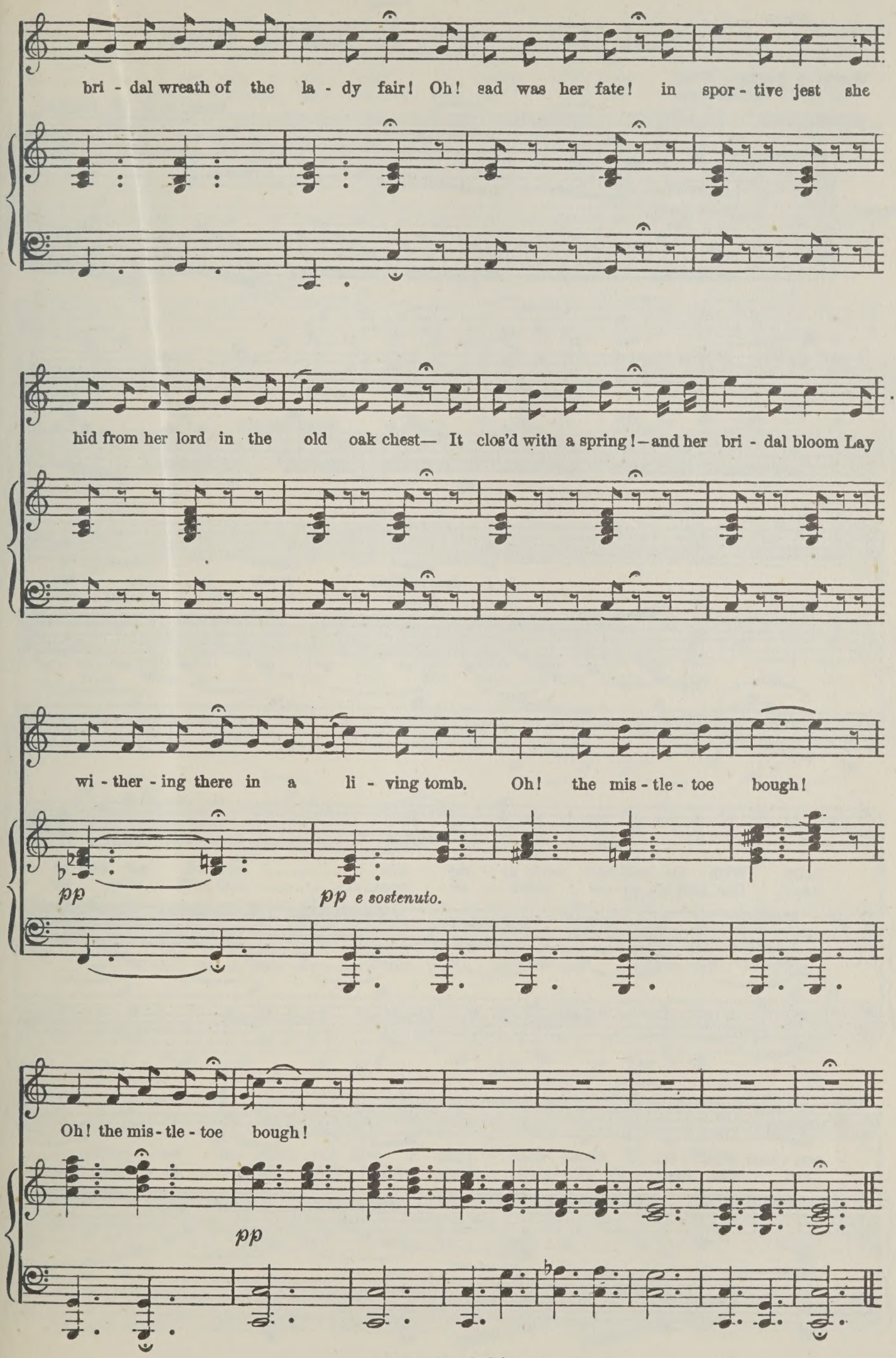
ho - li - day. The Ba - ron be - held, with a fa - ther's pride, His beau - ti - ful child—young


rf
Lo - vell's bride; While she with her bright eyes, seem'd to be The star of the good - ly
fp
ad lib.
com - pa - ny. Oh! the mis - tle - toe bough!..... Oh! the mis - tle - toe
colla voce.
a tempo.
bough!.....
p
a tempo.
cres.
f
p
"I'm wea - ry of danc - ing now," she cried; "Here tar - ry a mo - ment—I'll


hide, I'll hide! And Lo - vell, be sure thou'rt the first to trace The
clue to my se - cret lurk - ing place." A - way she ran—and her friends be - gan Each
tow - er to search, and each nook to scan; And young Lo - vell cried, "Oh!
where dost thou hide? I'm lone - some with - out thee, my own dear bride."
ad lib.
a tempo.
Oh! the mis - tle - toe bough! Oh! the mis - tle - toe bough!.....
colla voce.
a tempo.


con espress.
They sought her that night! and they
sought her next day! And they sought her in vain, when a week pass'd a - way! In the
espress.
high - est, the low - est, the lone - li - est spot, Young Lo - vell sought wild - ly, but
Rather slower.
found her not. And years flew by, and their grief at last Was told as a sor-row - ful


tale long past; And when Lo-vell ap-pear'd the chil-dren cried, "See! the old man weeps for his
ad lib.
fai-ry bride." Oh! the mis-tle-toe bough! Oh! the mis-tle-toe bough!
pp colla voce.
a tempo.
At length an oak chest that had long lain hid Was
f
f
found in the cas-tle— they rais'd the lid; And a ske-le-ton form lay mould'ring there, In the
f
f
f
f
p
f
p


bri - dal wreath of the la - dy fair! Oh! sad was her fate! in spor - tive jest she
hid from her lord in the old oak chest— It clos'd with a spring!—and her bri - dal bloom Lay
wi - ther - ing there in a li - ving tomb. Oh! the mis - tle - toe bough!
pp
pp e sostenuto.
Oh! the mis - tle - toe bough!
pp

I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls.

Words by ALFRED BUNN.

Music by M. W. BALFE.

Andantino.

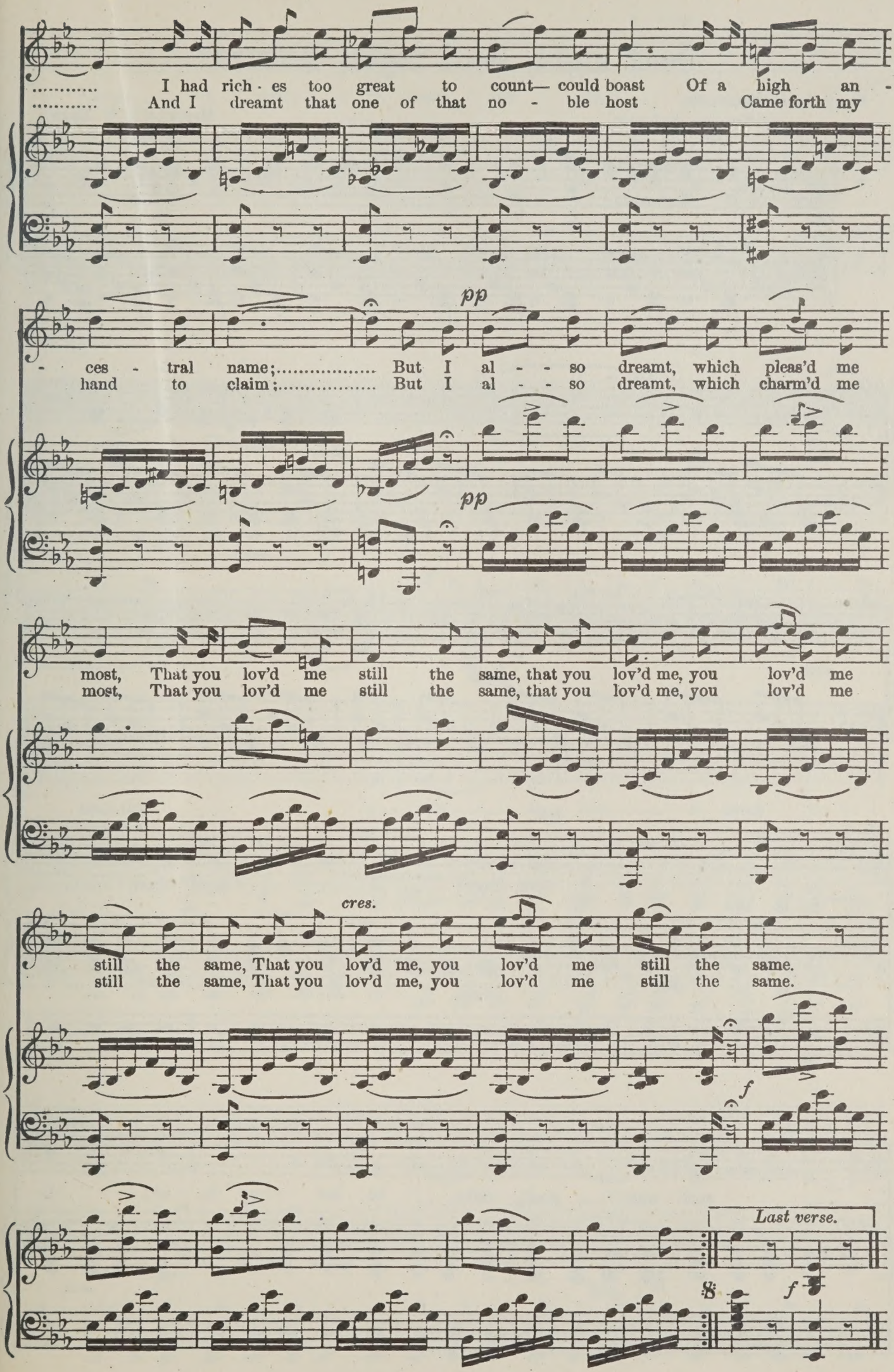
PIANO.

Dolce assai.

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble halls, With vas - sals and serfs at my side,..... And of all who as -
2. I dreamt that sui - tors sought my hand; That knights, up - on bend - - ed knee,..... And with vows no

pp

- sem - bled with - in..... those walls That I was the hope and the pride;.....
mai - den heart could with - stand, They pledg'd their faith to me; .....

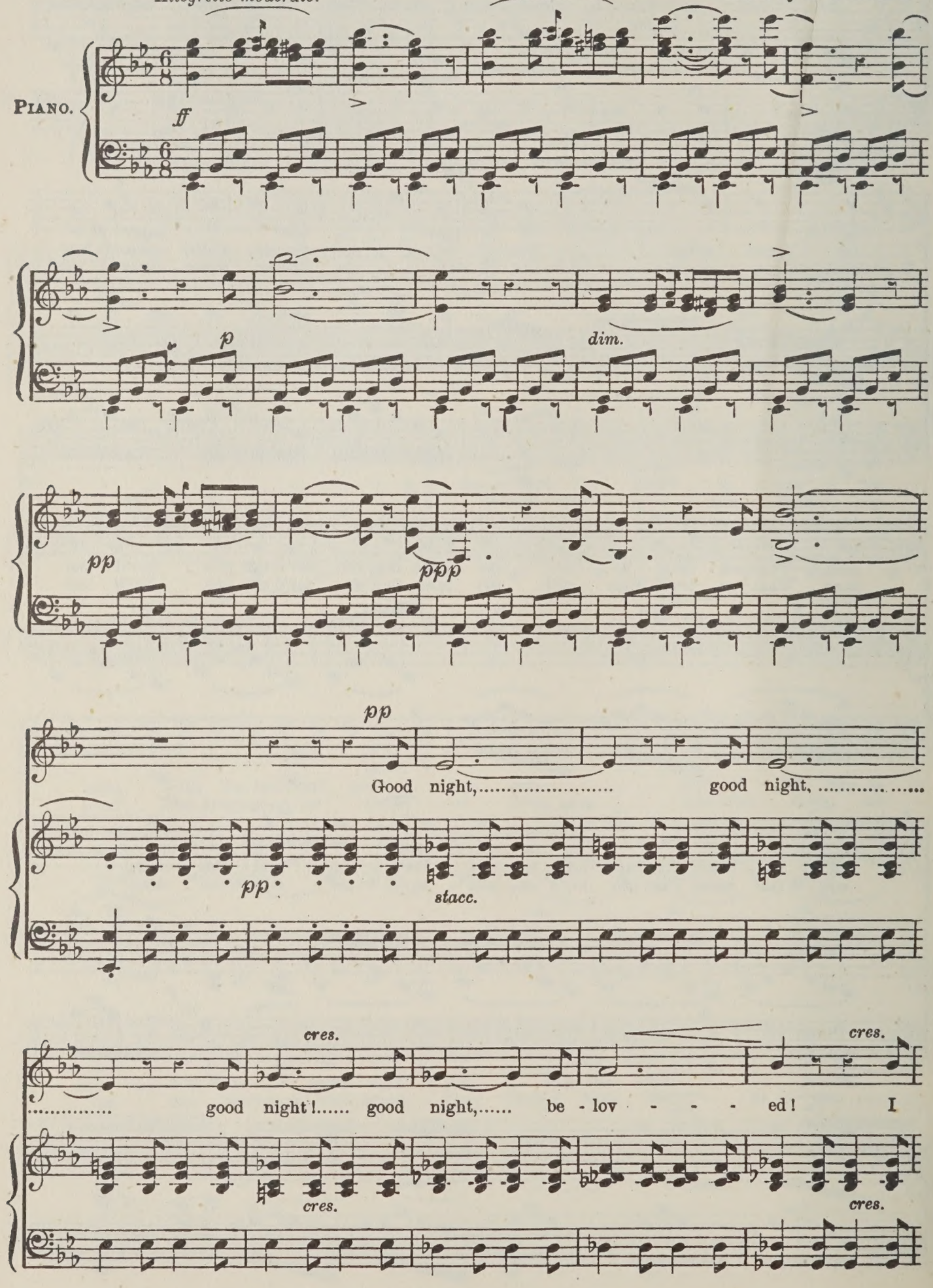

I had rich - es too great to count— could boast Of a high an -
And I dreamt that one of that no - ble host Came forth my
pp
- ces - tral name;..... But I al - - so dreamt, which pleas'd me
hand to claim;..... But I al - - so dreamt, which charm'd me
pp
most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd me
most, That you lov'd me still the same, that you lov'd me, you lov'd me
cres.
still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.
still the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd me still the same.
f
Last verse.
8
f

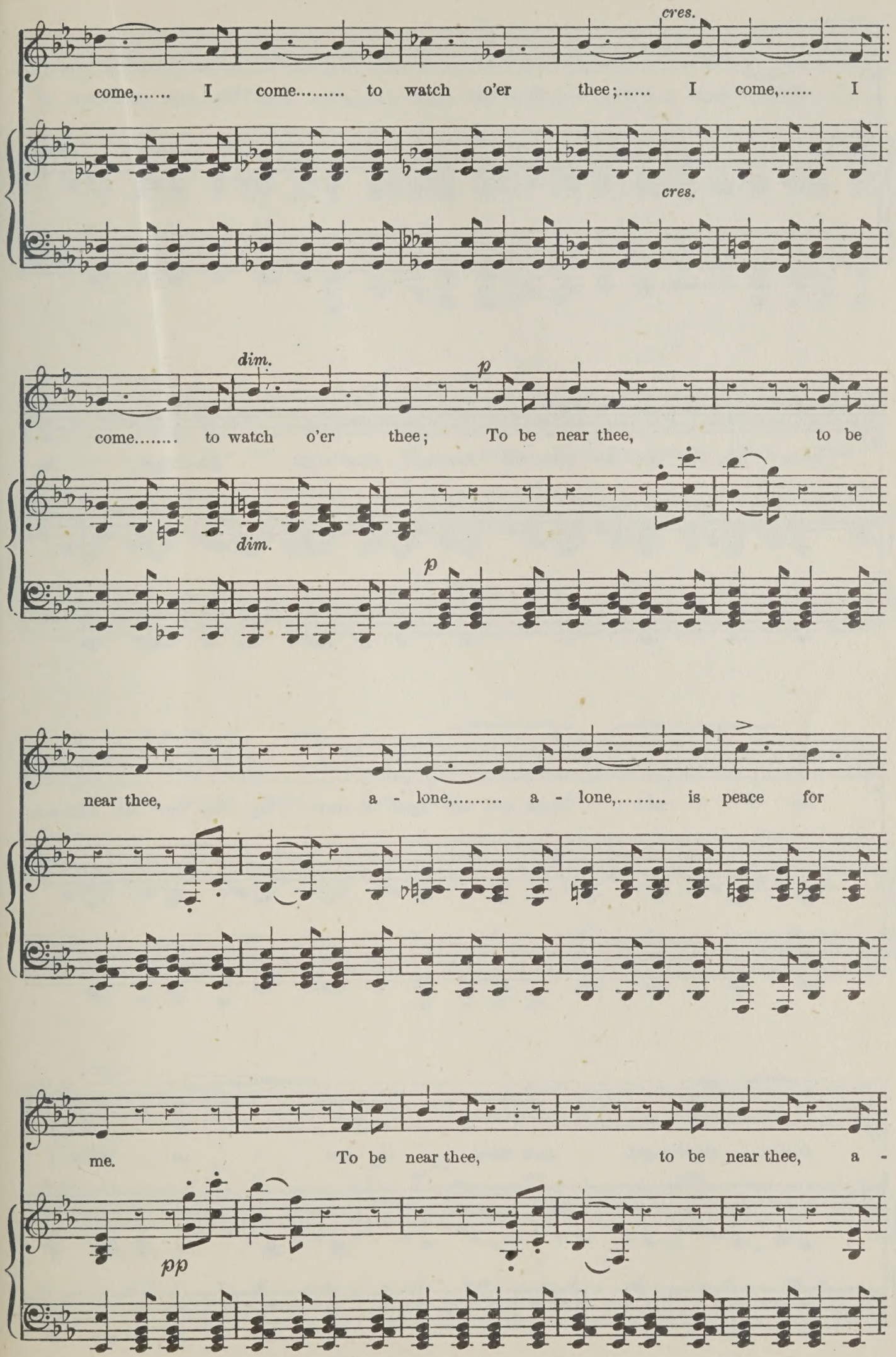
Good night, Good night, Beloved!

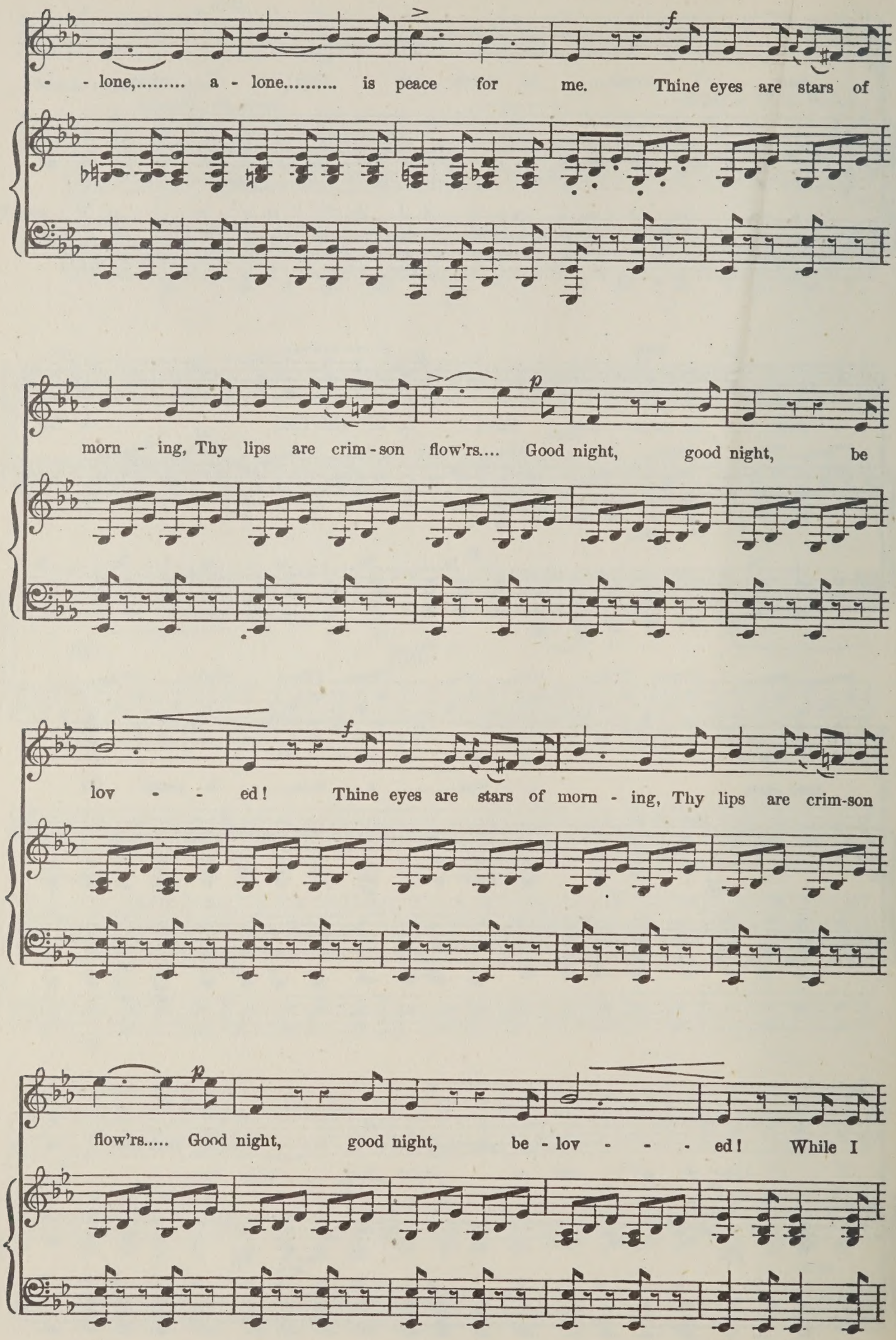
Words by LONGFELLOW.

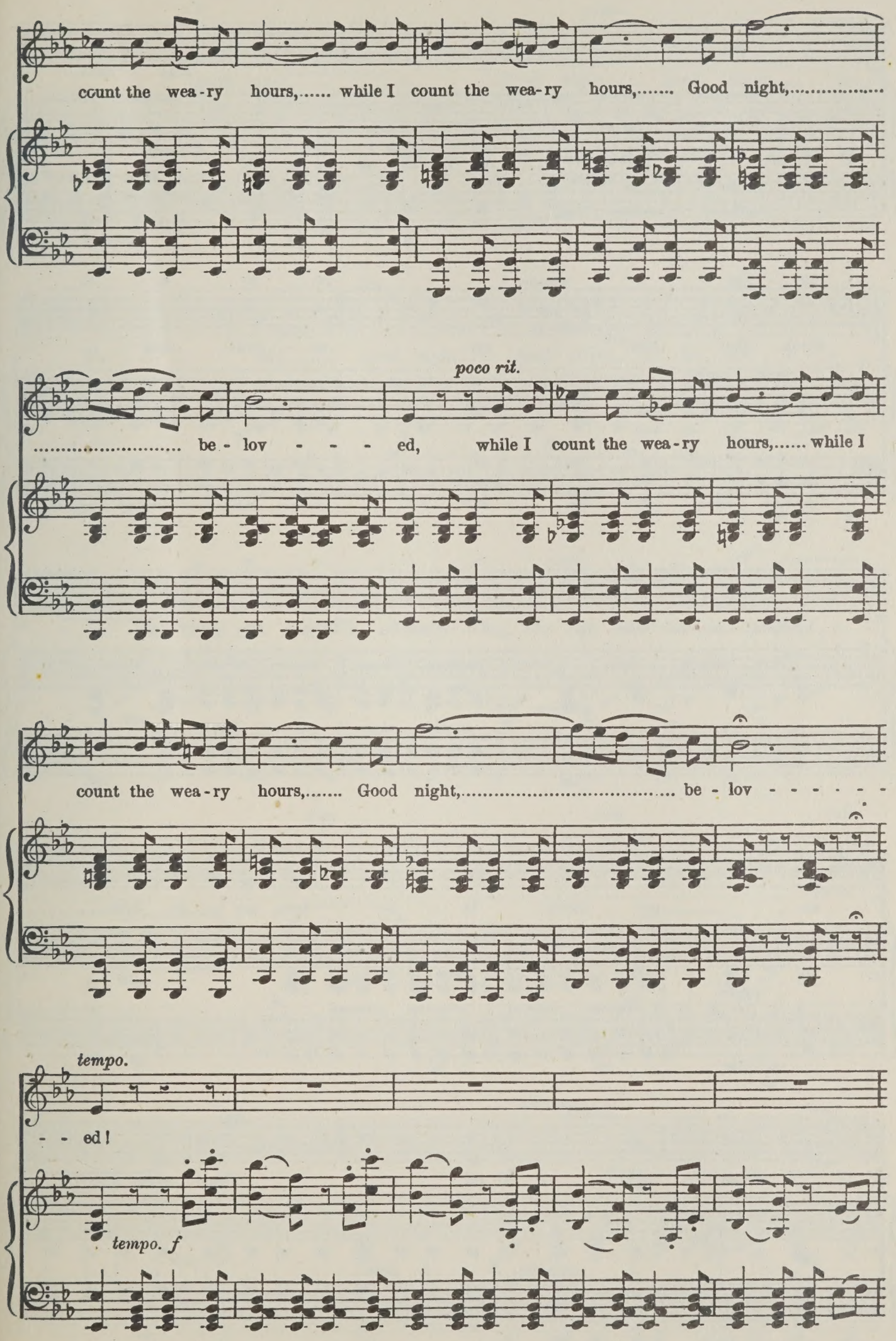
Allegretto moderato.

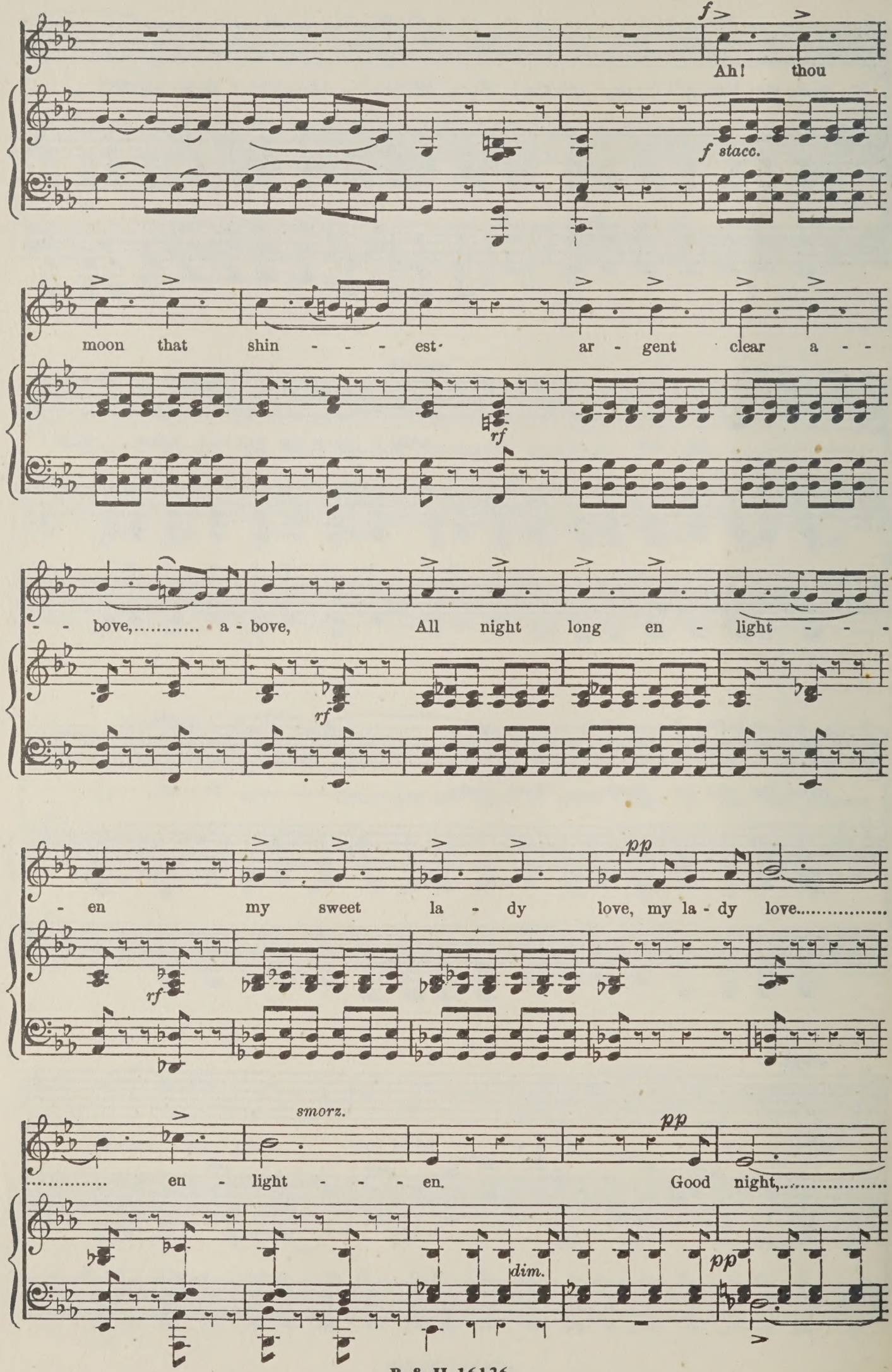
Music by M. W. BALFE.

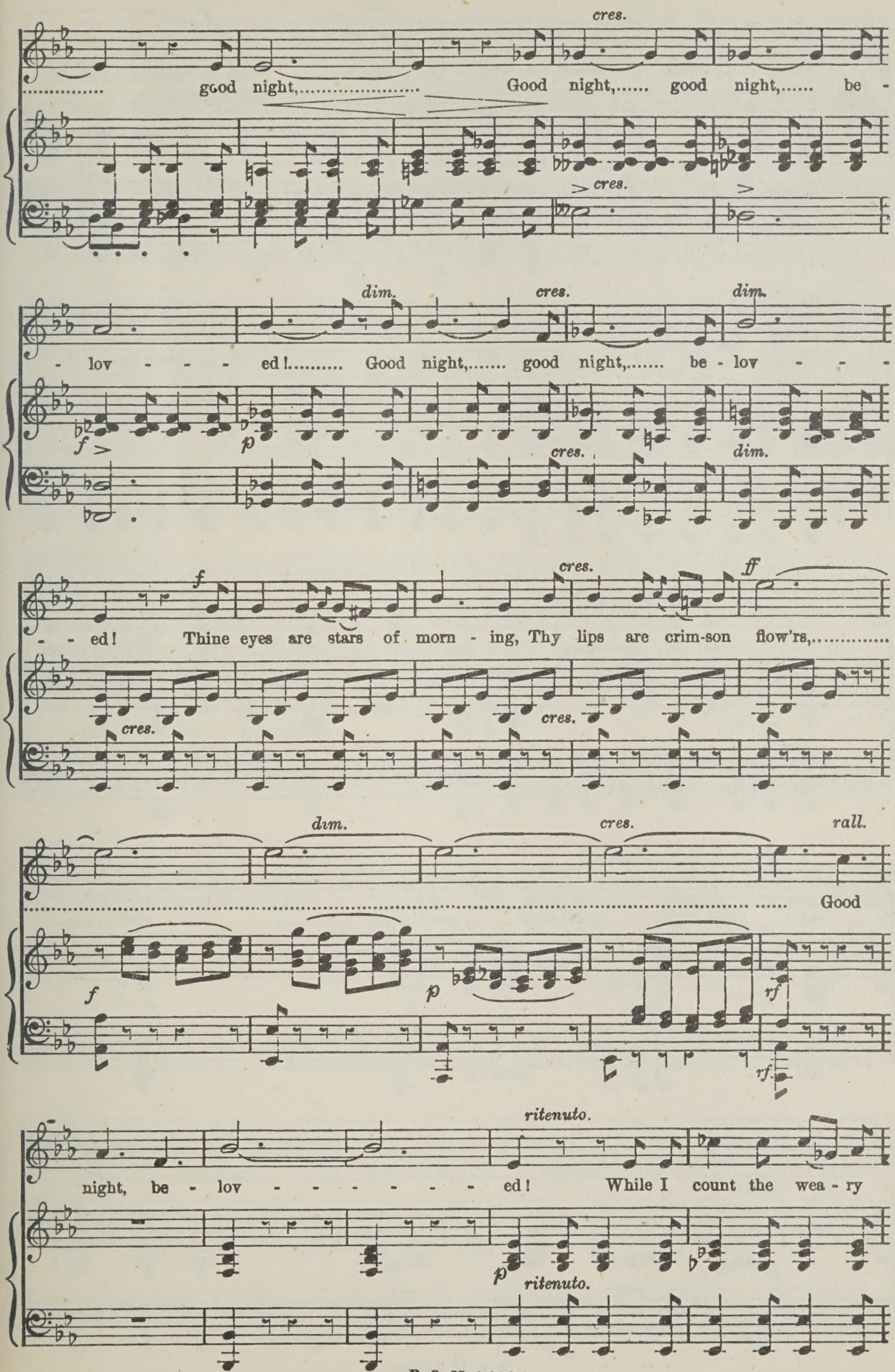


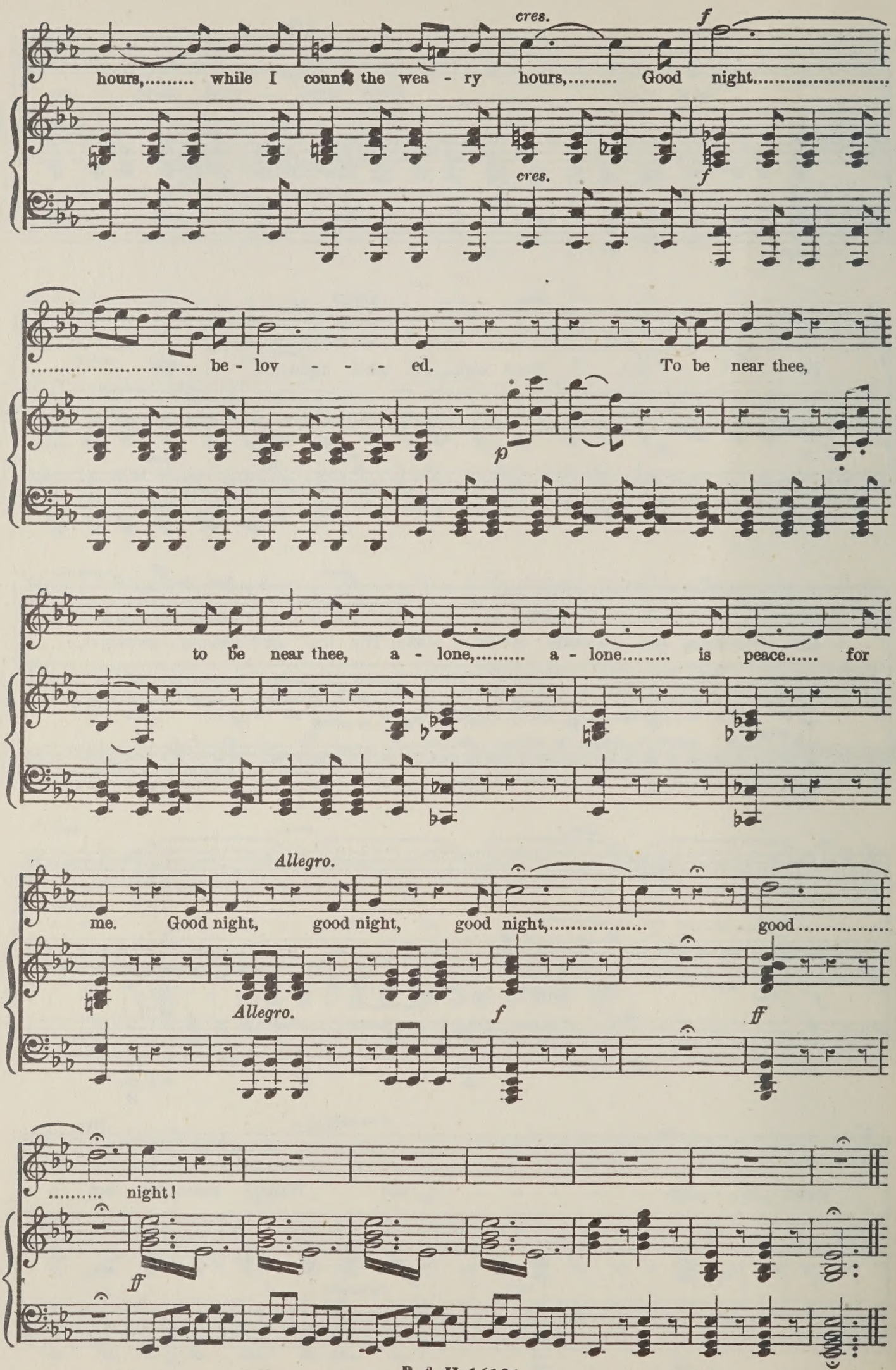

cres.
come,..... I come..... to watch o'er thee;..... I come,..... I
cres.
dim.
p
come..... to watch o'er thee; To be near thee, to be
dim.
p
near thee, a - lone,..... a - lone,..... is peace for
me. To be near thee, to be near thee, a -
pp


- - lone,..... a - lone..... is peace for me. Thine eyes are stars of
morn - ing, Thy lips are crim - son flow'rs.... Good night, good night, be
lov - - - ed! Thine eyes are stars of morn - ing, Thy lips are crim-son
flow'rs..... Good night, good night, be - lov - - - - ed! While I


count the wea-ry hours,..... while I count the wea-ry hours,..... Good night,.....
poco rit.
..... be - lov - - - - ed, while I count the wea-ry hours,..... while I
count the wea-ry hours,..... Good night,..... be - lov - - - - - -
tempo.
- - ed!
tempo. f


f
Ah! thou
f stacc.
moon that shin - - - est ar - gent clear a - -
rf
- - bove,..... a - bove, All night long en - light - - -
rf
- en my sweet la - dy love, my la - dy love.....
pp
rf
smorz.
..... en - light - - - en. Good night,.....
pp
dim.
pp


cres.
good night, Good night, good night, be -
cres.
dim. cres. dim.
- lov - - - ed! Good night, good night, be - lov - - -
f p
cres. dim.
f cres. ff
- - ed! Thine eyes are stars of morn - ing, Thy lips are crim-son flow'rs,
cres. cres.
dim. cres. rall.
Good
f p rf rf.
ritenuto.
night, be - lov - - - - - - ed! While I count the wea - ry
p ritenuto.


cres.
f
hours,..... while I count the wea - ry hours,..... Good night.....
cres.
f
..... be - lov - - - ed. To be near thee,
p
to be near thee, a - lone,..... a - lone..... is peace..... for
Allegro.
me. Good night, good night, good night,..... good .....
Allegro.
f
ff
..... night!
ff

When other lips.

Words by ALFRED BUNN.

Music by M. W. BALFE.

Andante cantabile.

Dolce.

PIANO.

p

cres.

When o - ther lips and o - ther hearts Their

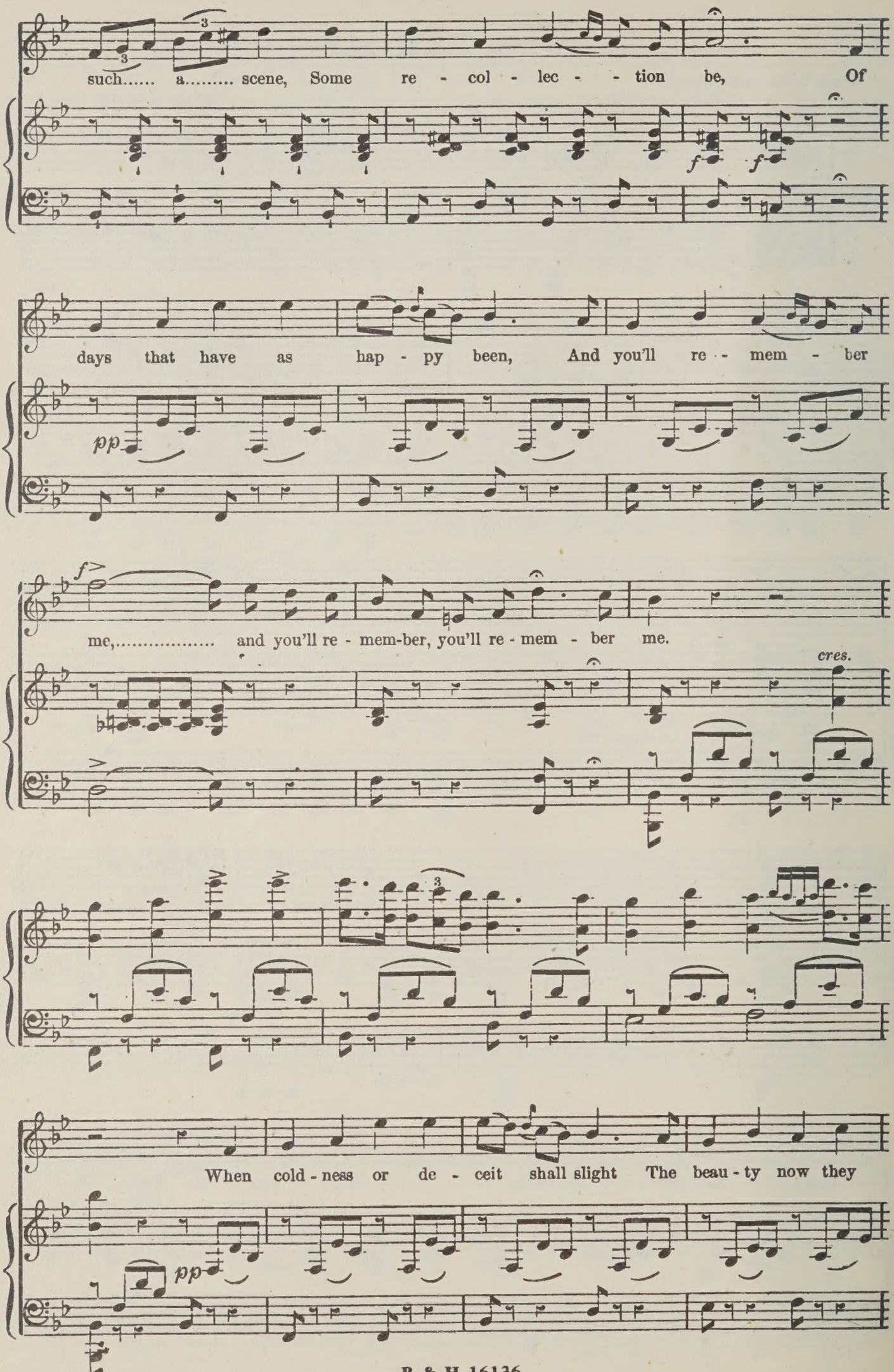
rall.

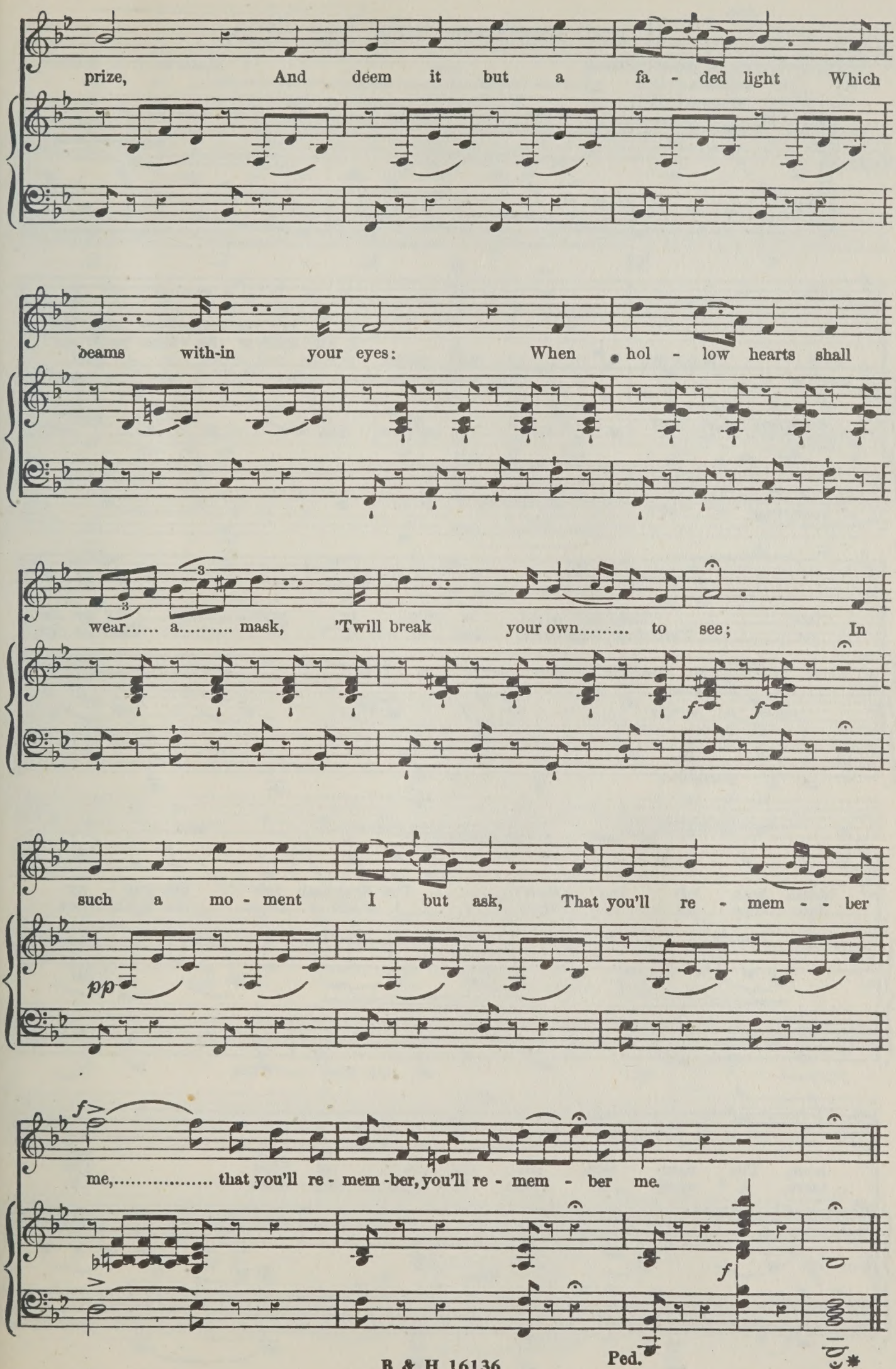
pp

a tempo.

tales of love shall tell, In lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The

pow'r they feel so well, There may per - haps in


such..... a..... scene, Some re - col - lec - - tion be, Of
f f
days that have as hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber
pp
f
me,..... and you'll re - mem-ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
cres.
When cold - ness or de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they
pp


prize, And deem it but a fa - ded light Which
beams with-in your eyes: When hol - low hearts shall
wear..... a..... mask, 'Twill break your own..... to see; In
such a mo - ment I but ask, That you'll re - mem - - ber
pp
me,..... that you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem - ber me.
Ped.

If my mistress hide her face.

Words by BEATRICE ABERCROMBIE. Music by J. L. HATTON.

Andante.

PIANO.

f

1. If my dear mis-tress hide her face, ... Then the world is shorn of grace; ..... For me the
2. Oh! kind-ly for-tune smile on me..... Thro' those bright eyes, and let it be..... Their lov-ing

p *dim.* *mf* *dim.* *p*

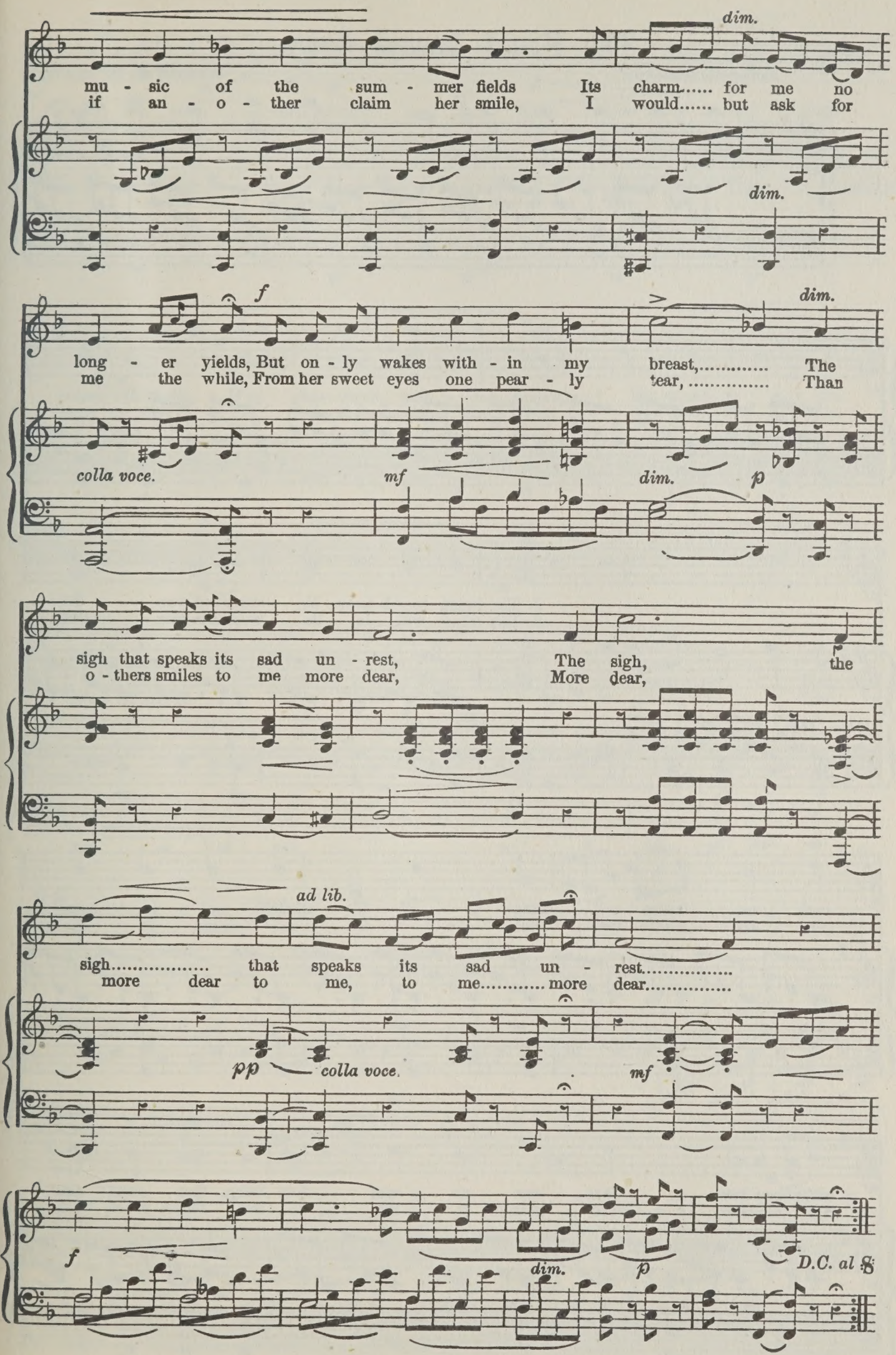
bloom hath left the flow'r, ... The light hath left the sun-ny
light may yet re-store..... A world of sweet de-lights once

cres. *cres.*

f *dim.*

hour, The light hath left the sun--ny hour. The
more, A world of sweet de-lights..... once more. Or,

f *dim.* *p*

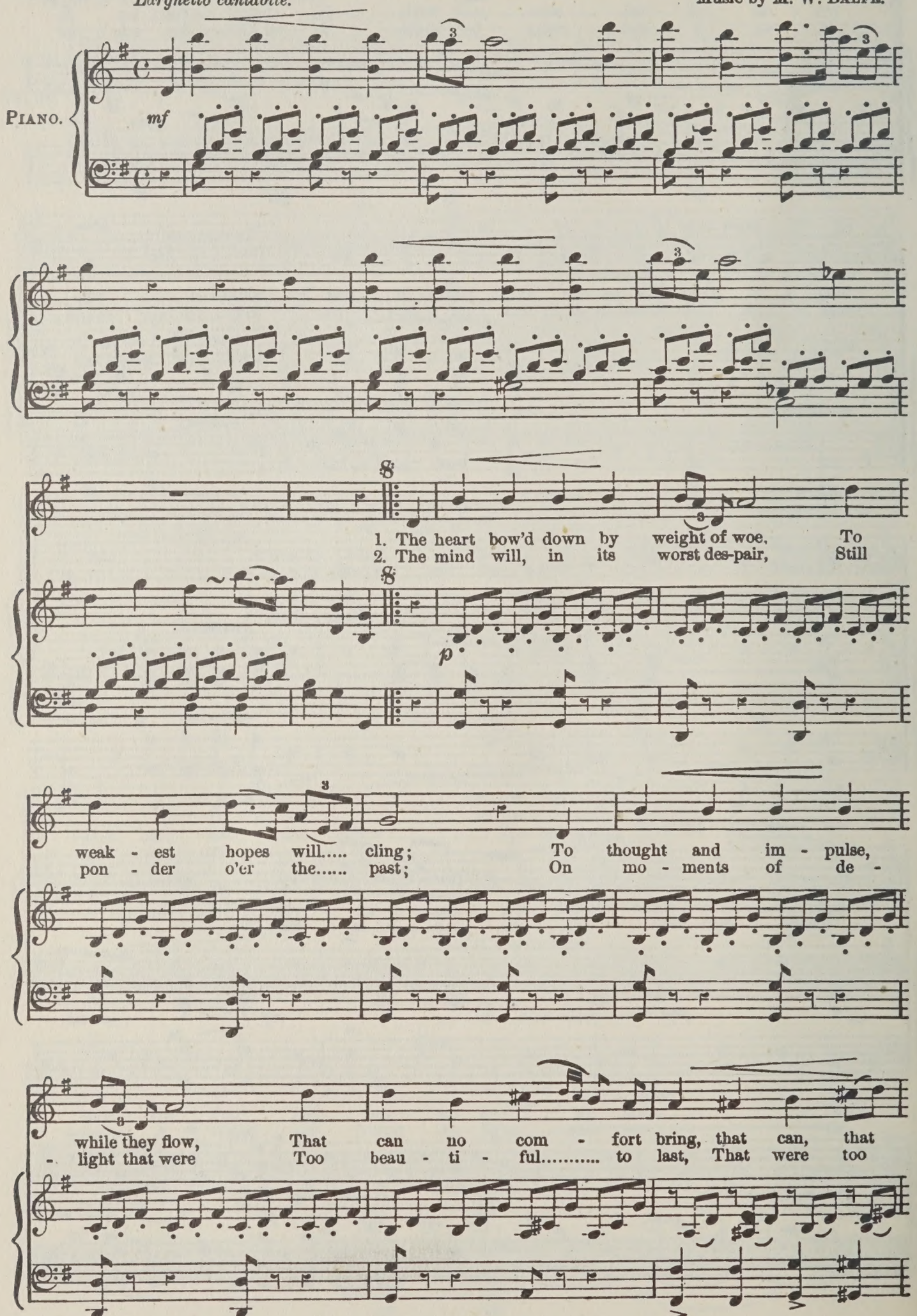

dim.
mu - sic of the sum - mer fields Its charm..... for me no
if an - o - ther claim her smile, I would..... but ask for
dim.
f
dim.
long - er yields, But on - ly wakes with - in my breast,..... The
me the while, From her sweet eyes one pear - ly tear, ... Than
colla voce.
mf
dim.
p
sigh that speaks its sad un - rest, The sigh, the
o - thers smiles to me more dear, More dear,
ad lib.
sigh..... that speaks its sad un - rest.....
more dear to me, to me..... more dear.....
pp
colla voce.
mf
f
dim.
p
D.C. al 8

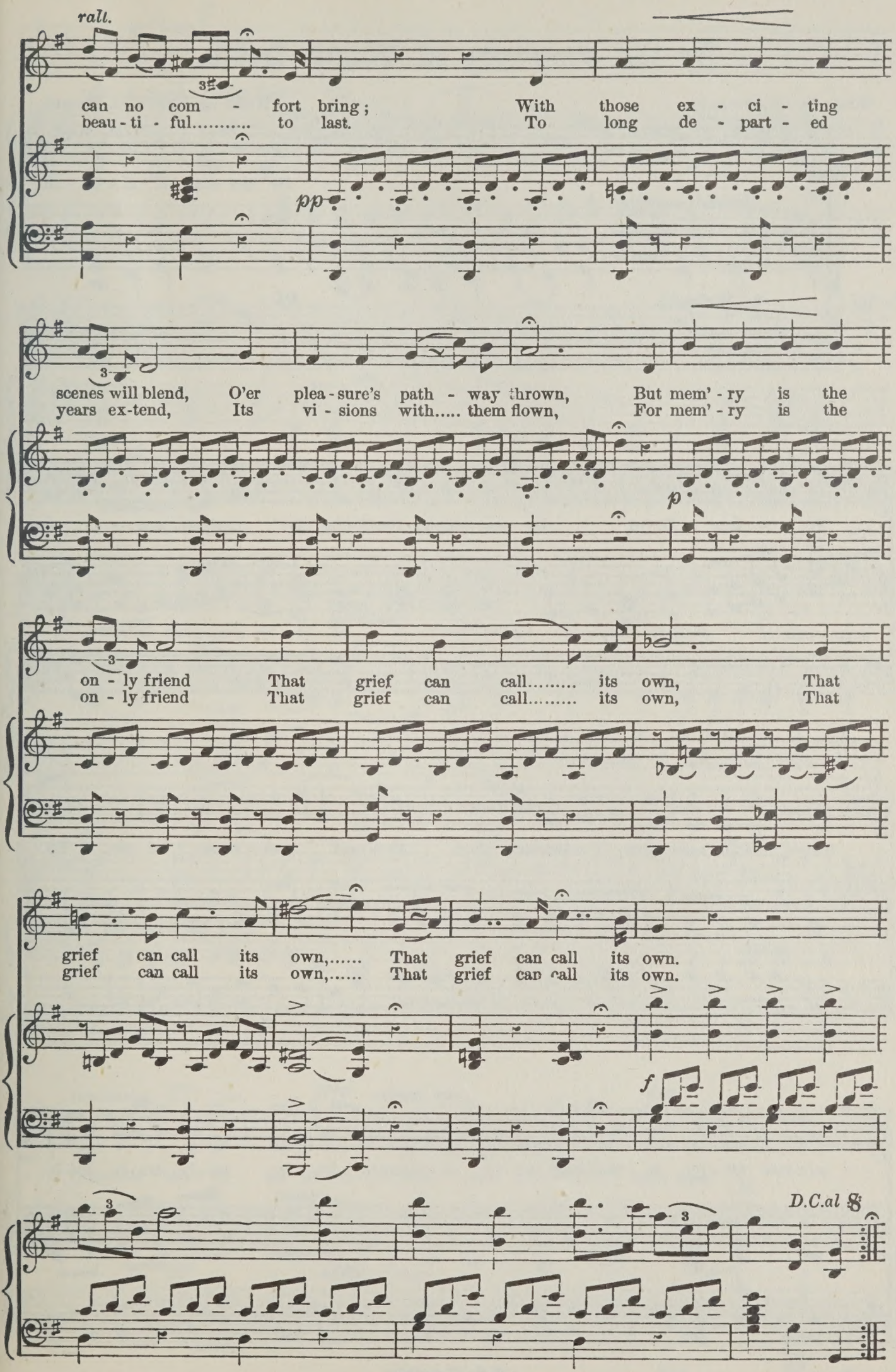
The Heart bowed down.

Words by ALFRED BUNN.

Larghetto cantabile.

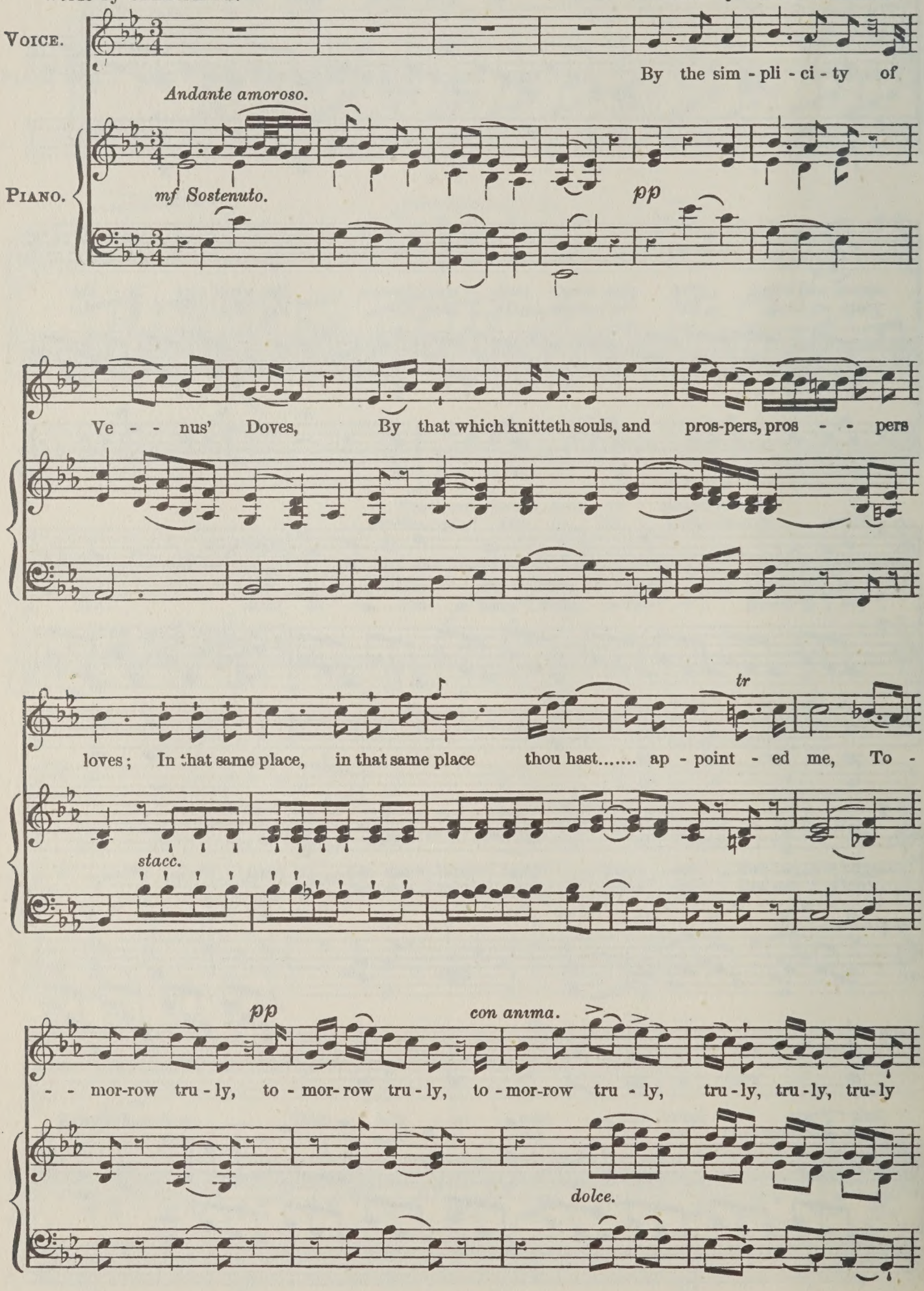
Music by M. W. BALFE.

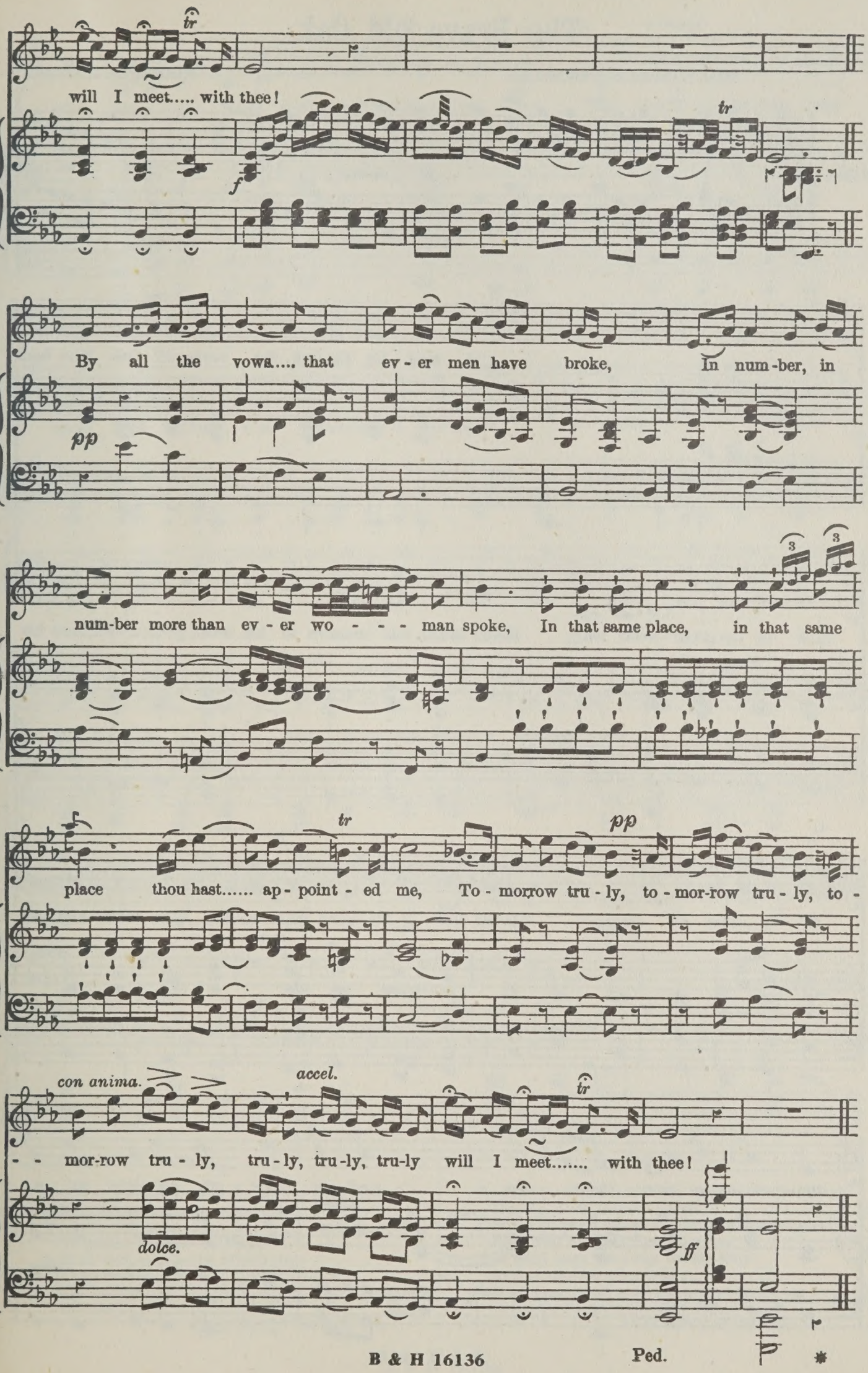



rall.
can no com - fort bring; With those ex - ci - ting
beau - ti - ful..... to last. To long de - part - ed
pp
scenes will blend, O'er plea - sure's path - way thrown, But mem' - ry is the
years ex-tend, Its vi - sions with..... them flown, For mem' - ry is the
p
on - ly friend That grief can call..... its own, That
on - ly friend That grief can call..... its own, That
grief can call its own,..... That grief can call its own.
grief can call its own,..... That grief can call its own.
f
D.C.al 𝄋

By the simplicity of Venus' Doves.

Words by SHAKSPEARE. Music by HENRY R. BISHOP.




tr
will I meet..... with thee!
f
tr
By all the vowa..... that ev - er men have broke, In num-ber, in
pp
num-ber more than ev - er wo - - - man spoke, In that same place, in that same
3
3
tr
pp
place thou hast..... ap - point - ed me, To - morrow tru - ly, to - mor-row tru - ly, to -
con anima.
accel.
tr
- - mor-row tru - ly, tru - ly, tru-ly, tru-ly will I meet..... with thee!
dolce.
ff

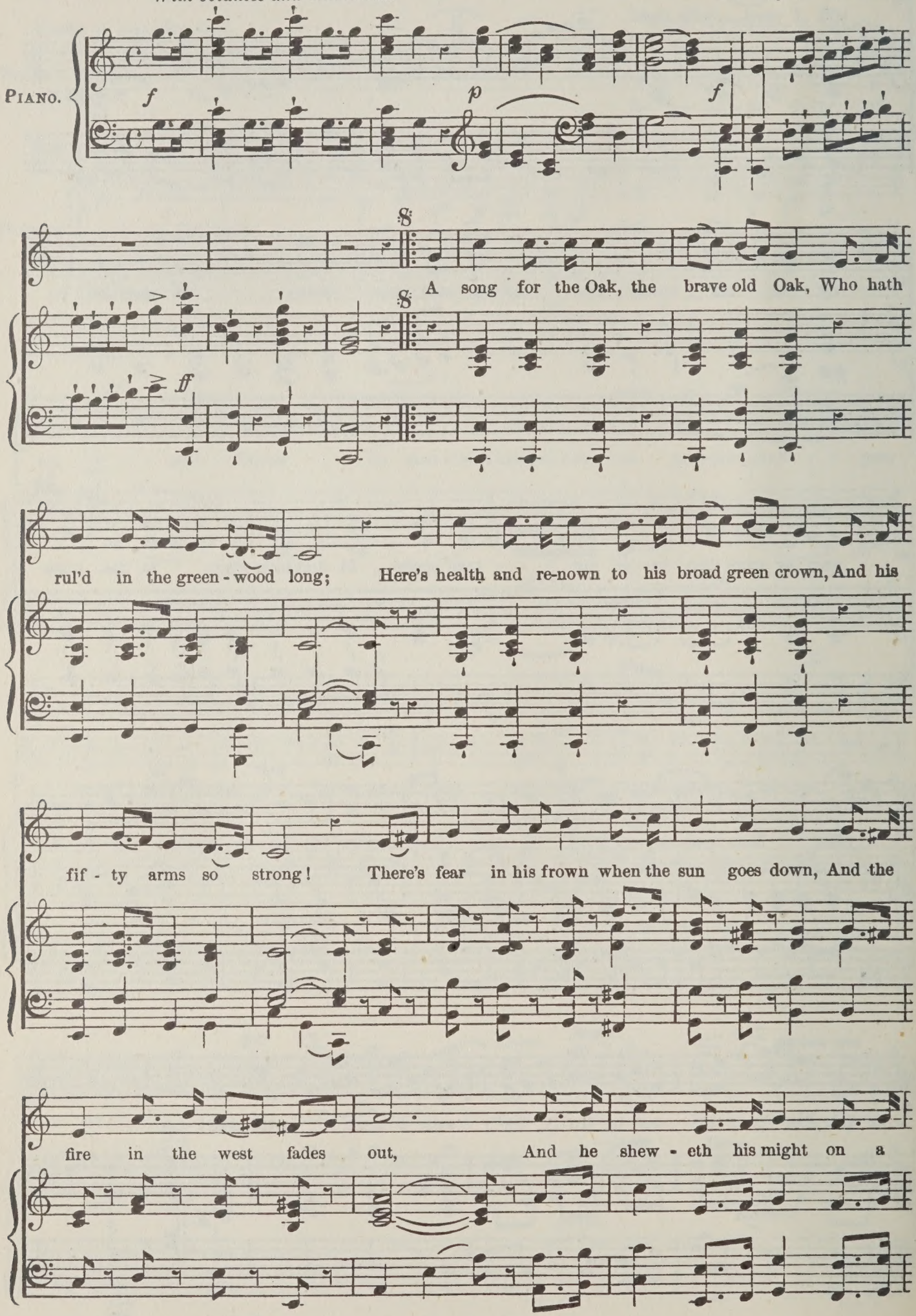
Ped. *

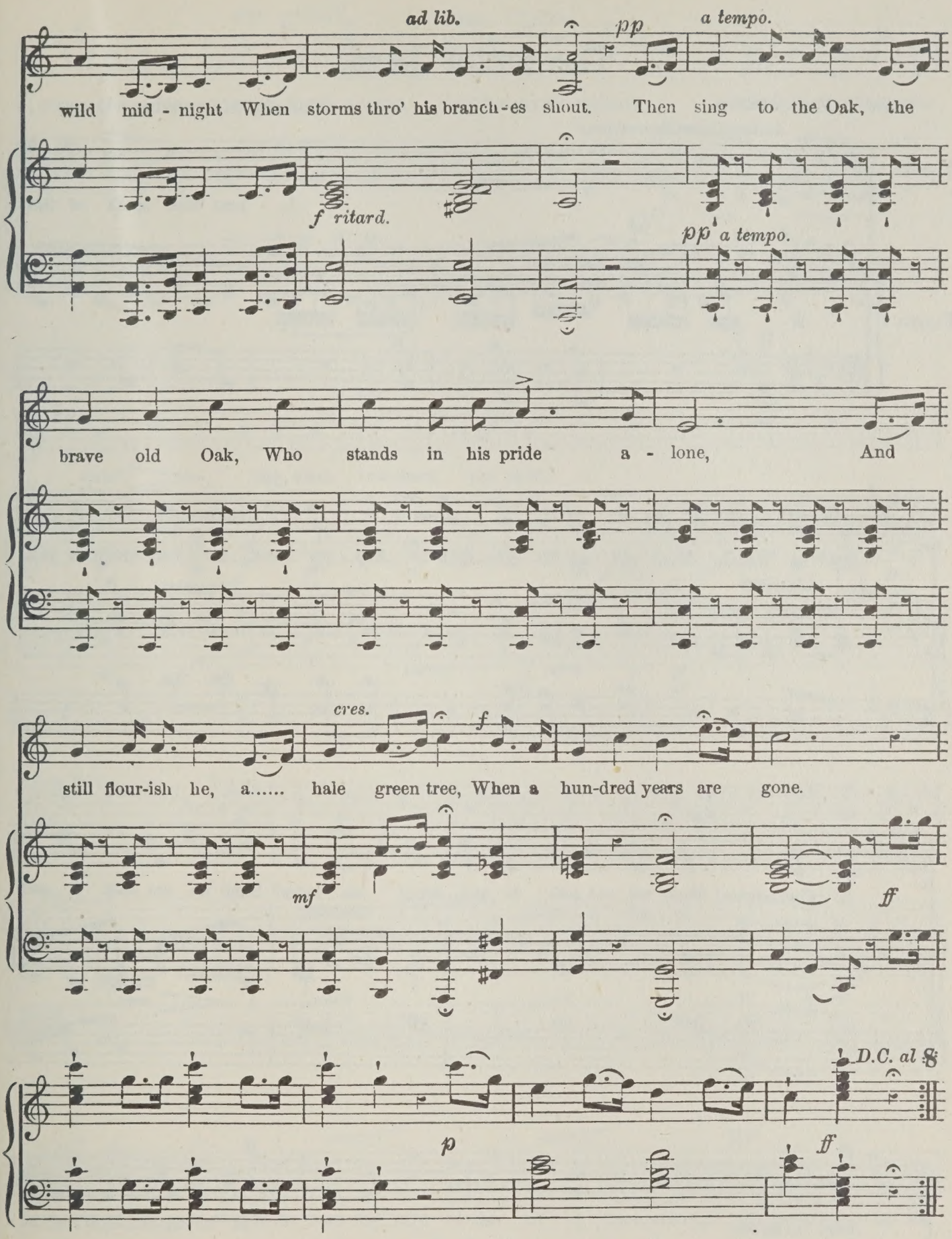
The Brave old Oak.

Words by H. F. CHORLEY.

With boldness and animation.

Music by E. J. LODER.





2.

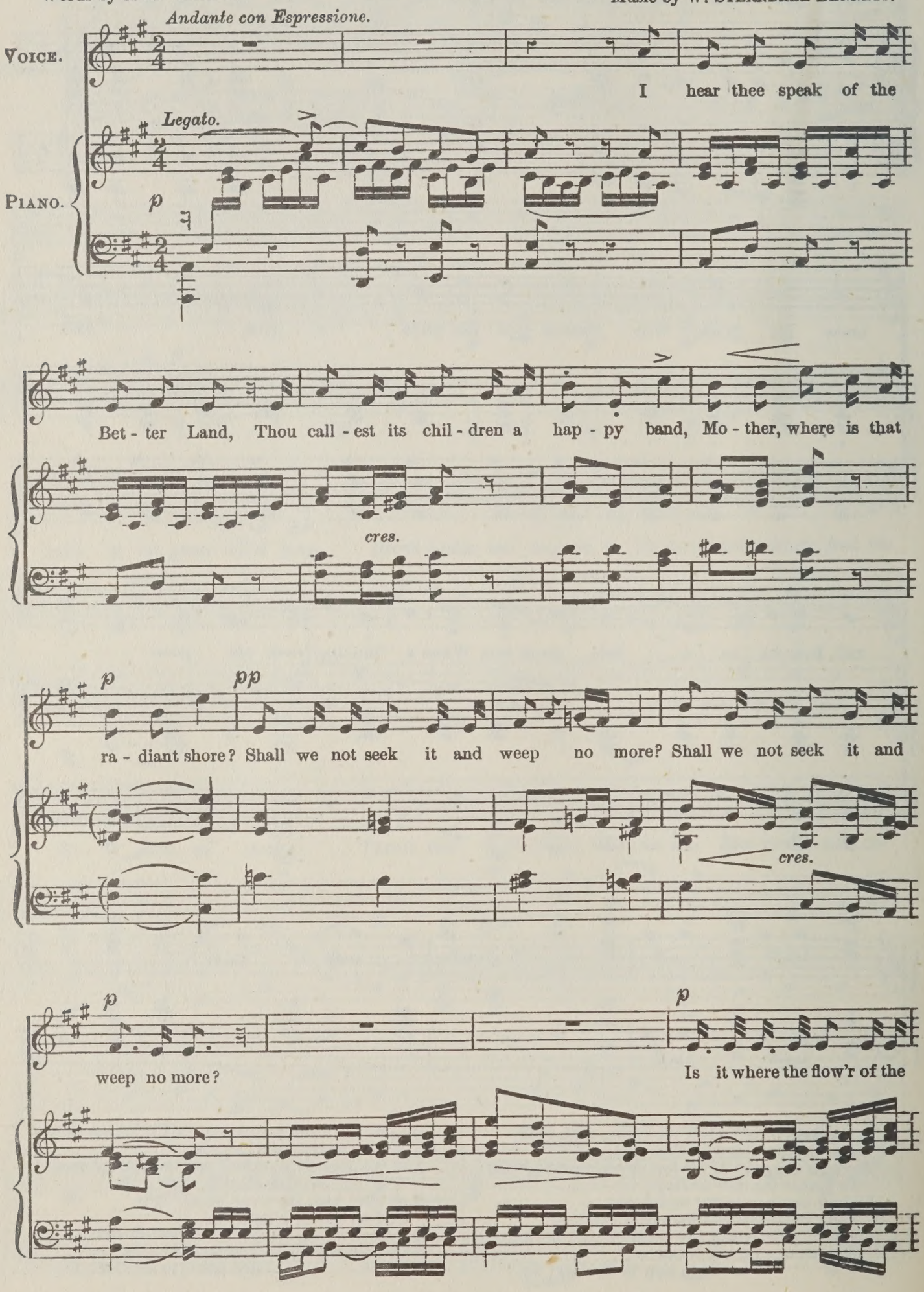
In the days of old when the spring with gold
Was lighting his branches grey,
Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet
To gather the dew of May;
And all that day to the rebeck gay
They frolicked with lovesome swains—
They are gone—they are dead—in the churchyard laid,
But the tree he still remains.
Then sing to the Oak, &c.

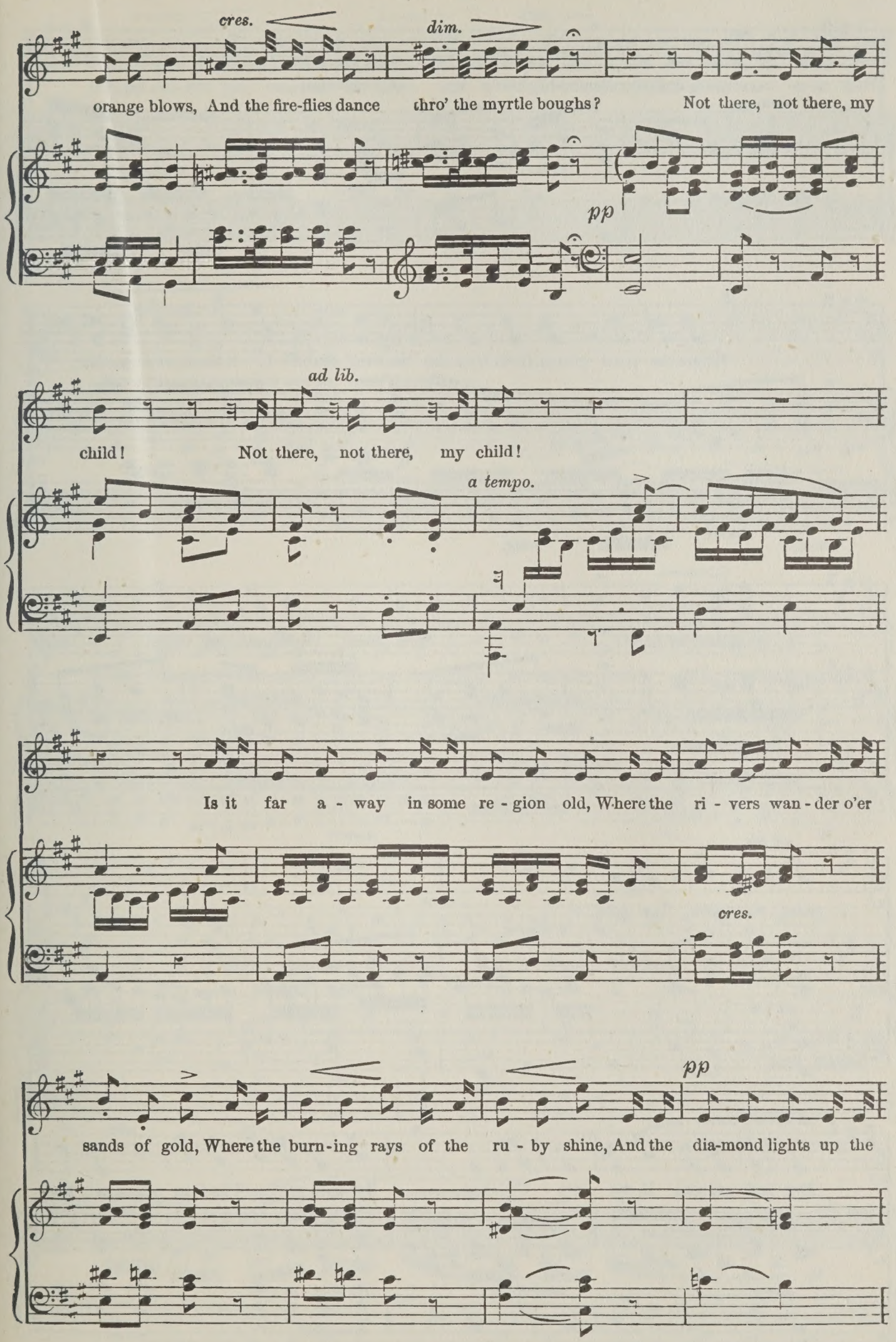
3.

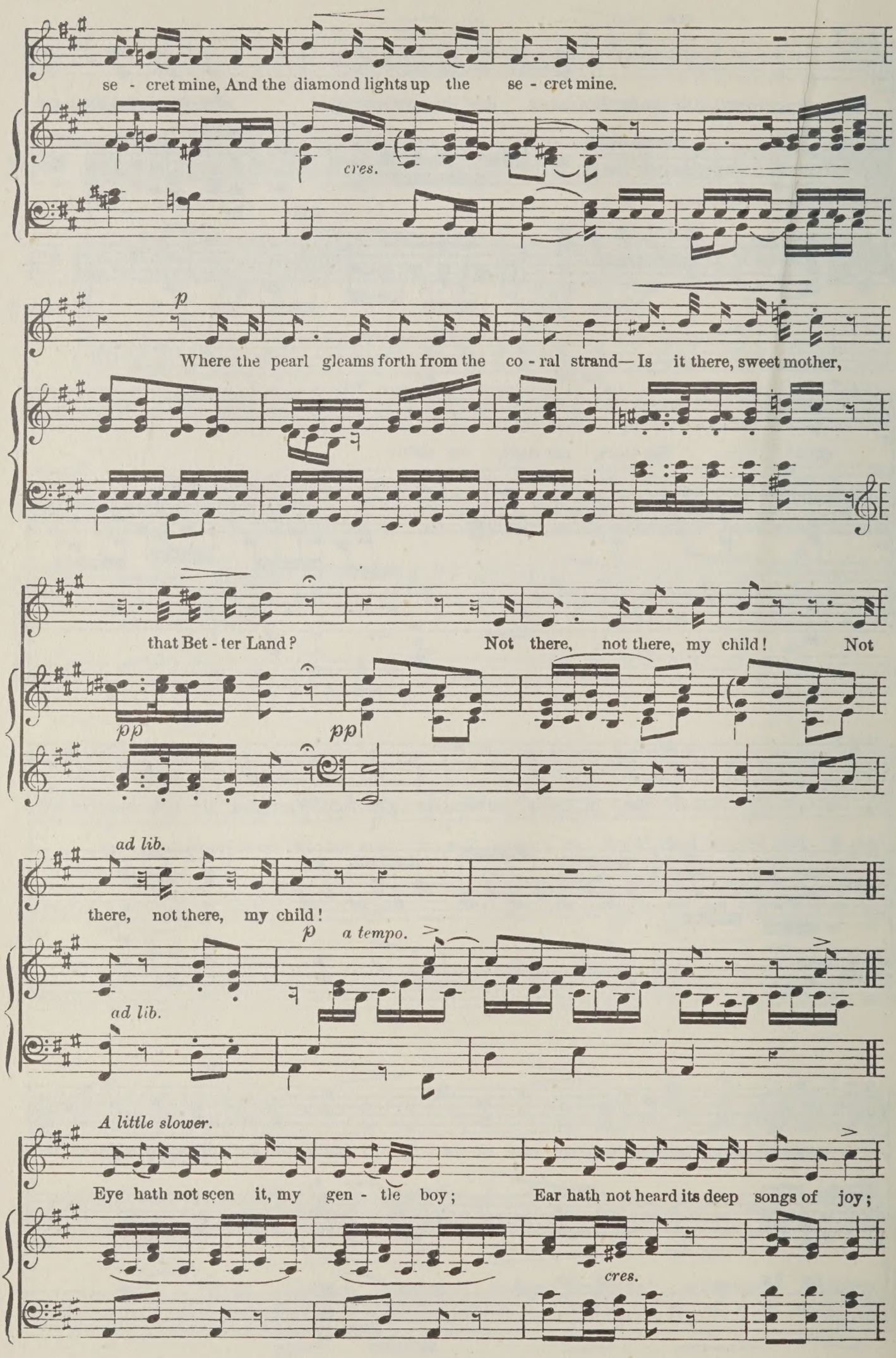
He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
Were a merry sound to hear,
And the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
Were full of good English cheer;
Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
And a ruthless king is he;
But he never shall send our ancient friend
To be toss'd on the stormy sea.
Then here's to the Oak, &c.

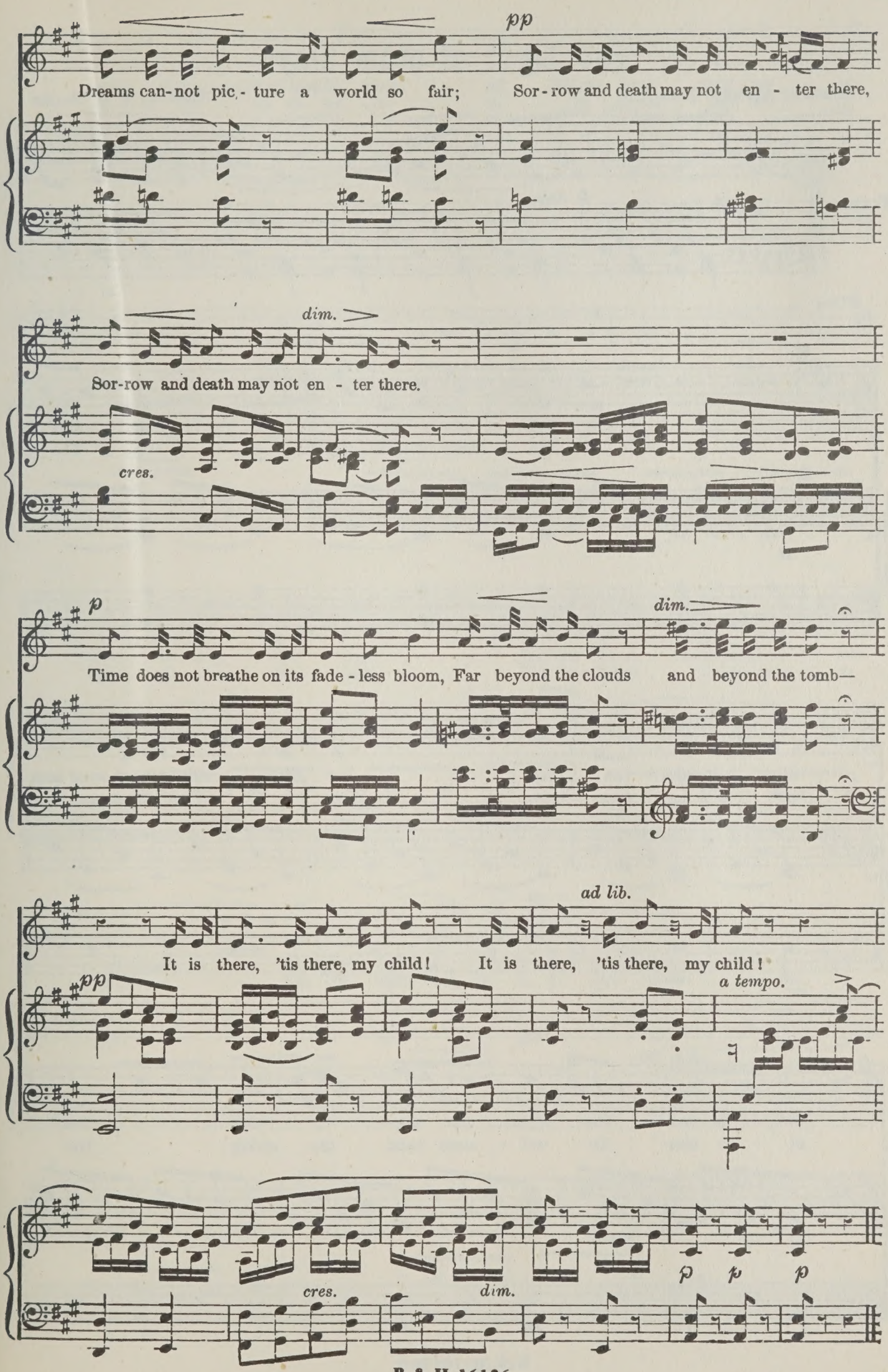
The Better Land.

Words by MRS. HEMANS. Music by W. STERNDALE BENNETT.




cres.
dim.
orange blows, And the fire-flies dance thro' the myrtle boughs? Not there, not there, my
pp
ad lib.
child! Not there, not there, my child!
a tempo.
Is it far a - way in some re - gion old, Where the ri - vers wan - der o'er
cres.
pp
sands of gold, Where the burn-ing rays of the ru - by shine, And the dia-mond lights up the


se - cret mine, And the diamond lights up the se - cret mine.
cres.
p
Where the pearl gleams forth from the co - ral strand— Is it there, sweet mother,
that Bet - ter Land? Not there, not there, my child! Not
pp
pp
ad lib.
there, not there, my child!
p
a tempo.
ad lib.
A little slower.
Eye hath not seen it, my gen - tle boy; Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
cres.

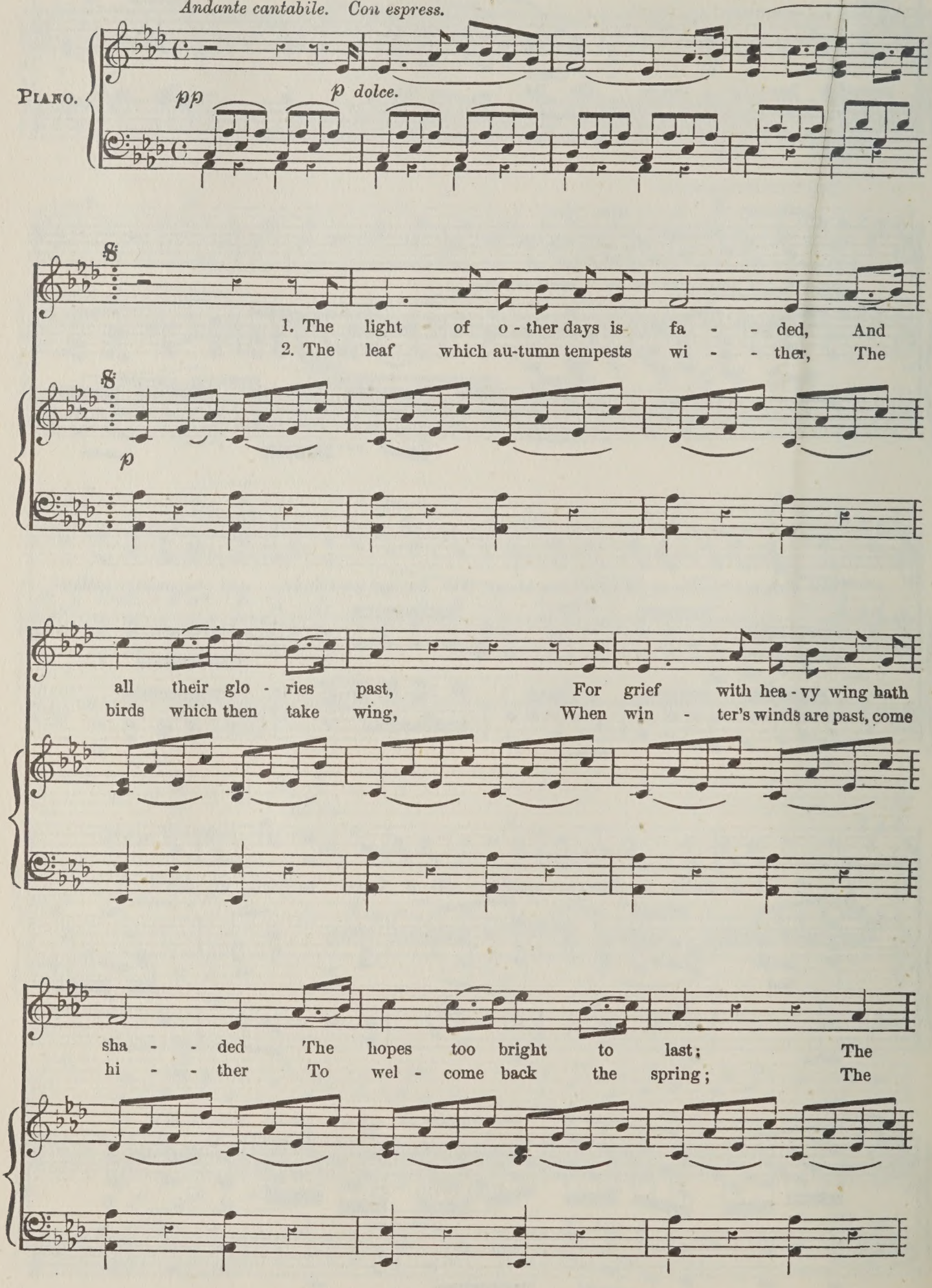

pp
Dreams can-not pic-ture a world so fair; Sor-row and death may not en-ter there,
dim.
Sor-row and death may not en-ter there.
cres.
p
dim.
Time does not breathe on its fade-less bloom, Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb—
ad lib.
It is there, 'tis there, my child! It is there, 'tis there, my child!
pp
a tempo.
cres.
dim.
p p p

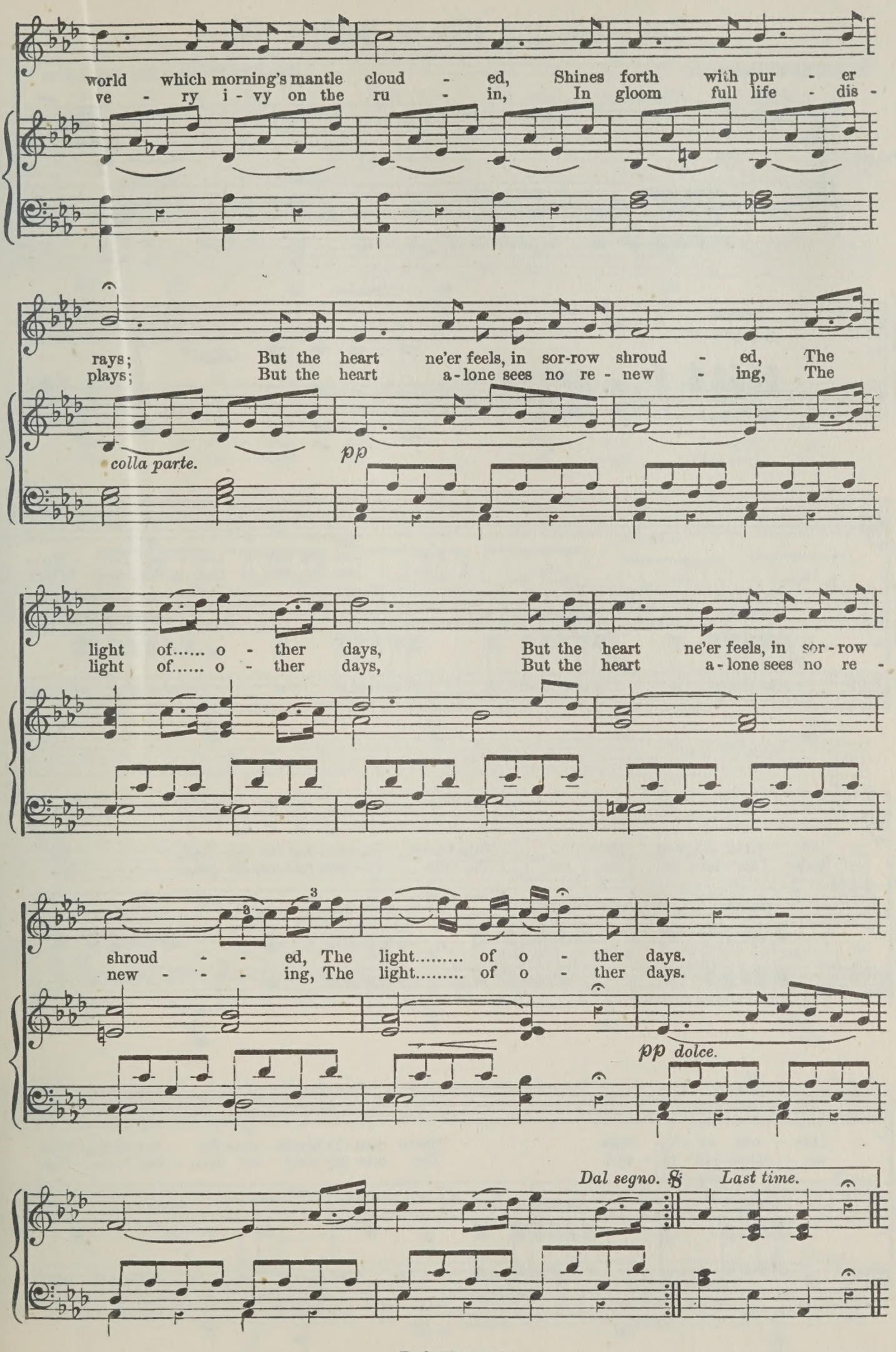
The Light of other Days.

Words by ALFRED BUNN.

Music by M. W. BALFE.

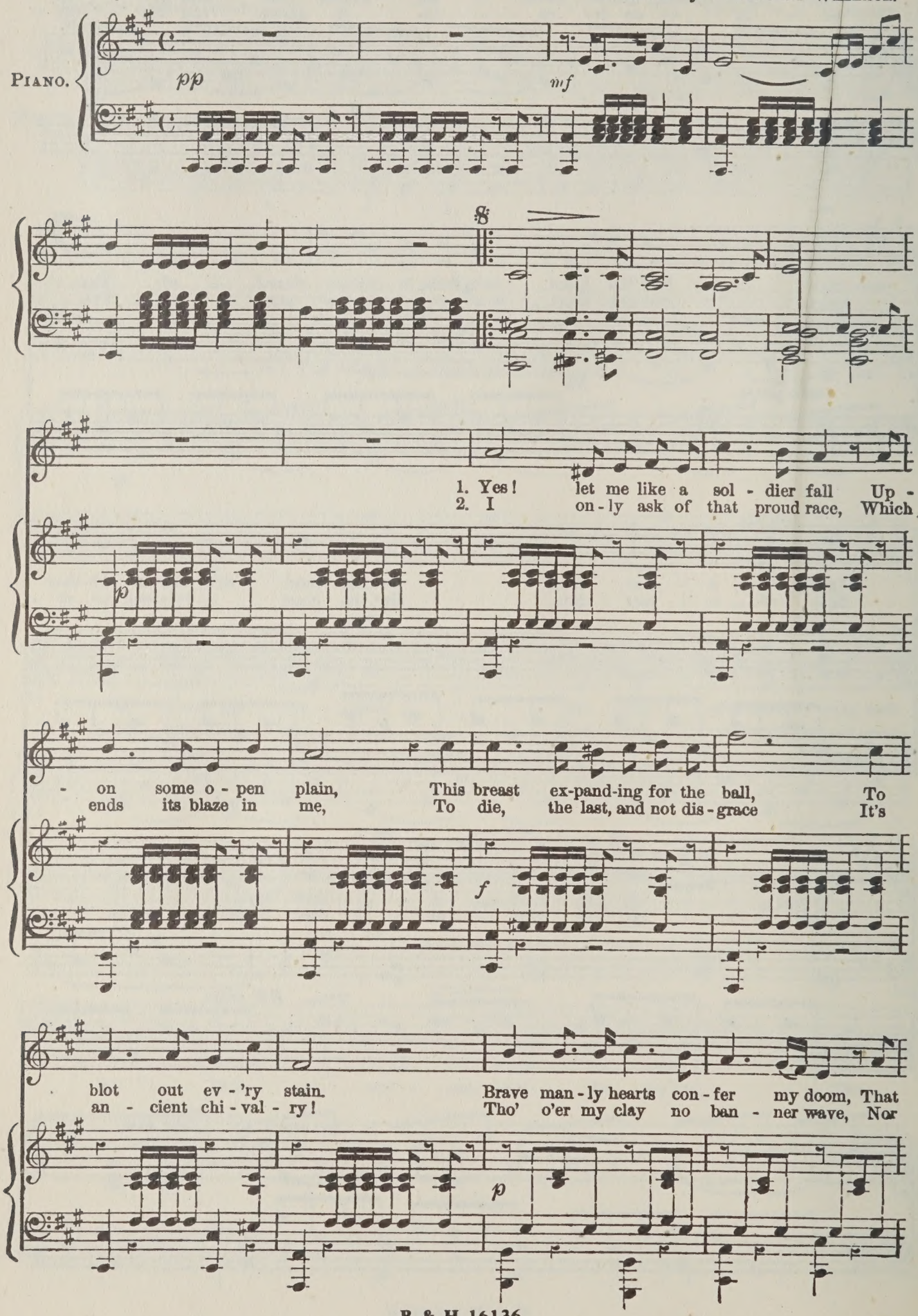
Andante cantabile. Con espress.

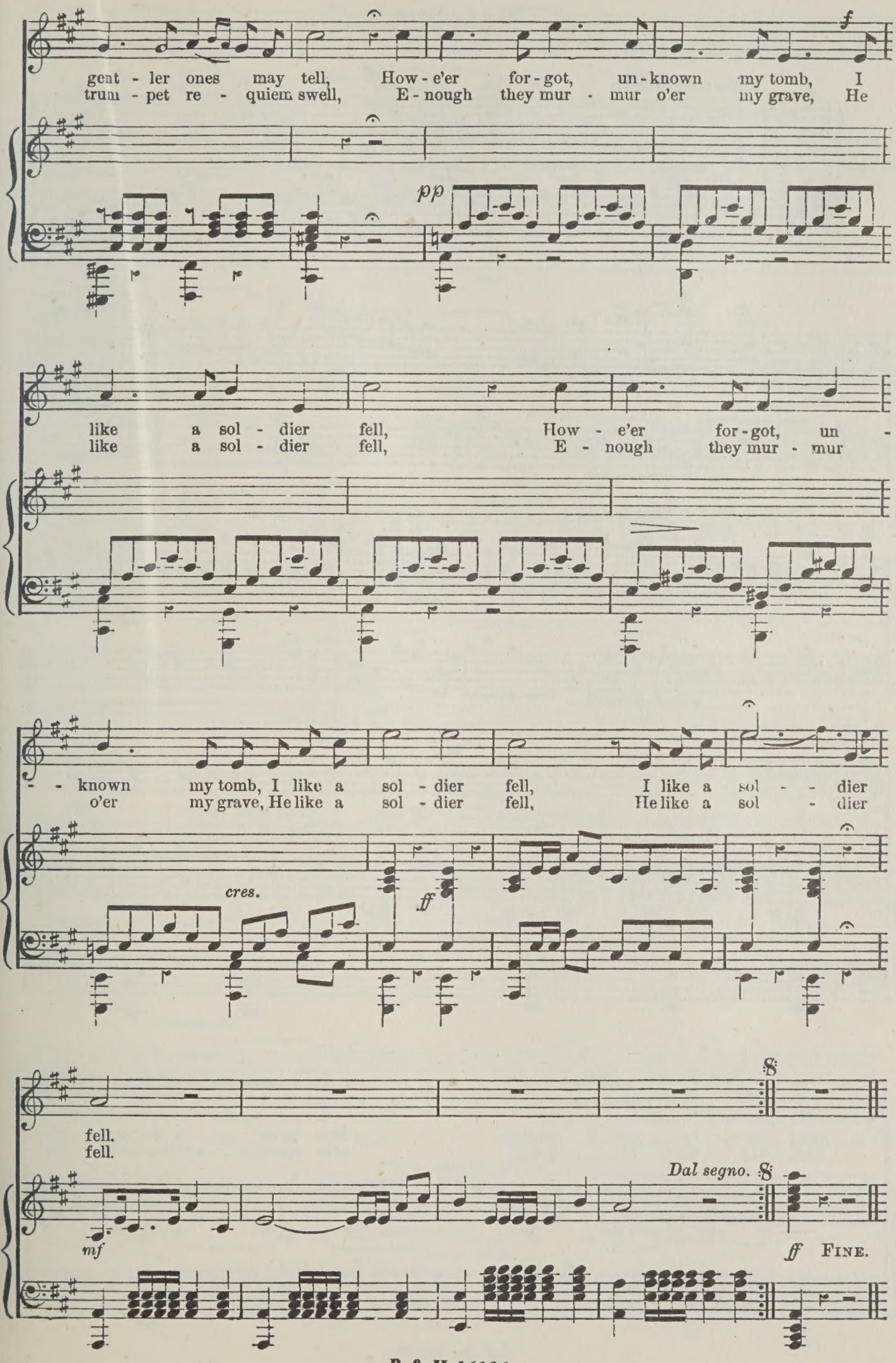



world which morning's mantle cloud - ed, Shines forth with pur - er
ve - ry i - vy on the ru - in, In gloom full life - dis -
rays; But the heart ne'er feels, in sor-row shroud - ed, The
plays; But the heart a-lone sees no re - new - ing, The
colla parte.
pp
light of..... o - ther days, But the heart ne'er feels, in sor-row
light of..... o - ther days, But the heart a-lone sees no re -
3
3
shroud - - ed, The light..... of o - ther days.
new - - - ing, The light..... of o - ther days.
pp dolce.
Dal segno.
Last time.

Yes! Let me like a Soldier fall.

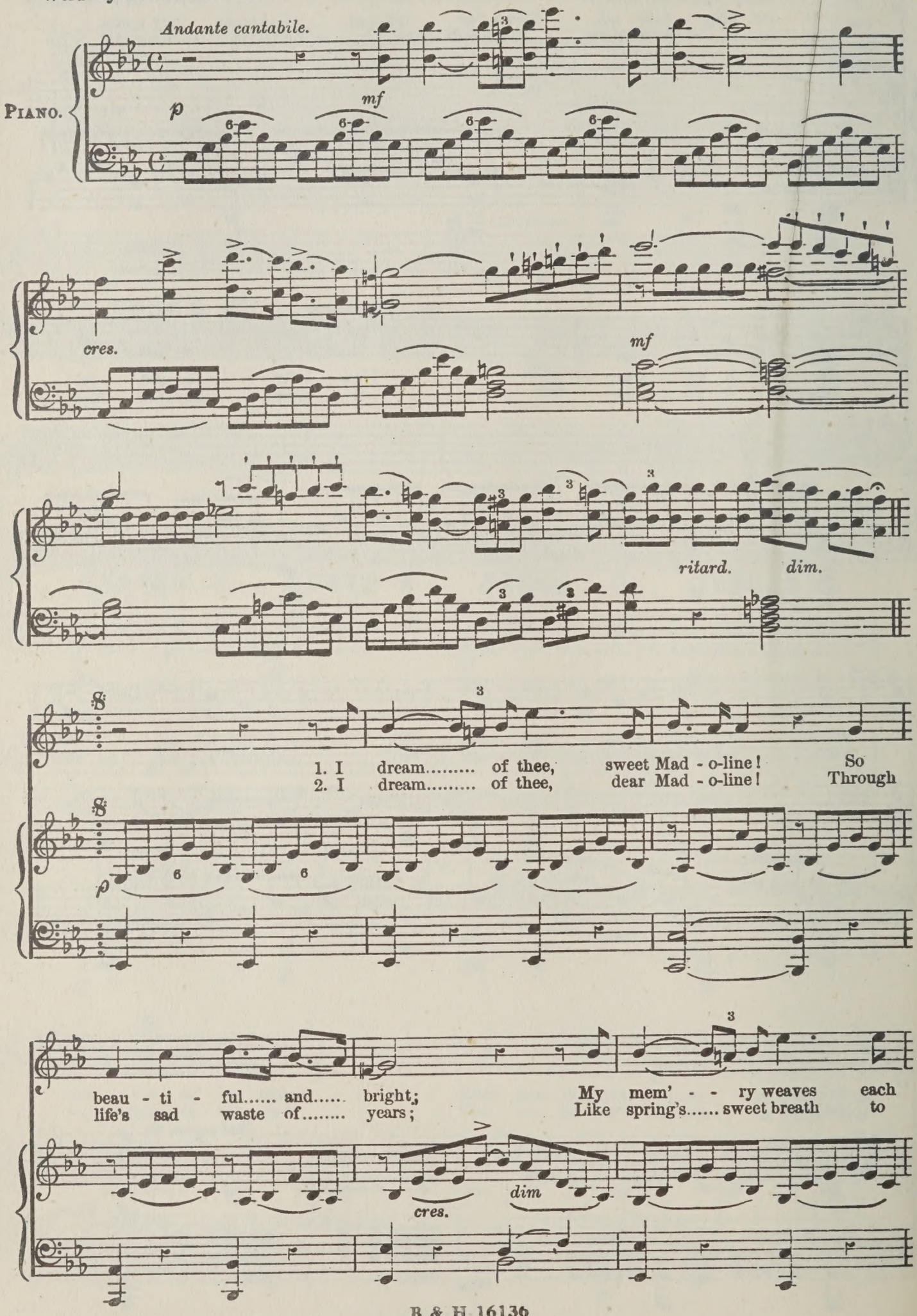
Words by E. FITZBALL. Music by W. VINCENT WALLACE.

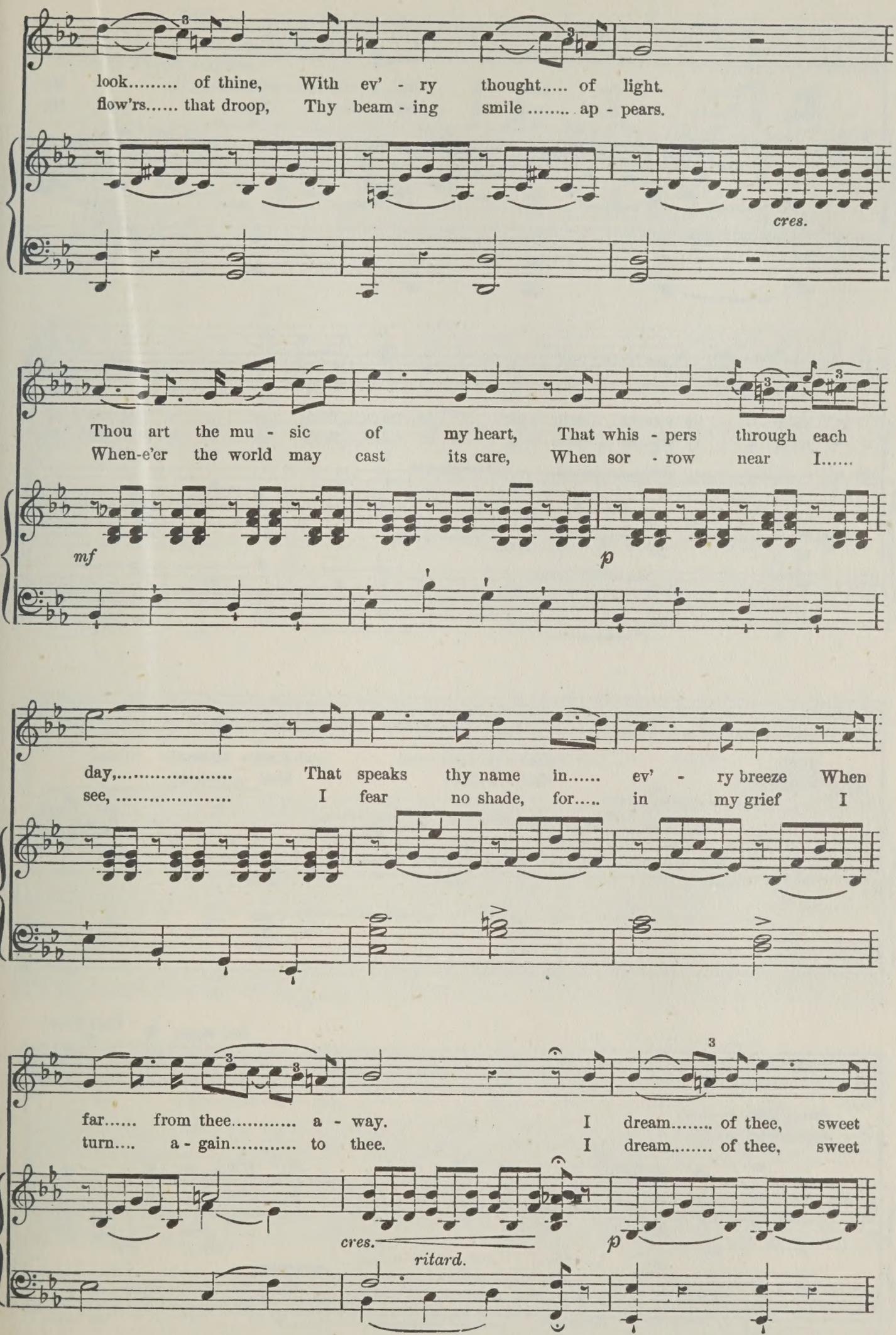


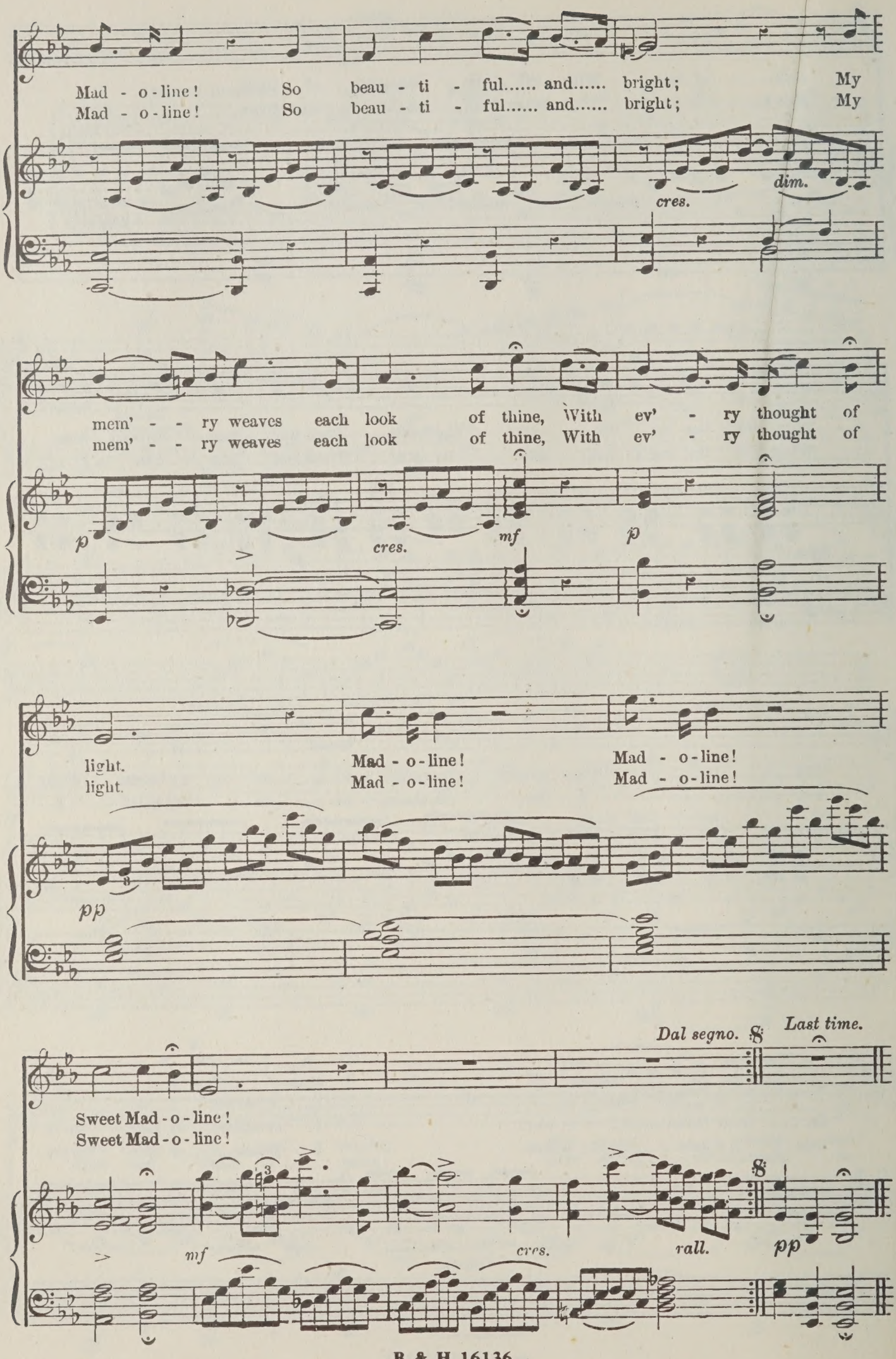

gent - ler ones may tell, How - e'er for - got, un - known my tomb, I
trum - pet re - quiem swell, E - nough they mur - mur o'er my grave, He
f
pp
like a sol - dier fell, How - e'er for - got, un -
like a sol - dier fell, E - nough they mur - mur
- known my tomb, I like a sol - dier fell, I like a sol - - dier
o'er my grave, He like a sol - dier fell, He like a sol - dier
cres.
ff
fell.
fell.
8
Dal segno. 8
mf
ff FINE.

Madoline.

Words by EDWARD J. GILL. Music by S. NELSON.



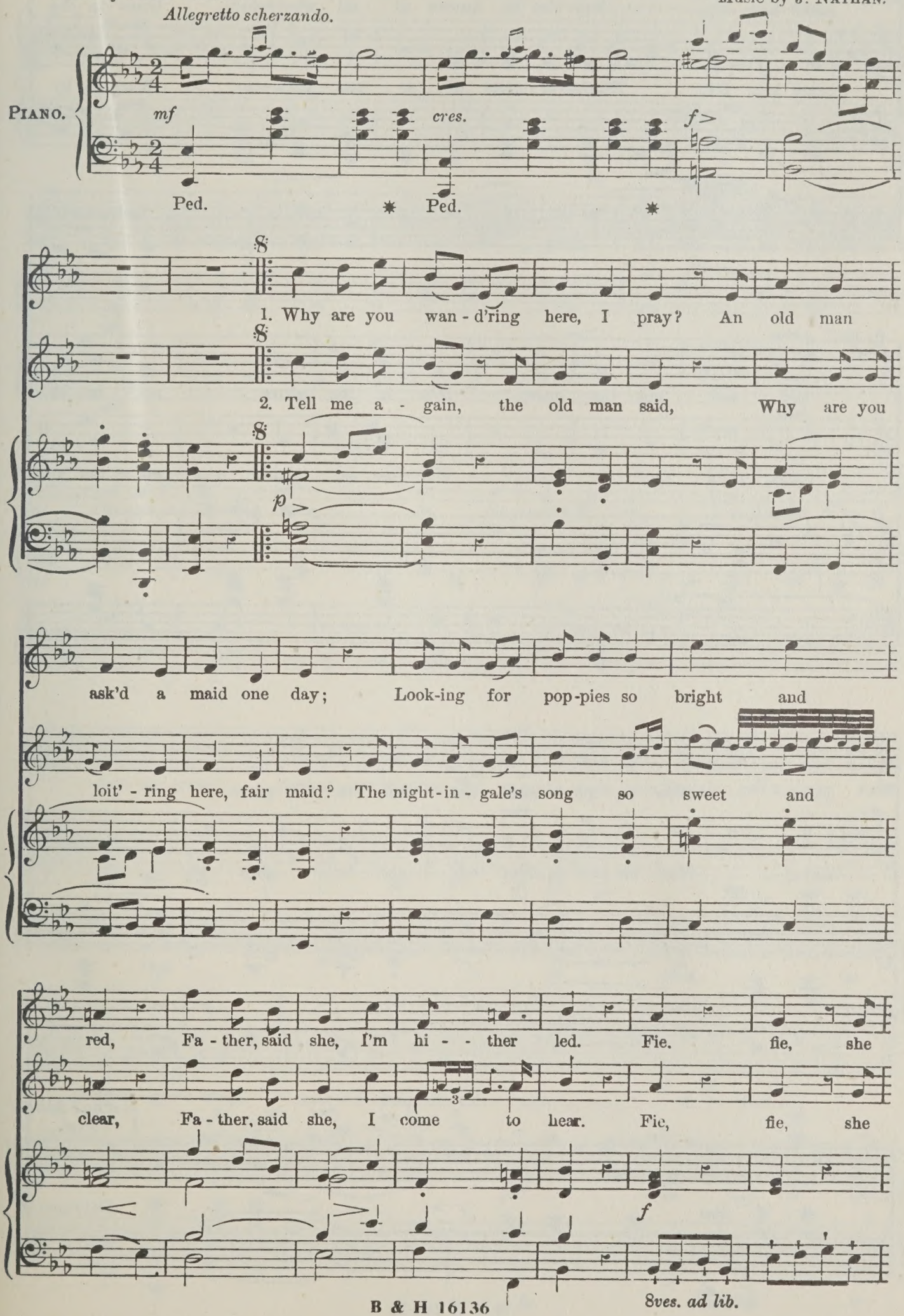

look..... of thine, With ev' - ry thought..... of light.
flow'rs..... that droop, Thy beam - ing smile ..... ap - pears.
cres.
Thou art the mu - sic of my heart, That whis - pers through each
When-e'er the world may cast its care, When sor - row near I.....
mf
p
day,..... That speaks thy name in..... ev' - ry breeze When
see, ... I fear no shade, for..... in my grief I
far..... from thee..... a - way. I dream..... of thee, sweet
turn.... a - gain..... to thee. I dream..... of thee, sweet
cres.
ritard.
p

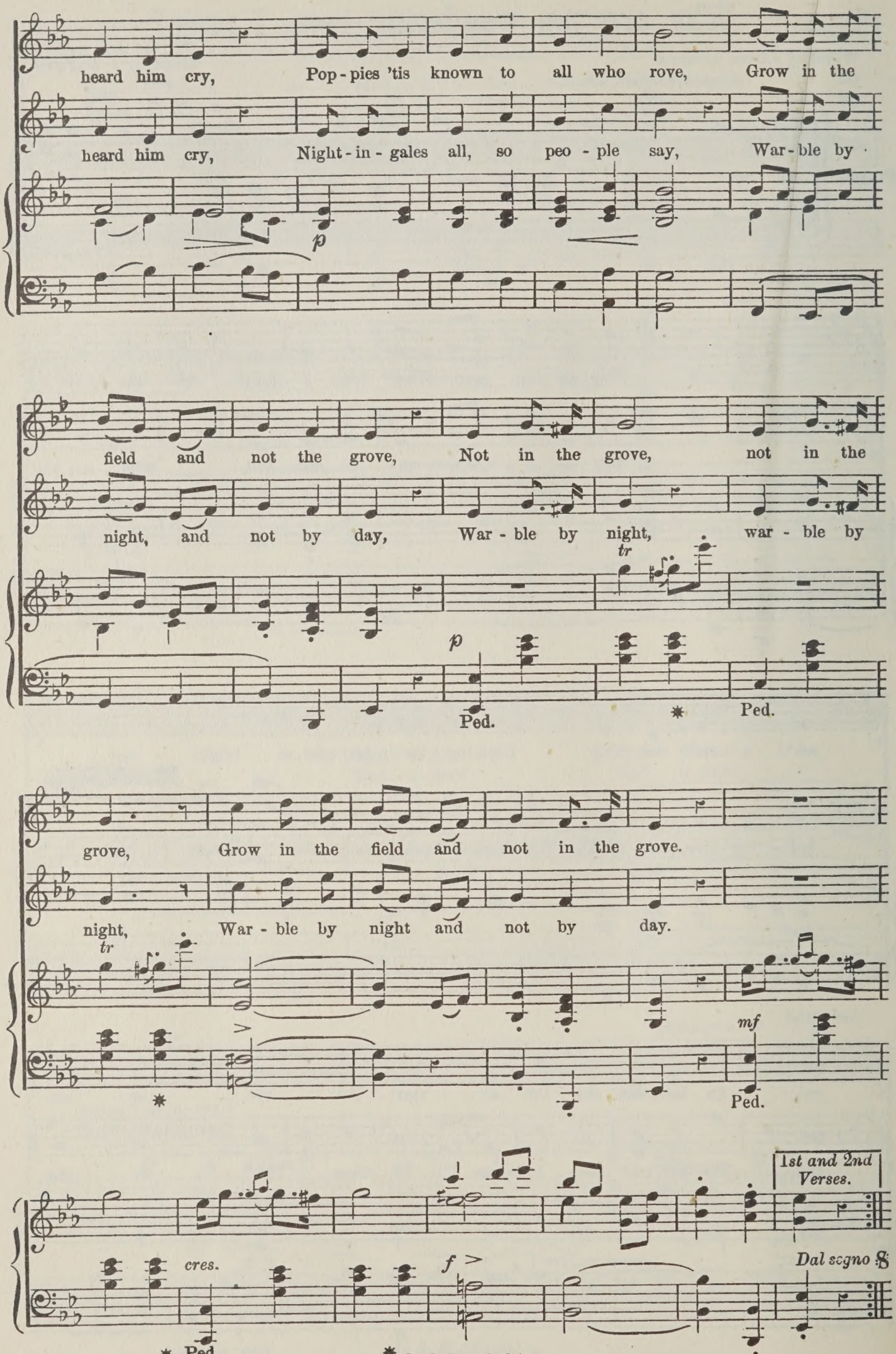

Mad - o - line! So beau - ti - ful..... and..... bright; My
Mad - o - line! So beau - ti - ful..... and..... bright; My
cres.
dim.
mem' - - ry weaves each look of thine, With ev' - ry thought of
mem' - - ry weaves each look of thine, With ev' - ry thought of
p
cres.
mf
p
light.
light.
Mad - o - line!
Mad - o - line!
Mad - o - line!
Mad - o - line!
pp
Dal segno.
Last time.
Sweet Mad - o - line!
Sweet Mad - o - line!
mf
cres.
rall.
pp

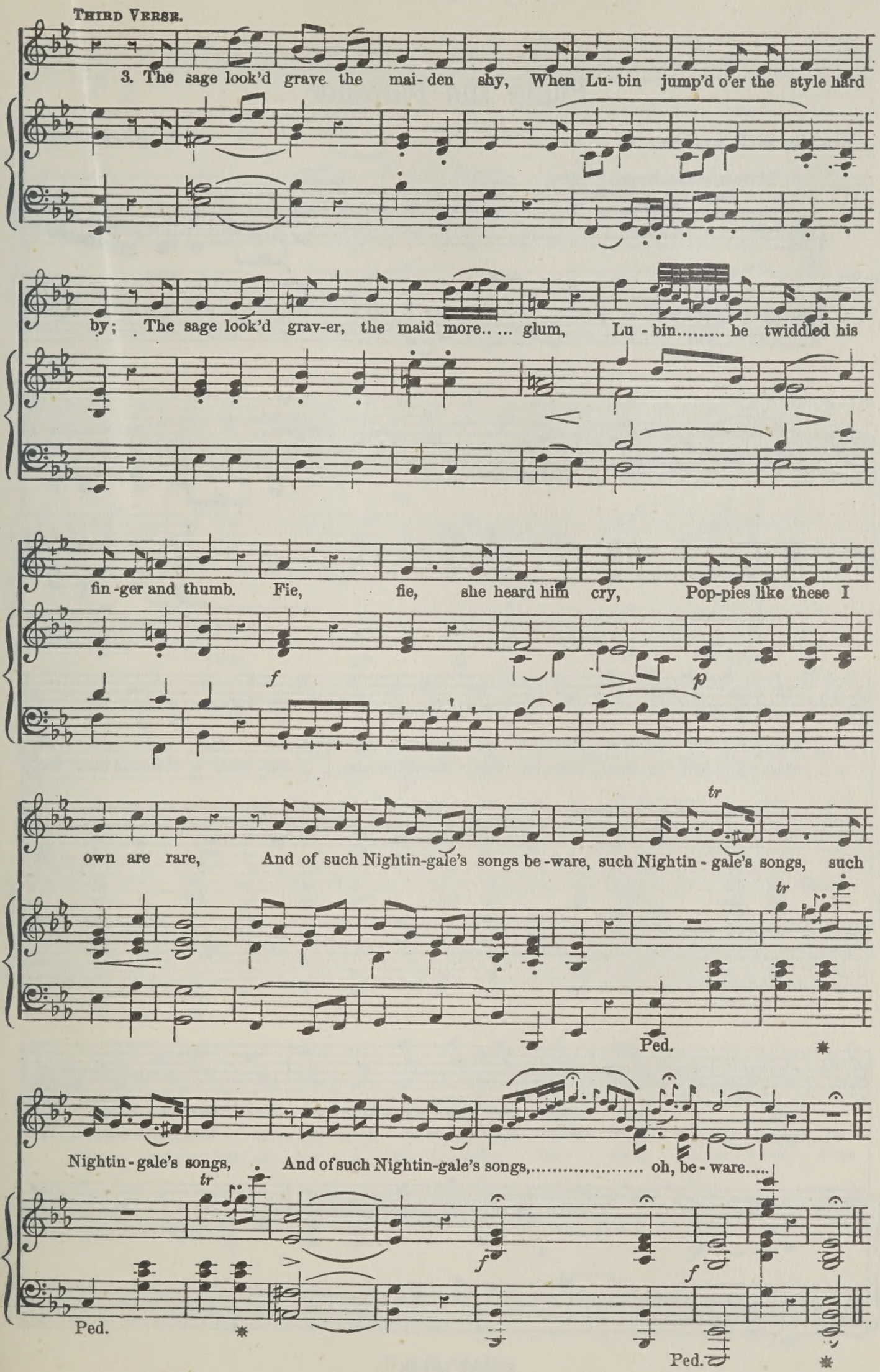
Why are you wandering here, I pray?

Words by JAMES KENNEY. Music by J. NATHAN.

Allegretto scherzando.

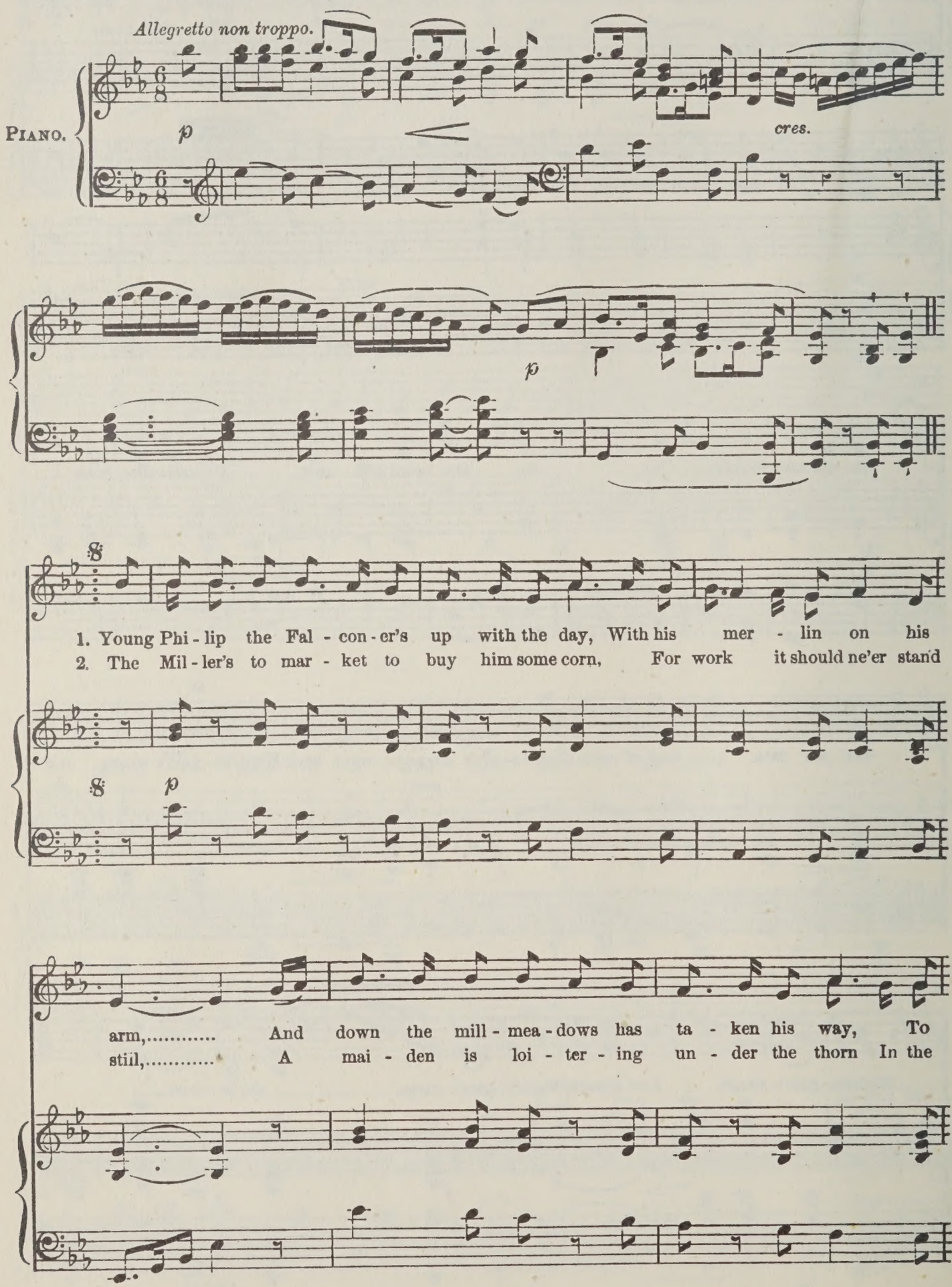


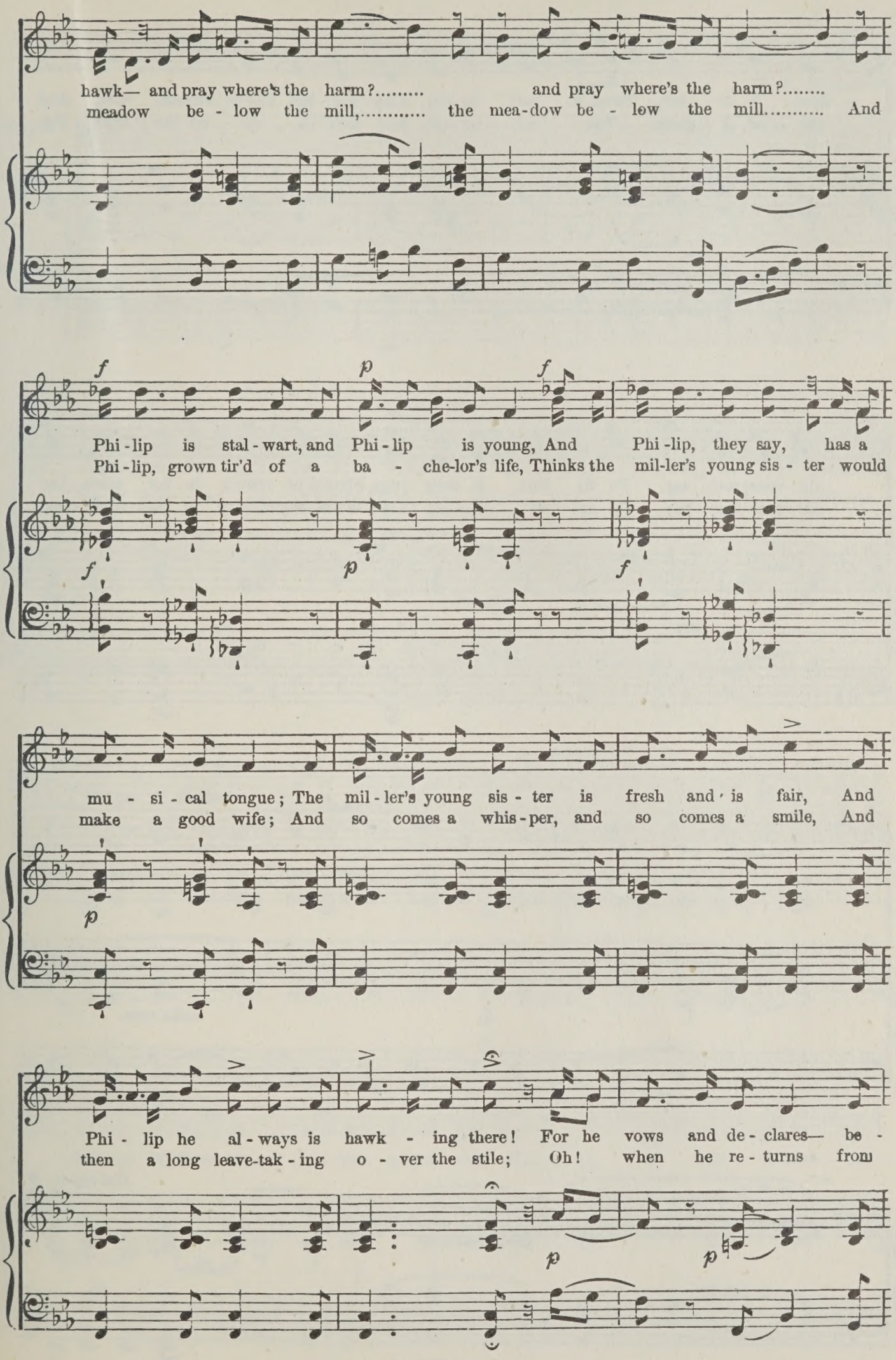

heard him cry, Pop-pies 'tis known to all who rove, Grow in the
heard him cry, Night-in-gales all, so peo-ple say, War-ble by
p
field and not the grove, Not in the grove, not in the
night, and not by day, War-ble by night, war-ble by
tr
p
Ped.
Ped.
grove, Grow in the field and not in the grove.
night, War-ble by night and not by day.
tr
mf
Ped.
1st and 2nd Verses.
cres.
f
Dal segno 𝄋
Ped.

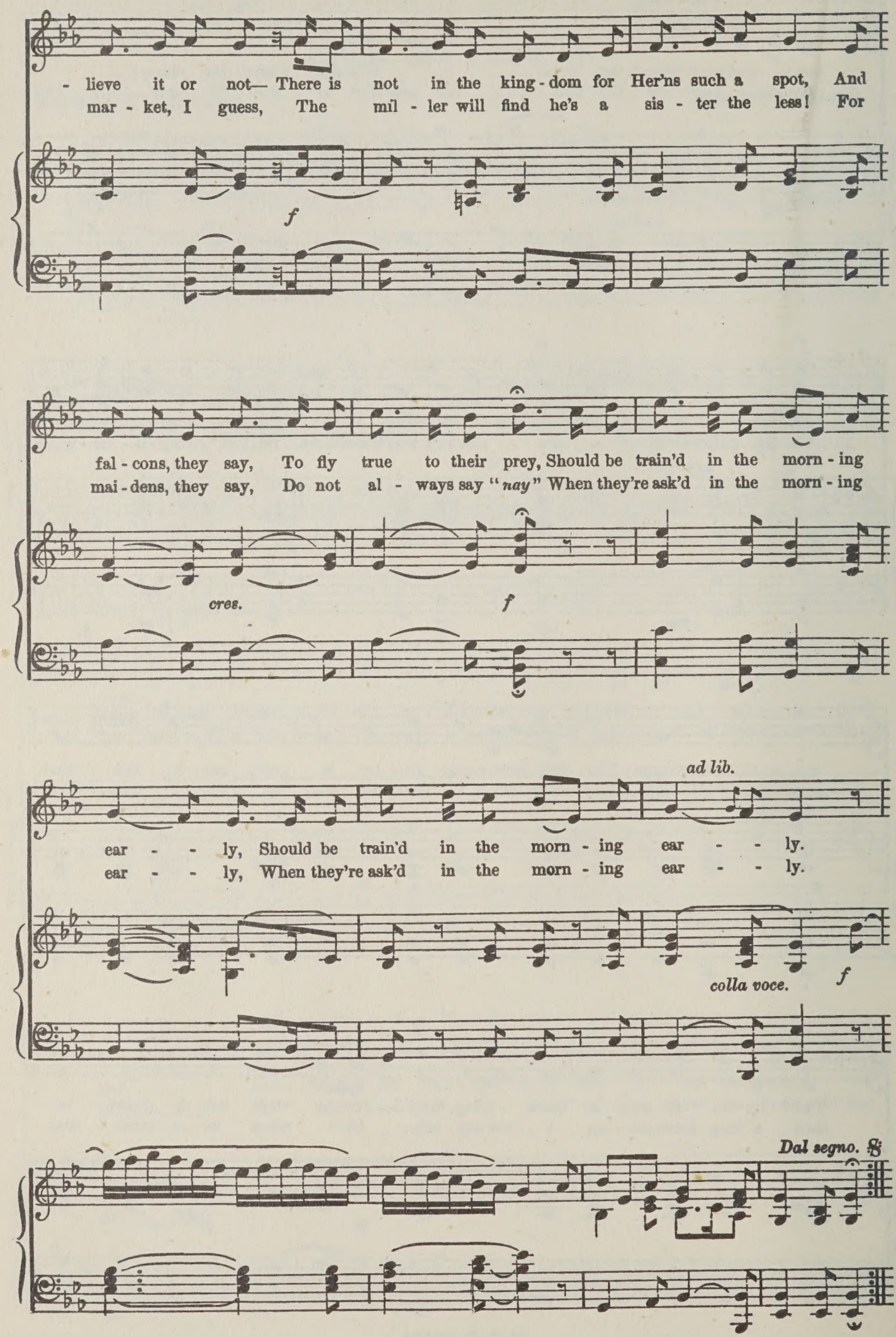

THIRD VERSE.
3. The sage look'd grave the mai-den shy, When Lu-bin jump'd o'er the style hard
by; The sage look'd grav-er, the maid more.. ... glum, Lu-bin..... he twiddled his
fin-ger and thumb. Fie, fie, she heard him cry, Pop-pies like these I
own are rare, And of such Nightin-gale's songs be-ware, such Nightin-gale's songs, such
Nightin-gale's songs, And of such Nightin-gale's songs,..... oh, be-ware.....
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

Philip the Falconer.

Words by W. H. Bellamy. Music by E. J. Loder.

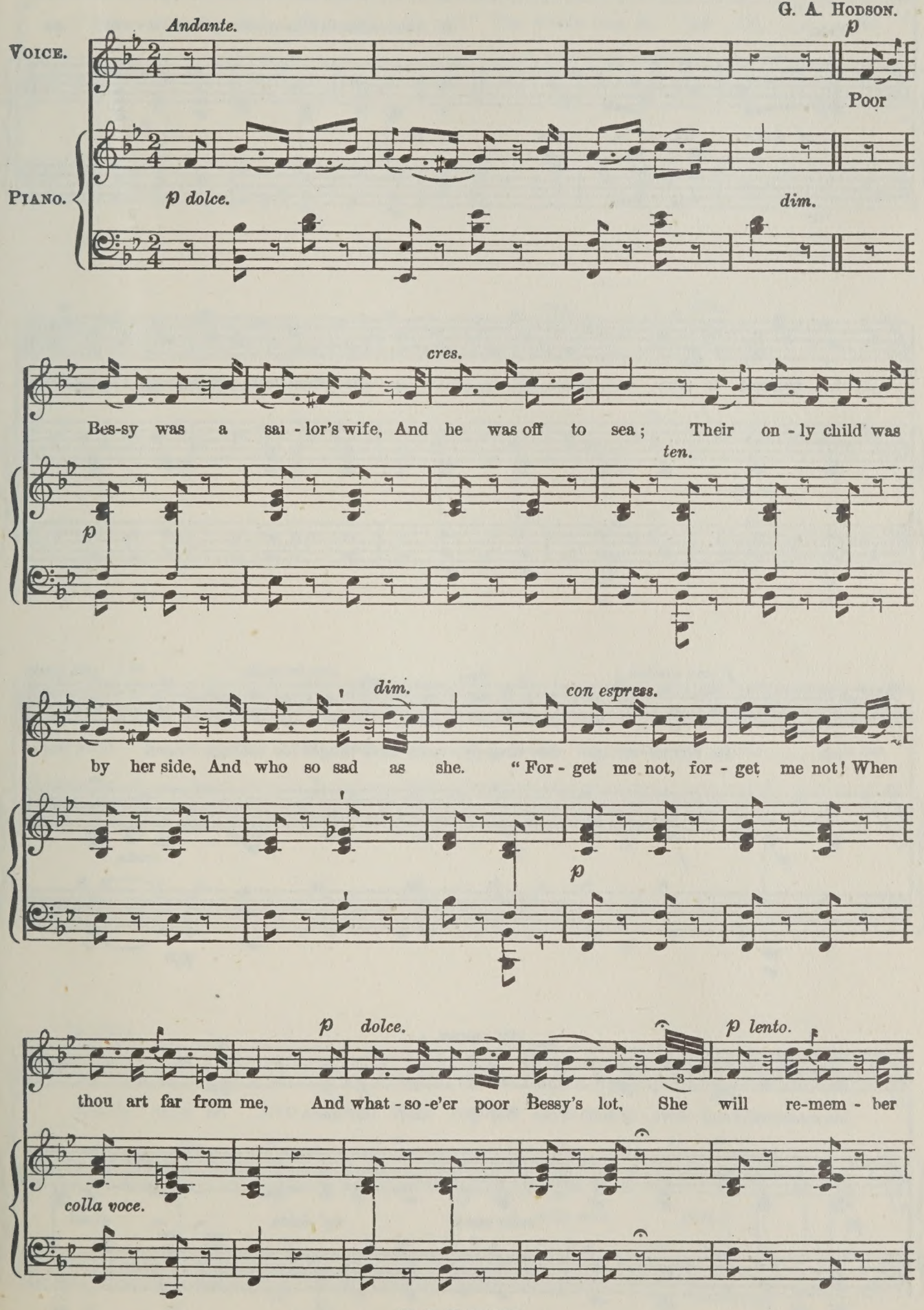


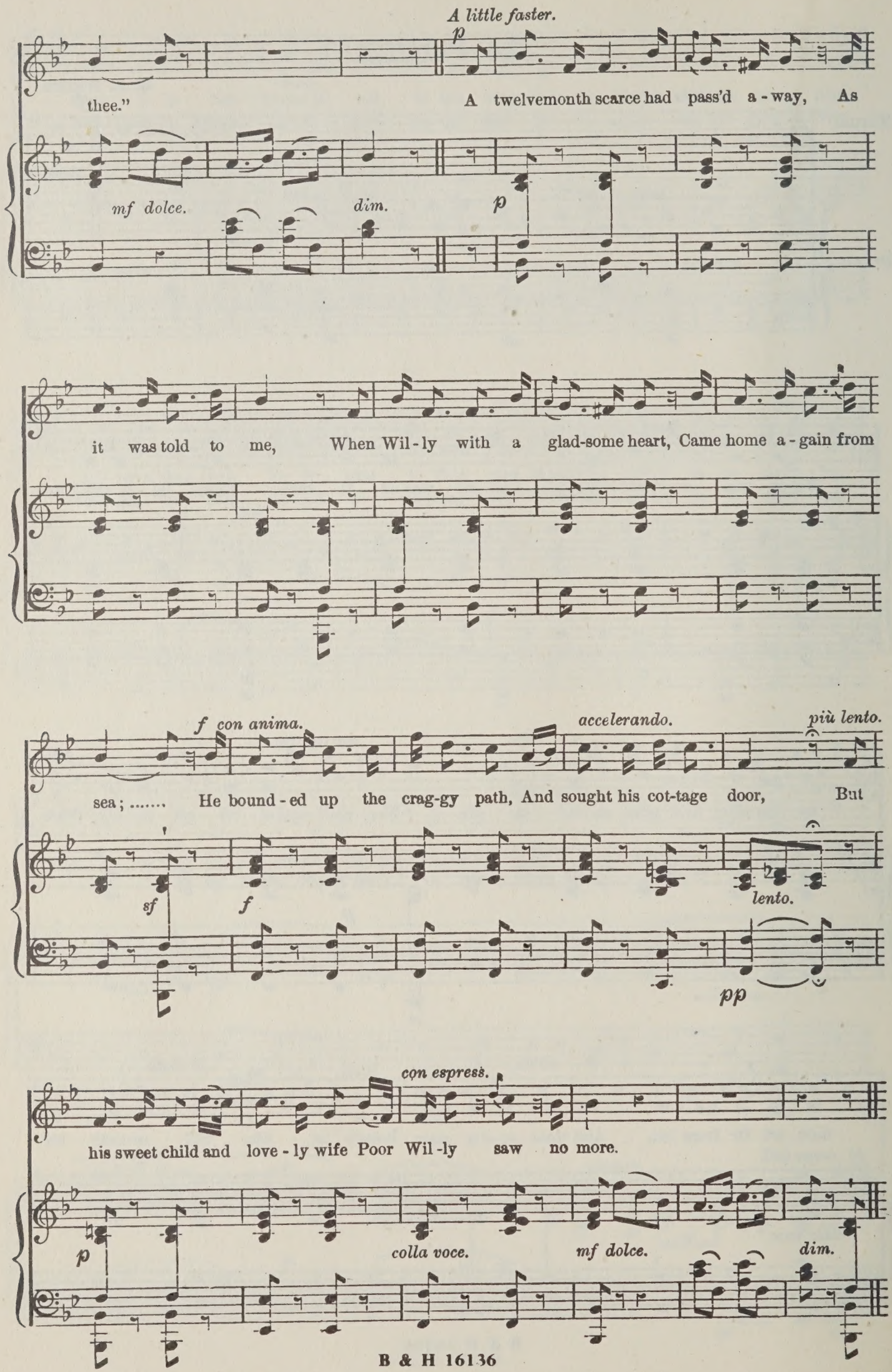

hawk— and pray where's the harm?..... and pray where's the harm?.....
meadow be - low the mill,..... the mea-dow be - low the mill..... And
Phi - lip is stal - wart, and Phi - lip is young, And Phi - lip, they say, has a
Phi - lip, grown tir'd of a ba - che-lor's life, Thinks the mil-ler's young sis - ter would
mu - si - cal tongue; The mil - ler's young sis - ter is fresh and is fair, And
make a good wife; And so comes a whis - per, and so comes a smile, And
Phi - lip he al - ways is hawk - ing there! For he vows and de - clares— be -
then a long leave-tak - ing o - ver the stile; Oh! when he re - turns from

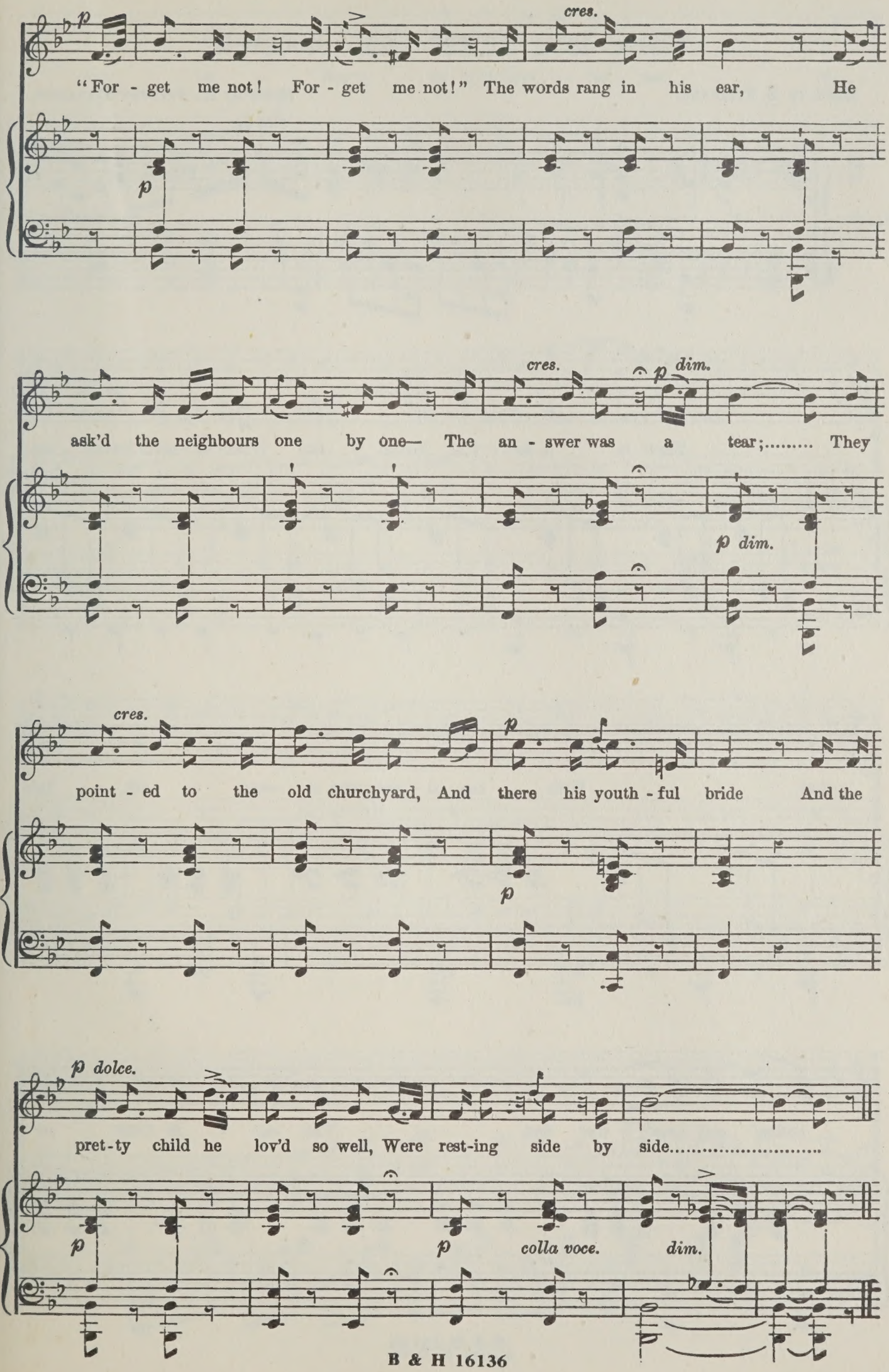

- lieve it or not— There is not in the king - dom for Her'ns such a spot, And
mar - ket, I guess, The mil - ler will find he's a sis - ter the less! For
f
fal - cons, they say, To fly true to their prey, Should be train'd in the morn - ing
mai - dens, they say, Do not al - ways say "nay" When they're ask'd in the morn - ing
cres.
f
ad lib.
ear - - ly, Should be train'd in the morn - ing ear - - ly.
ear - - ly, When they're ask'd in the morn - ing ear - - ly.
colla voce.
f
Dal segno.

The Parting.

G. A. Hodson.

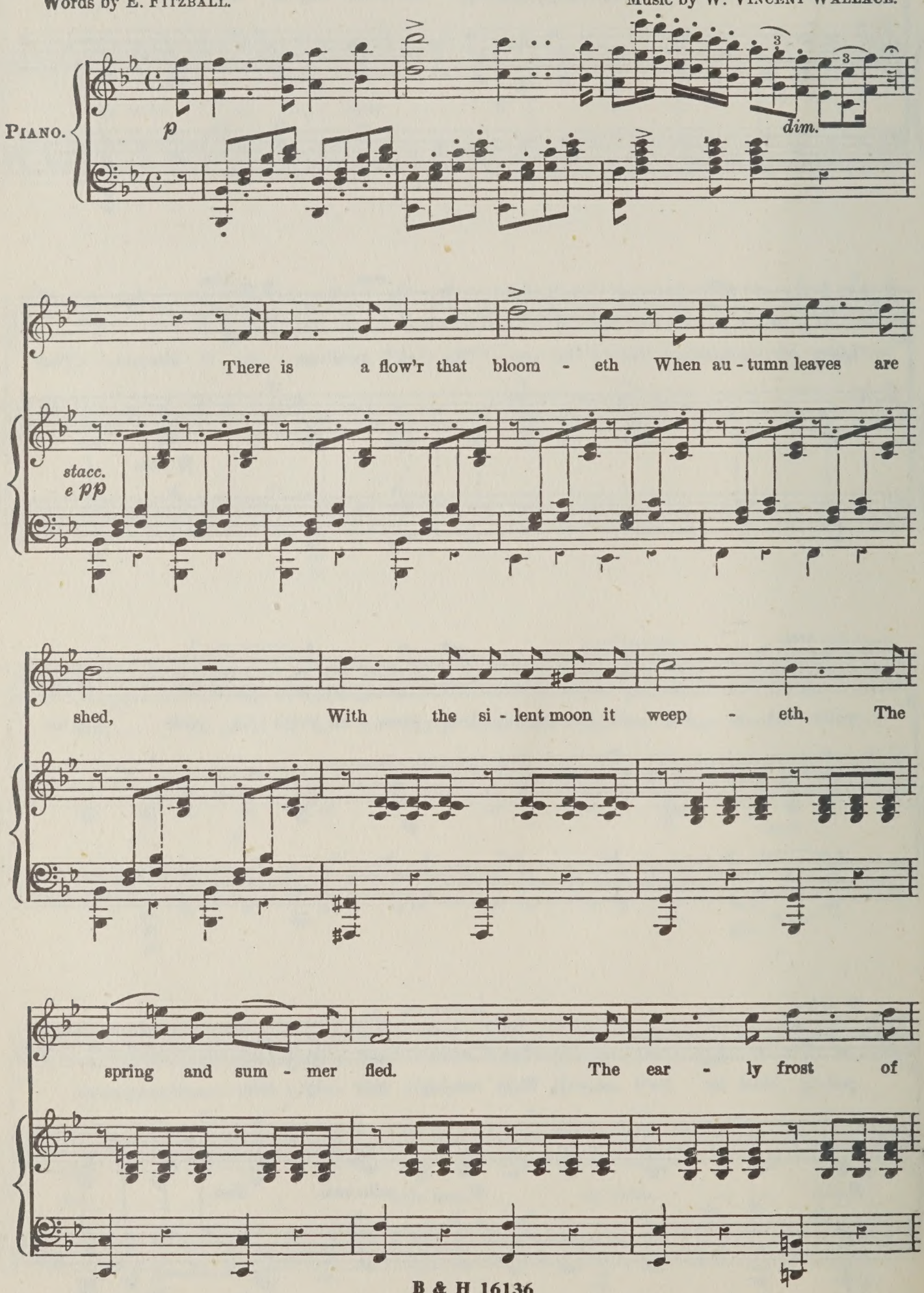


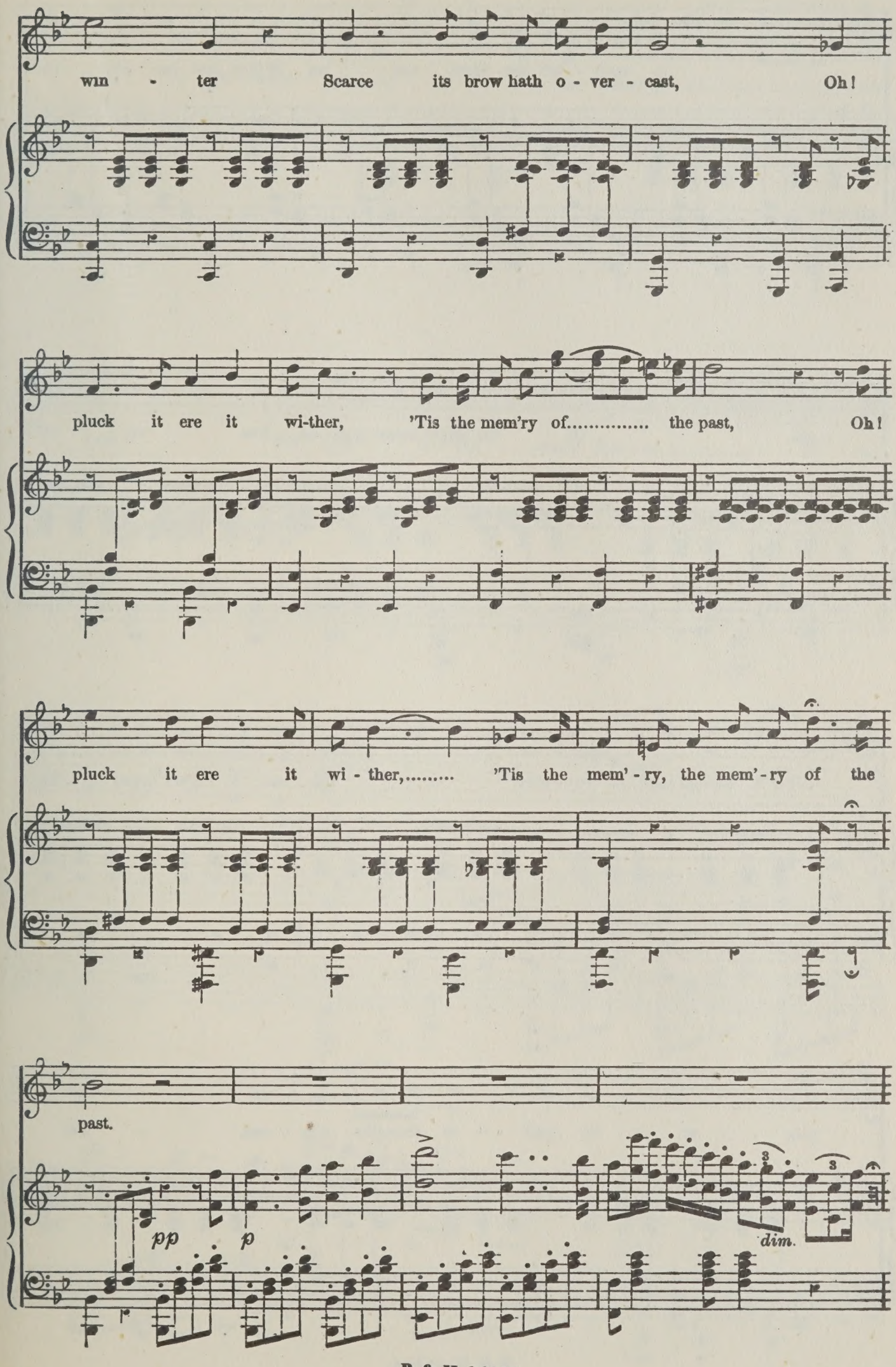

A little faster.
p
thee."
A twelvemonth scarce had pass'd a - way, As
mf dolce.
dim.
p
it was told to me, When Wil - ly with a glad-some heart, Came home a - gain from
f con anima.
accelerando.
più lento.
sea; ..... He bound - ed up the crag-gy path, And sought his cot-tage door, But
sf
f
lento.
pp
con espress.
his sweet child and love - ly wife Poor Wil - ly saw no more.
p
colla voce.
mf dolce.
dim.

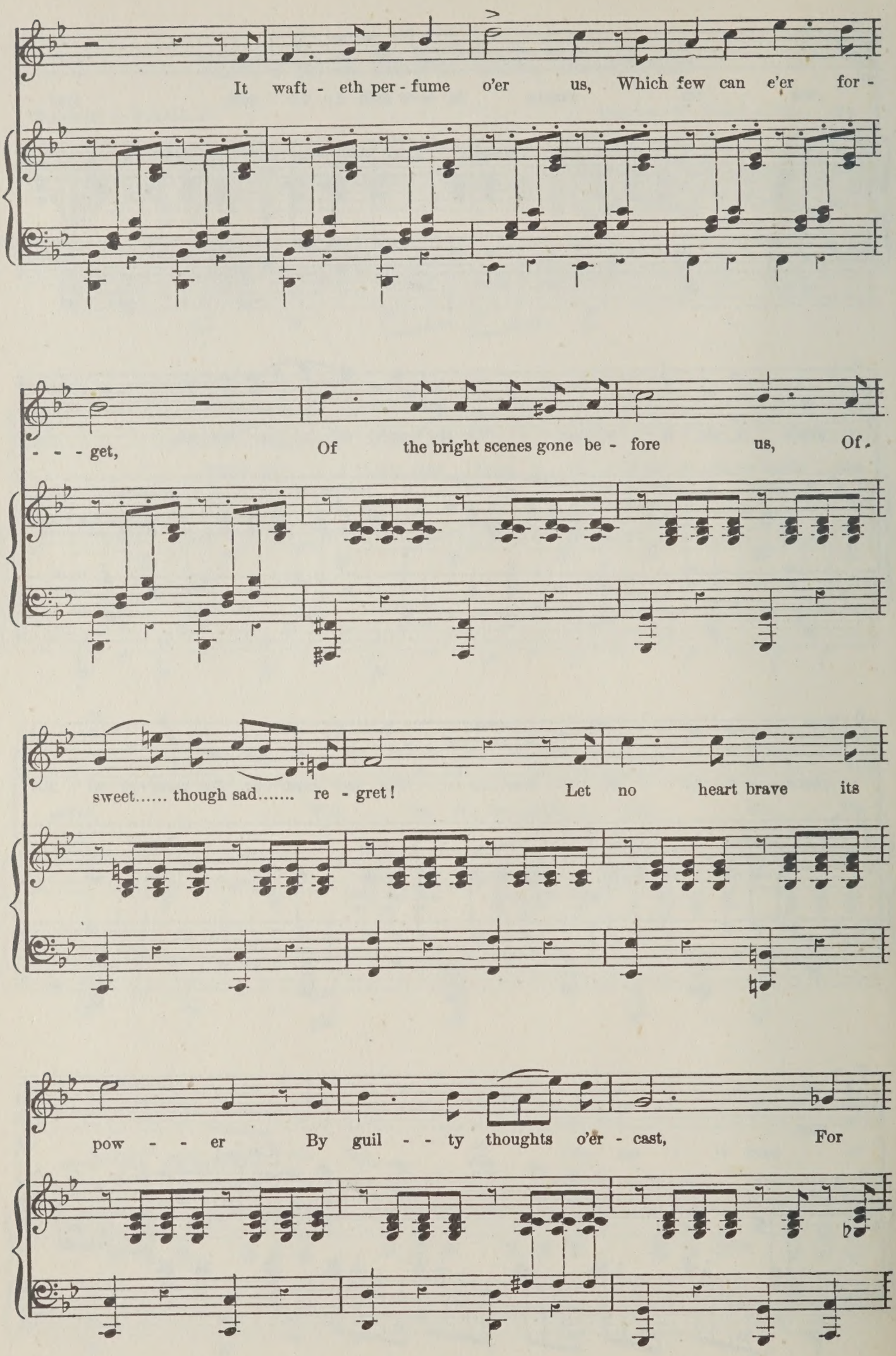

p
cres.
"For - get me not! For - get me not!" The words rang in his ear, He
p
cres.
p dim.
ask'd the neighbours one by one— The an - swer was a tear;..... They
p dim.
cres.
p
point - ed to the old churchyard, And there his youth - ful bride And the
p
p dolce.
pret-ty child he lov'd so well, Were rest-ing side by side.....
p
p
colla voce.
dim.

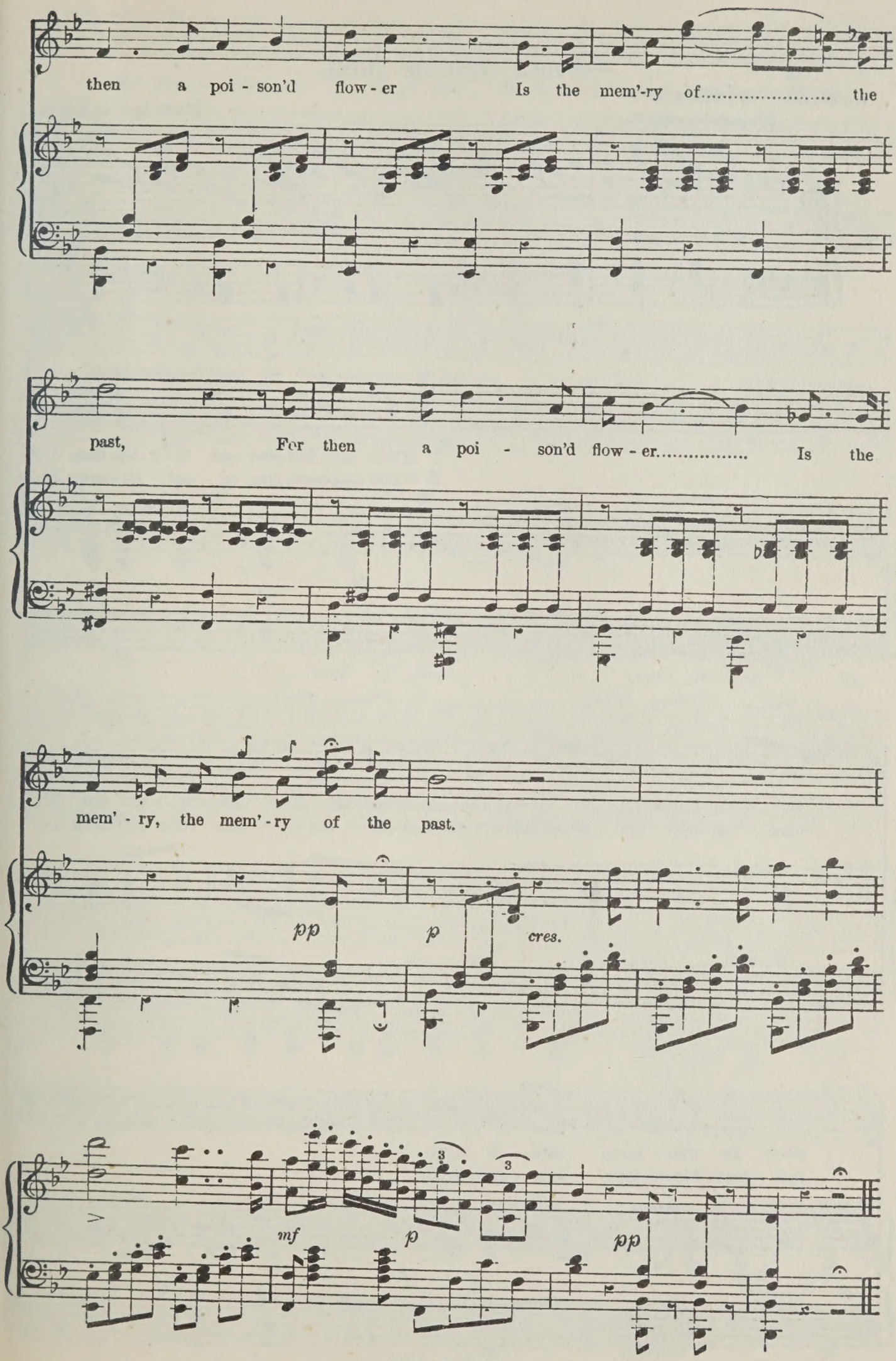
There is a flower that bloometh.

Words by E. FITZBALL. Music by W. VINCENT WALLACE.




win - ter Scarce its brow hath o - ver - cast, Oh!
pluck it ere it wi-ther, 'Tis the mem'ry of..... the past, Oh!
pluck it ere it wi - ther,..... 'Tis the mem' - ry, the mem' - ry of the
past.
pp
p
dim.


It waft - eth per - fume o'er us, Which few can e'er for -
- - - get, Of the bright scenes gone be - fore us, Of
sweet..... though sad..... re - gret! Let no heart brave its
pow - - - er By guil - - ty thoughts o'er - cast, For

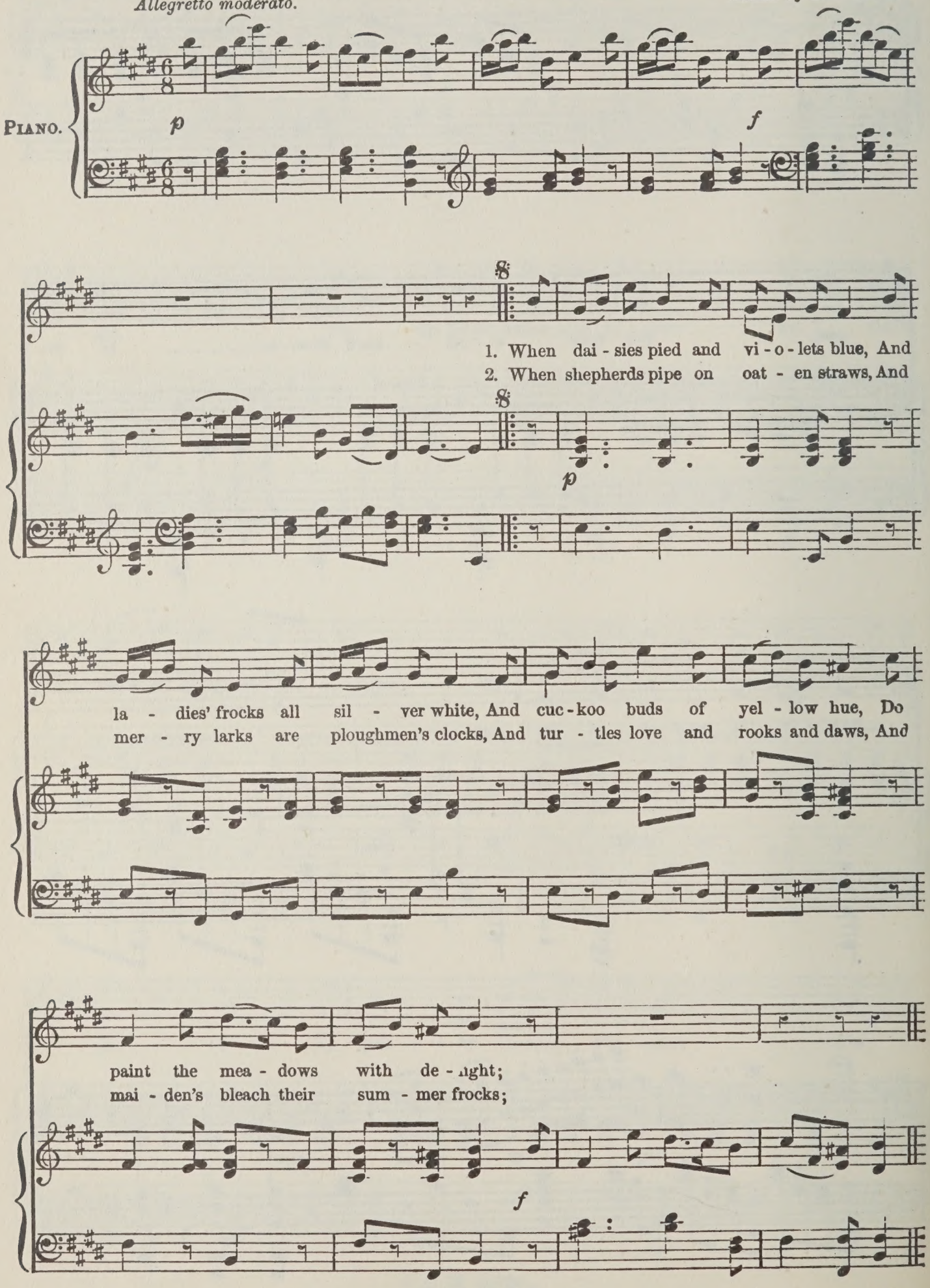

then a poi - son'd flow - er Is the mem'-ry of..... the
past, For then a poi - son'd flow - er..... Is the
mem' - ry, the mem' - ry of the past.
pp
p
cres.
mf
p
pp
3
3

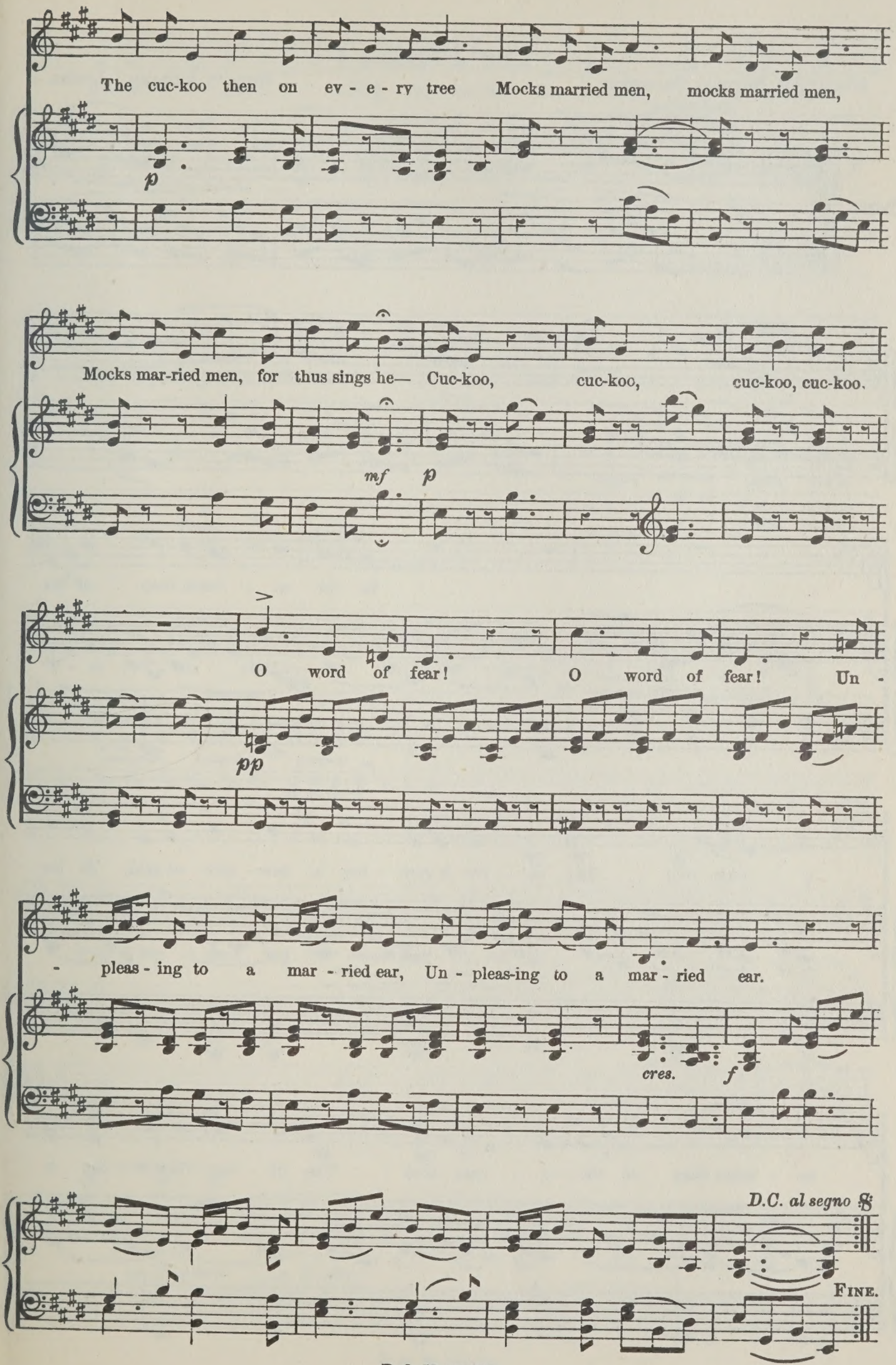
When daisies pied.

Words from "As you like it."

Allegretto moderato.

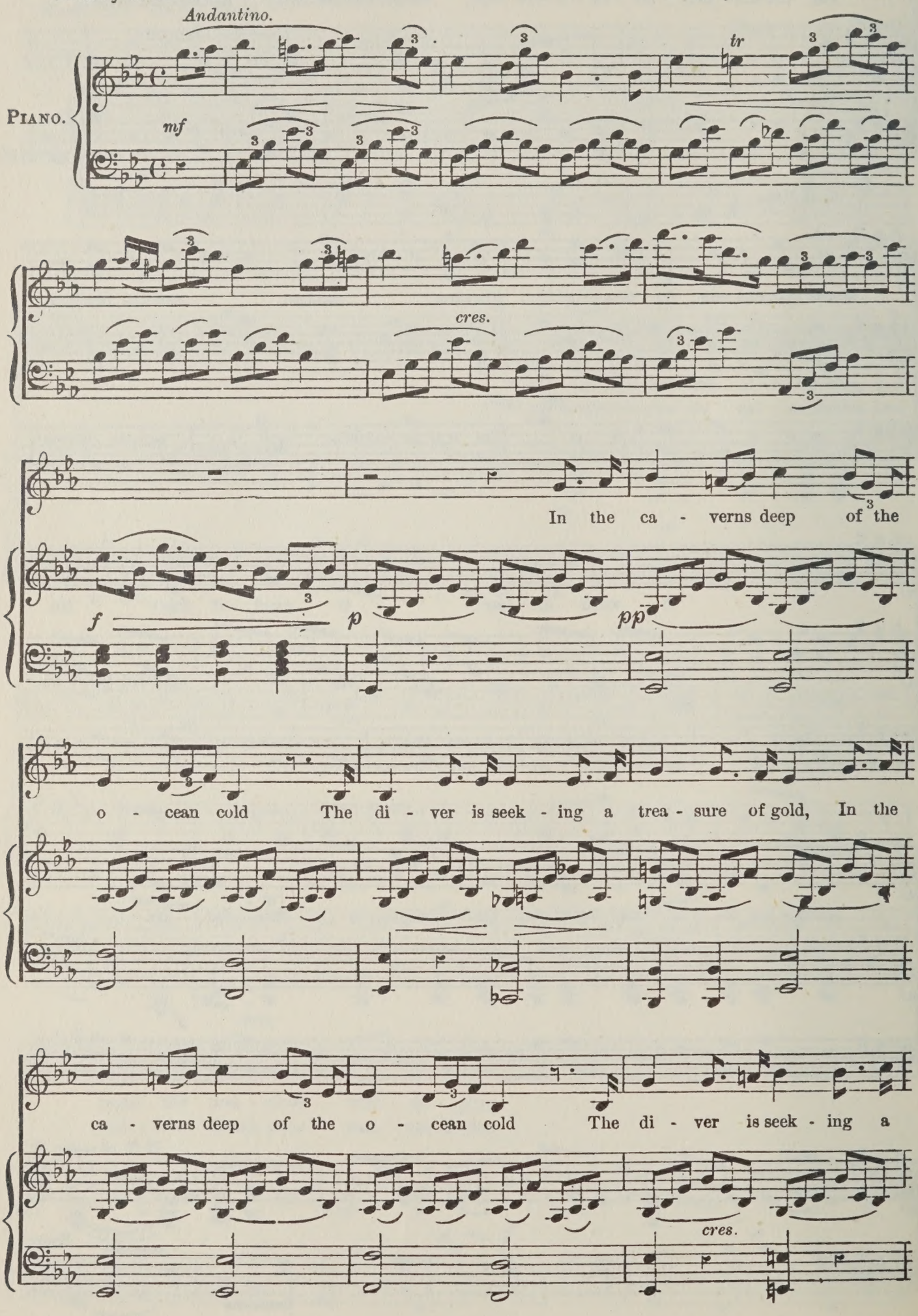
Music by Dr. Arne.

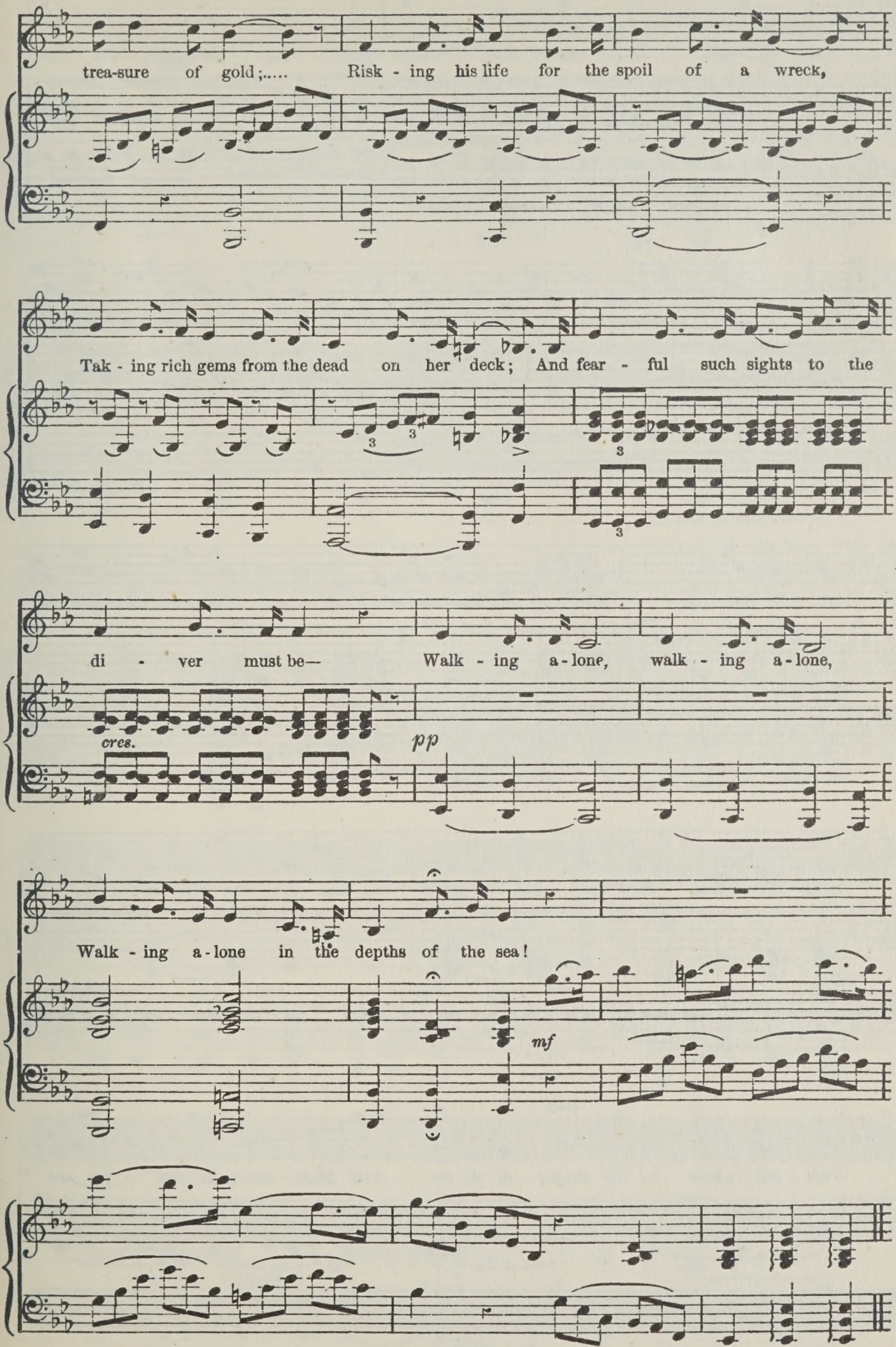


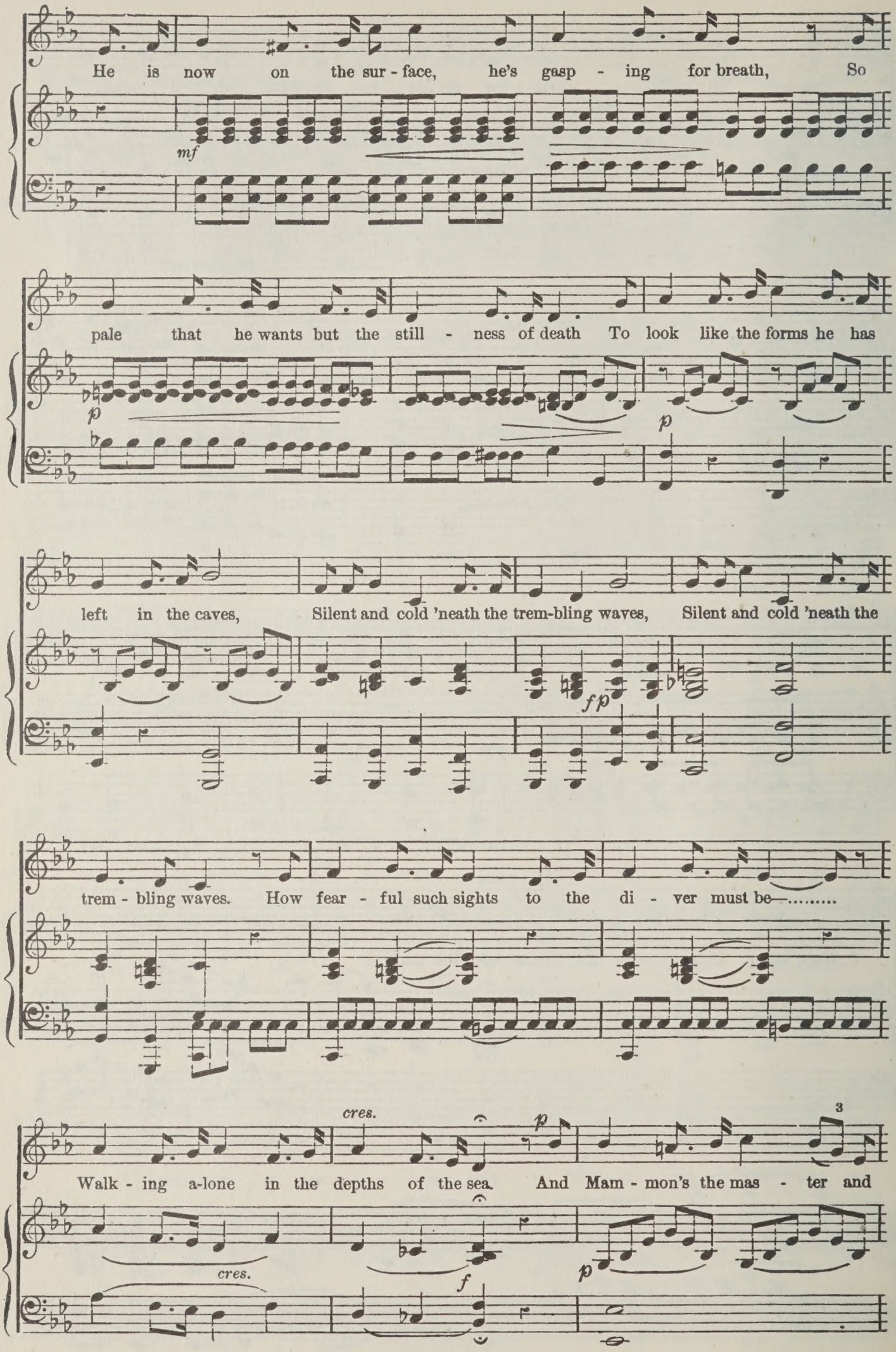

The cuc-koo then on ev - e - ry tree Mocks married men, mocks married men,
p
Mocks mar-ried men, for thus sings he— Cuc-koo, cuc-koo, cuc-koo, cuc-koo.
mf p
O word of fear! O word of fear! Un -
pp
- pleas - ing to a mar - ried ear, Un - pleas-ing to a mar - ried ear.
cres. f
D.C. al segno 𝄋
Fine.

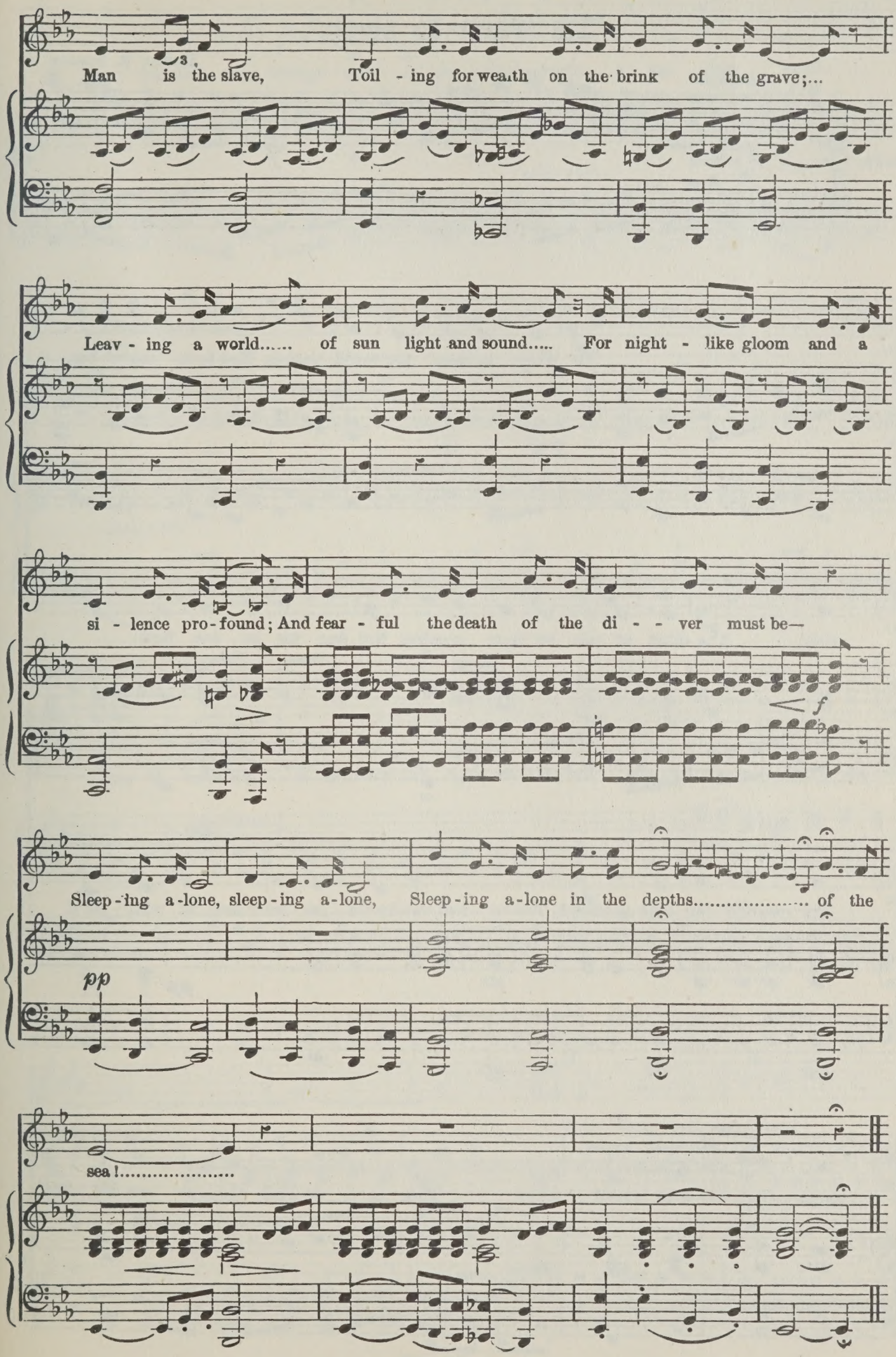
The Diver.

Words by G. Douglas Thompson. Music by Edward J. Loder.



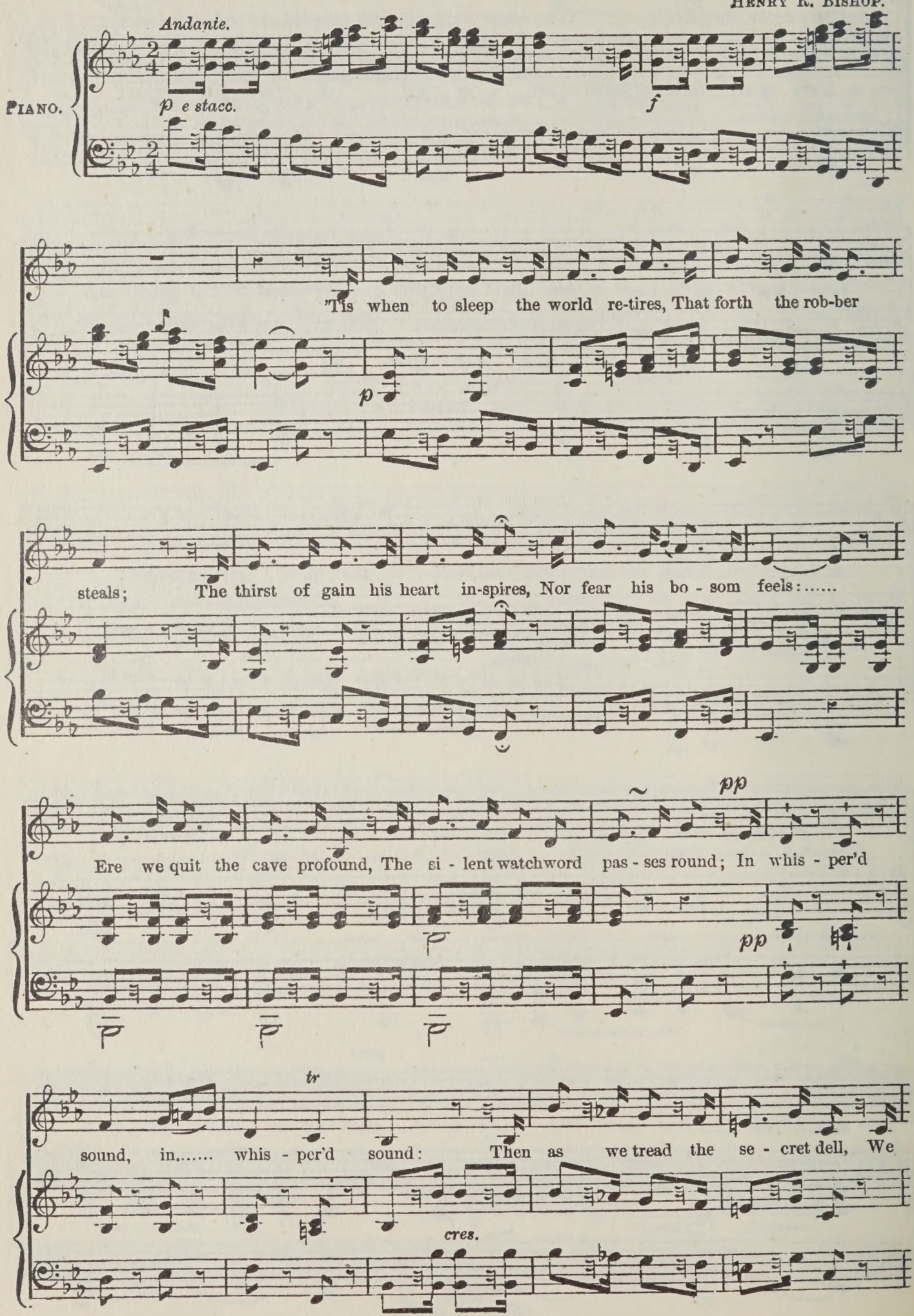

trea-sure of gold;..... Risk - ing his life for the spoil of a wreck,
Tak - ing rich gems from the dead on her deck; And fear - ful such sights to the
di - ver must be— Walk - ing a - lone, walk - ing a - lone,
cres.
pp
Walk - ing a - lone in the depths of the sea!
mf

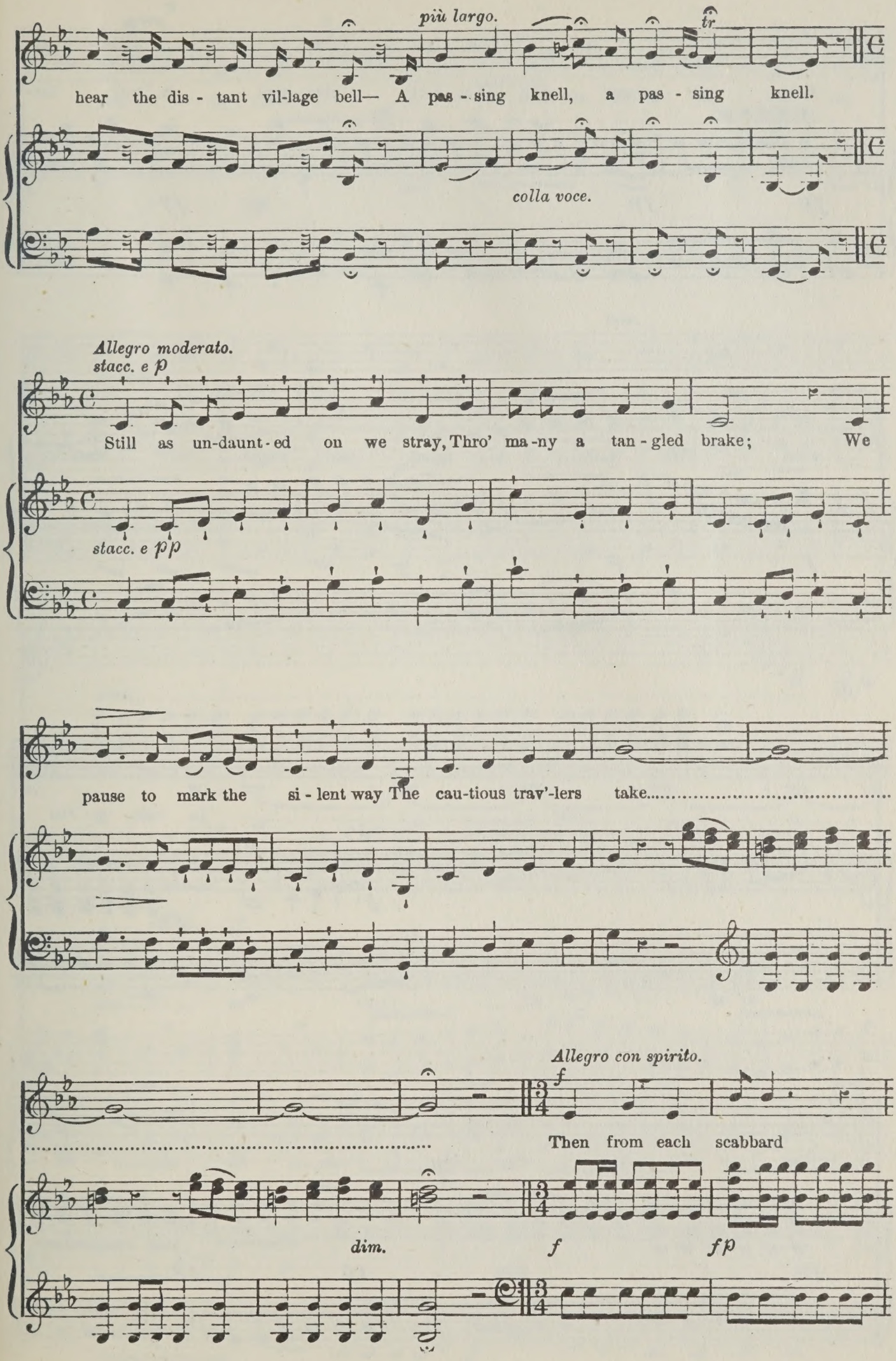

He is now on the sur - face, he's gasp - ing for breath, So
mf
pale that he wants but the still - ness of death To look like the forms he has
p
p
left in the caves, Silent and cold 'neath the trem-bling waves, Silent and cold 'neath the
fp
trem - bling waves. How fear - ful such sights to the di - ver must be—.....
cres.
p
3
Walk - ing a-lone in the depths of the sea. And Mam - mon's the mas - ter and
cres.
f
p

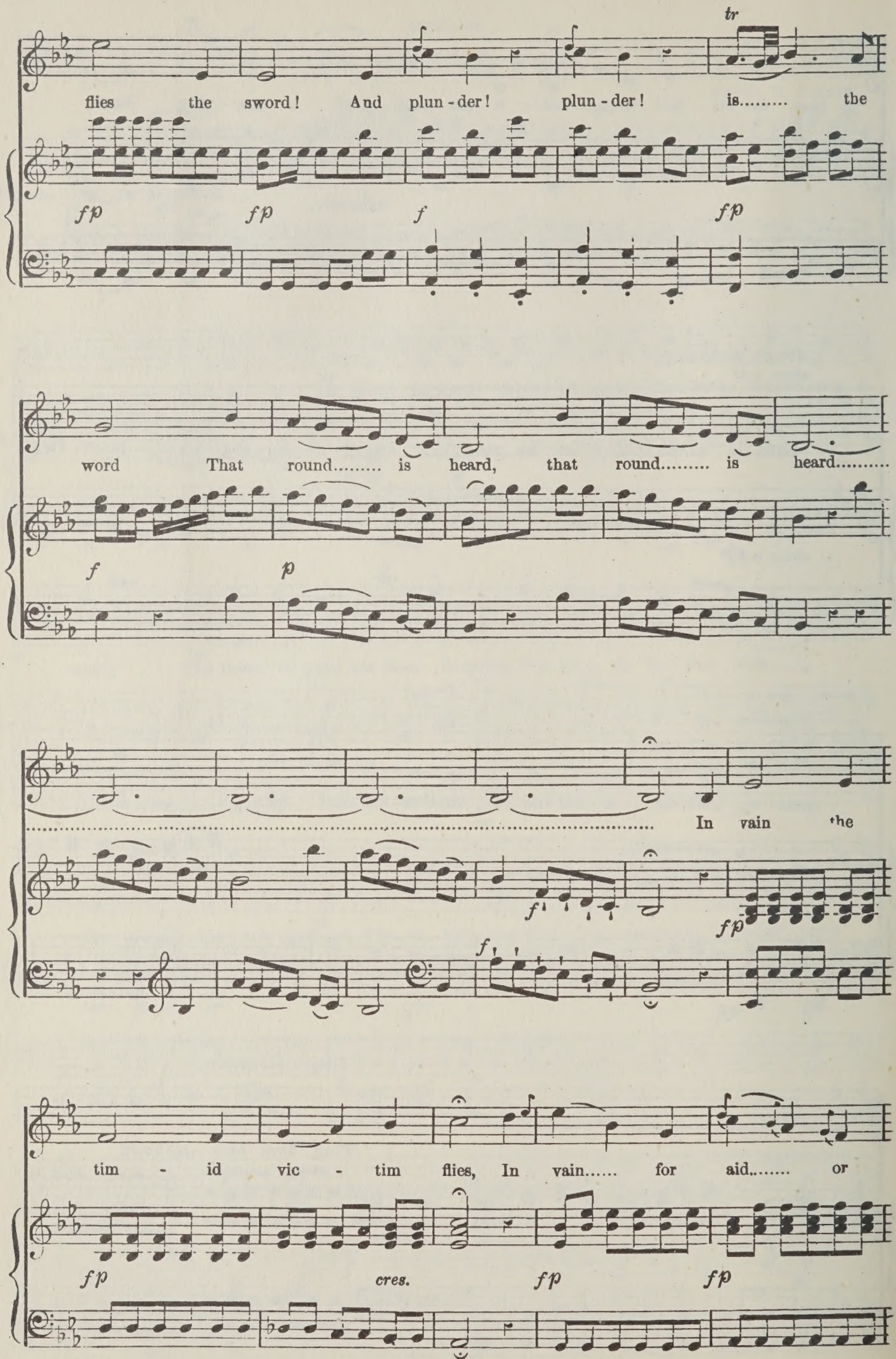

Man is the slave, Toil - ing for wealth on the brink of the grave;...
Leav - ing a world..... of sun light and sound..... For night - like gloom and a
si - lence pro - found; And fear - ful the death of the di - - ver must be—
f
Sleep - ing a - lone, sleep - ing a - lone, Sleep - ing a - lone in the depths..... of the
pp
sea!.....

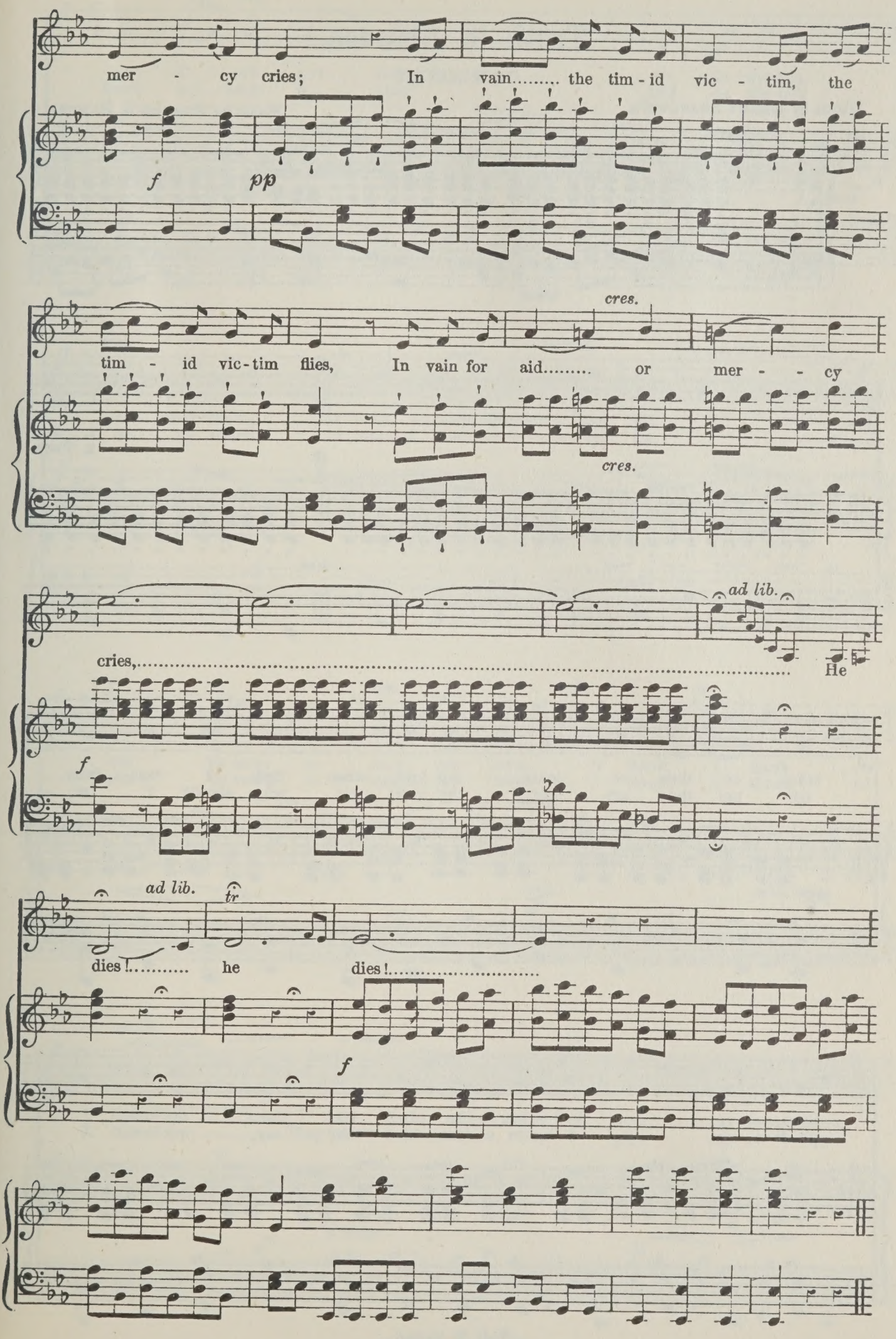
'Tis when to sleep.

HENRY R. BISHOP.




più largo.
tr
hear the dis - tant vil-lage bell— A pas - sing knell, a pas - sing knell.
colla voce.
Allegro moderato.
stacc. e p
Still as un-daunt-ed on we stray, Thro' ma-ny a tan-gled brake; We
stacc. e pp
pause to mark the si - lent way The cau-tious trav'-lers take.....
Allegro con spirito.
f
Then from each scabbard
dim.
f
fp


tr
flies the sword! And plun - der! plun - der! is..... the
fp fp f fp
word That round..... is heard, that round..... is heard.....
f p
In vain the
f fp
f
tim - id vic - tim flies, In vain..... for aid..... or
fp cres. fp fp


mer - cy cries; In vain..... the tim - id vic - tim, the
f
pp
tim - id vic - tim flies, In vain for aid..... or mer - - cy
cres.
cres.
cries,.....
ad lib.
He
f
ad lib.
tr
dies!..... he dies!.....
f

Truth in Absence.

CANZONET

Words by HENRY BRANDRETH.

Music by EDMUND B. HARPER.

Allegro.

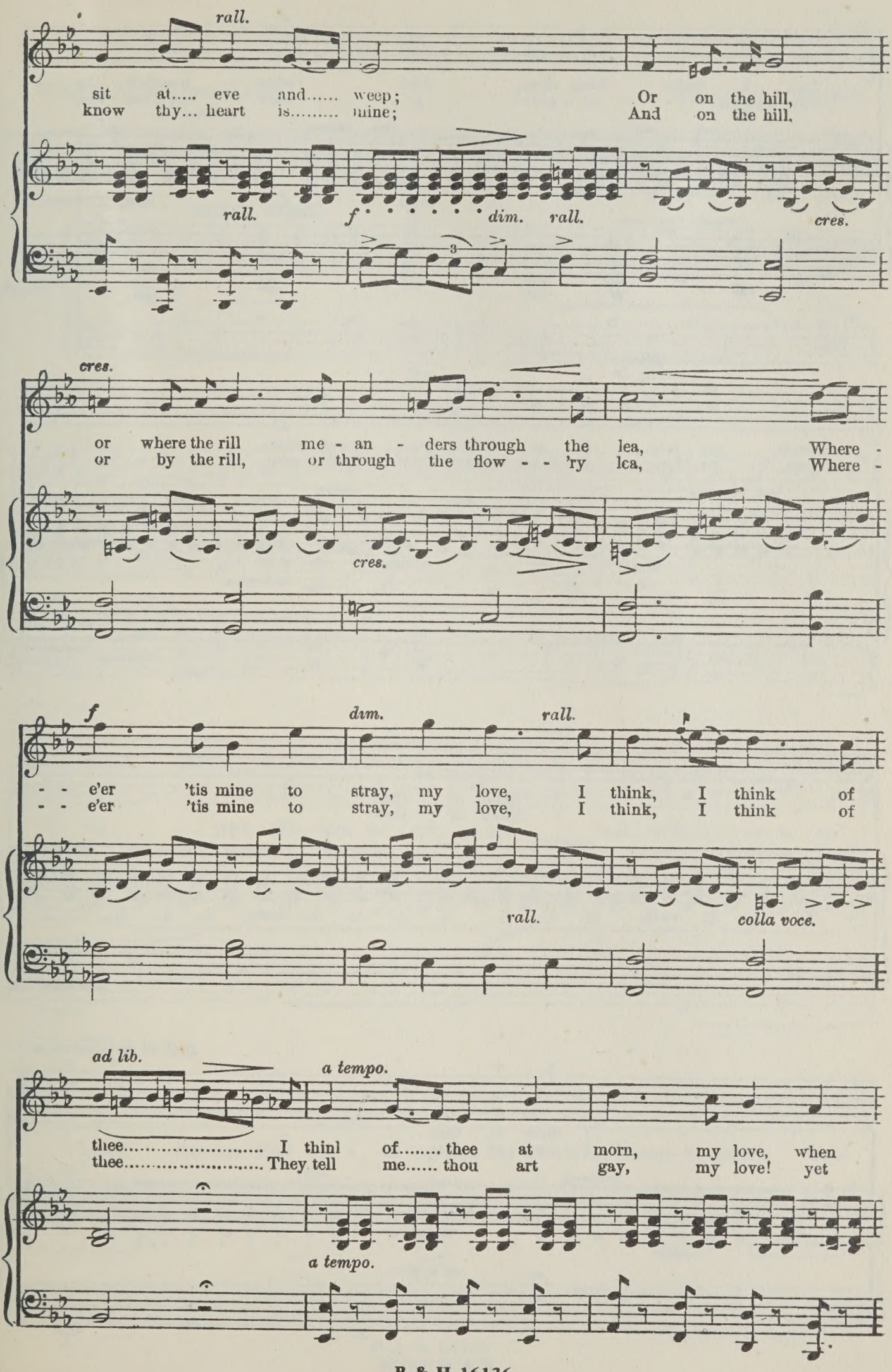
PIANO.

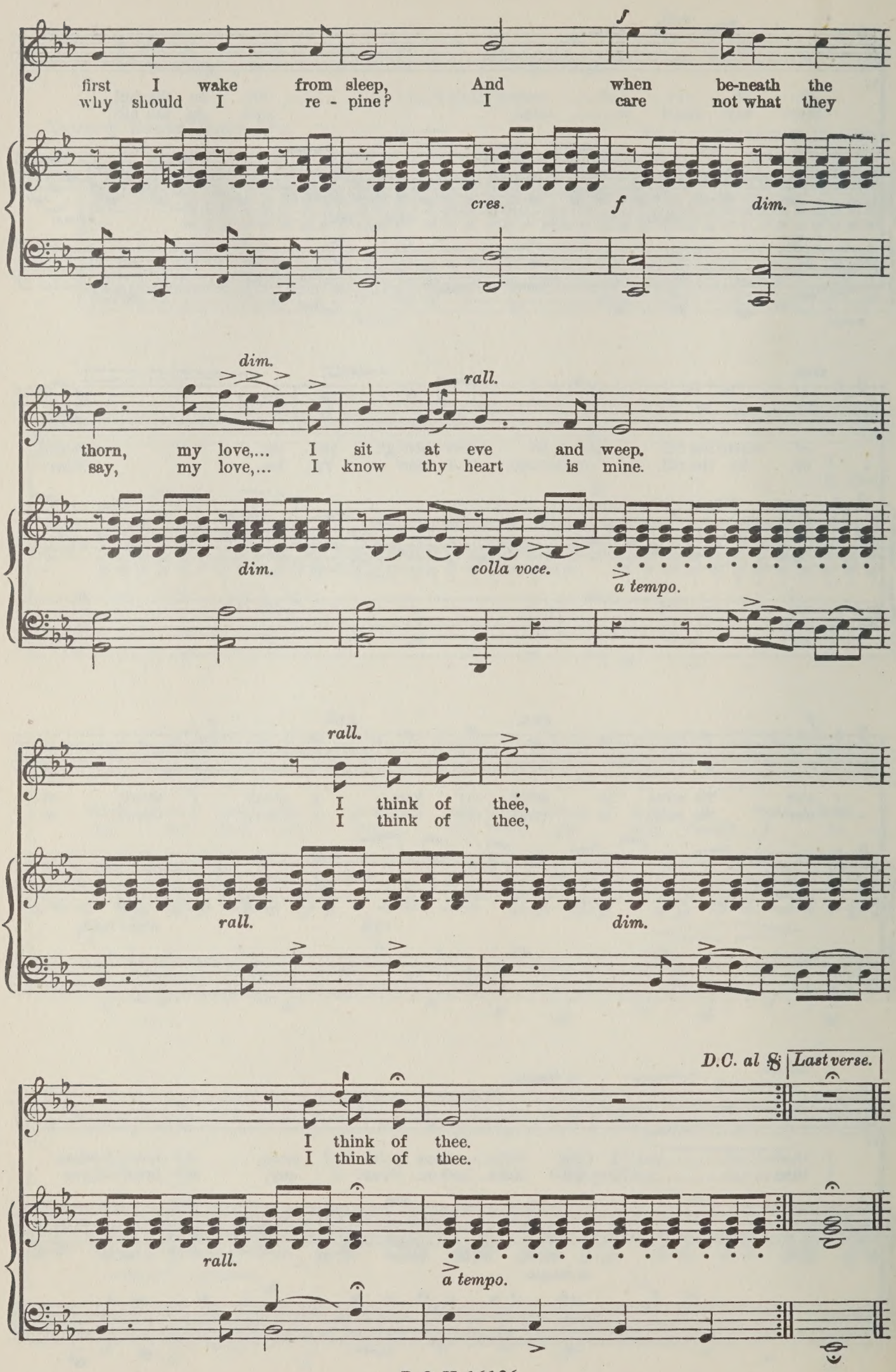
1. I
2. They

think of thee at morn, my love, when first I wake from
tell me thou art gay, my love! yet why should I re -

sleep;
pine?

And when be - neath the thorn, my love, I
I care not what they say, my love, I

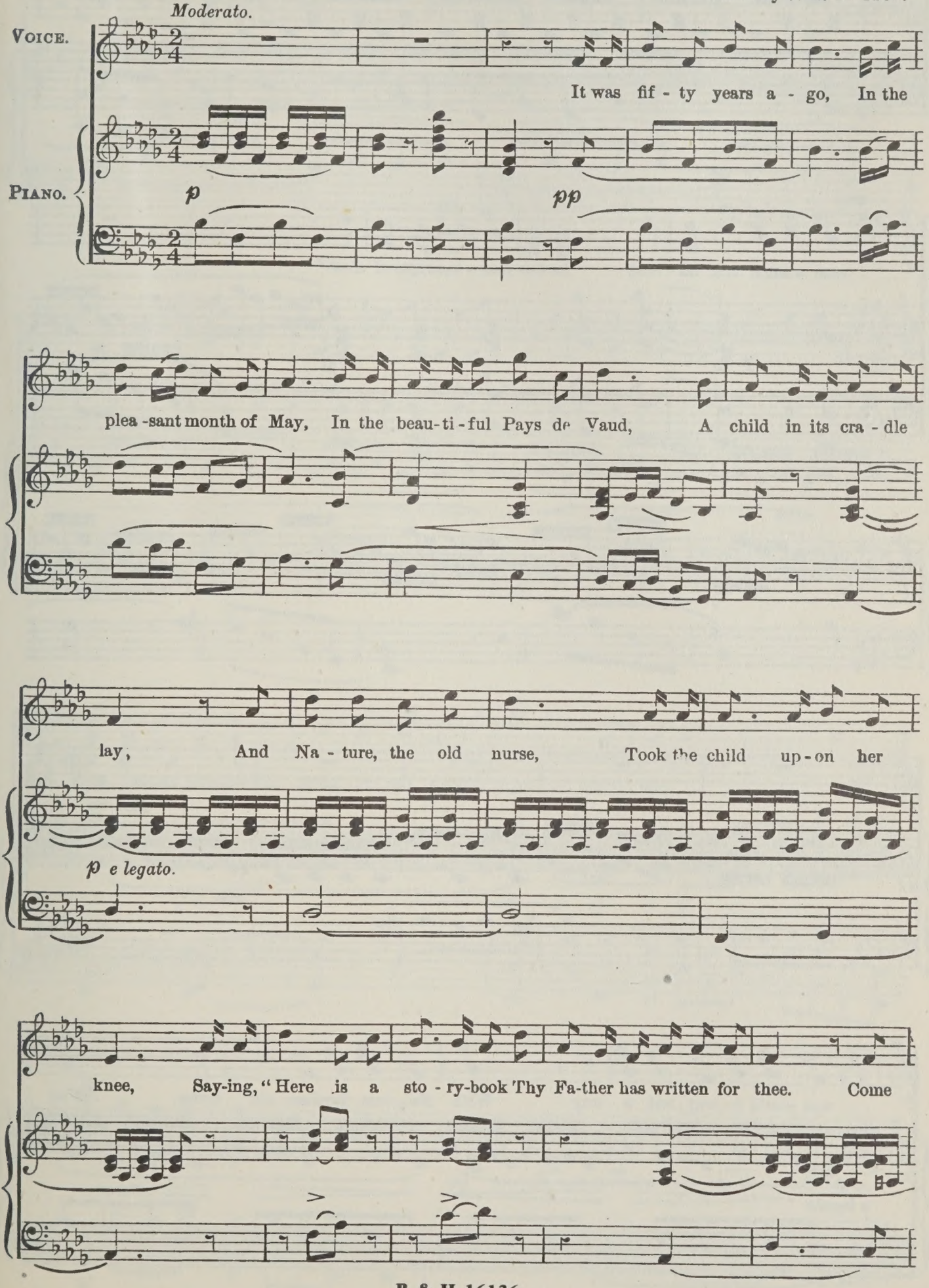

rall.
sit at..... eve and..... weep;
know thy... heart is..... mine;
Or on the hill,
And on the hill,
rall.
f
dim.
rall.
cres.
cres.
or where the rill me - an - ders through the lea,
or by the rill, or through the flow - - 'ry lea,
Where -
Where -
cres.
f
dim.
rall.
- - e'er 'tis mine to stray, my love, I think, I think of
- - e'er 'tis mine to stray, my love, I think, I think of
rall.
colla voce.
ad lib.
a tempo.
thee..... I thinl of..... thee at morn, my love, when
thee..... They tell me..... thou art gay, my love! yet
a tempo.

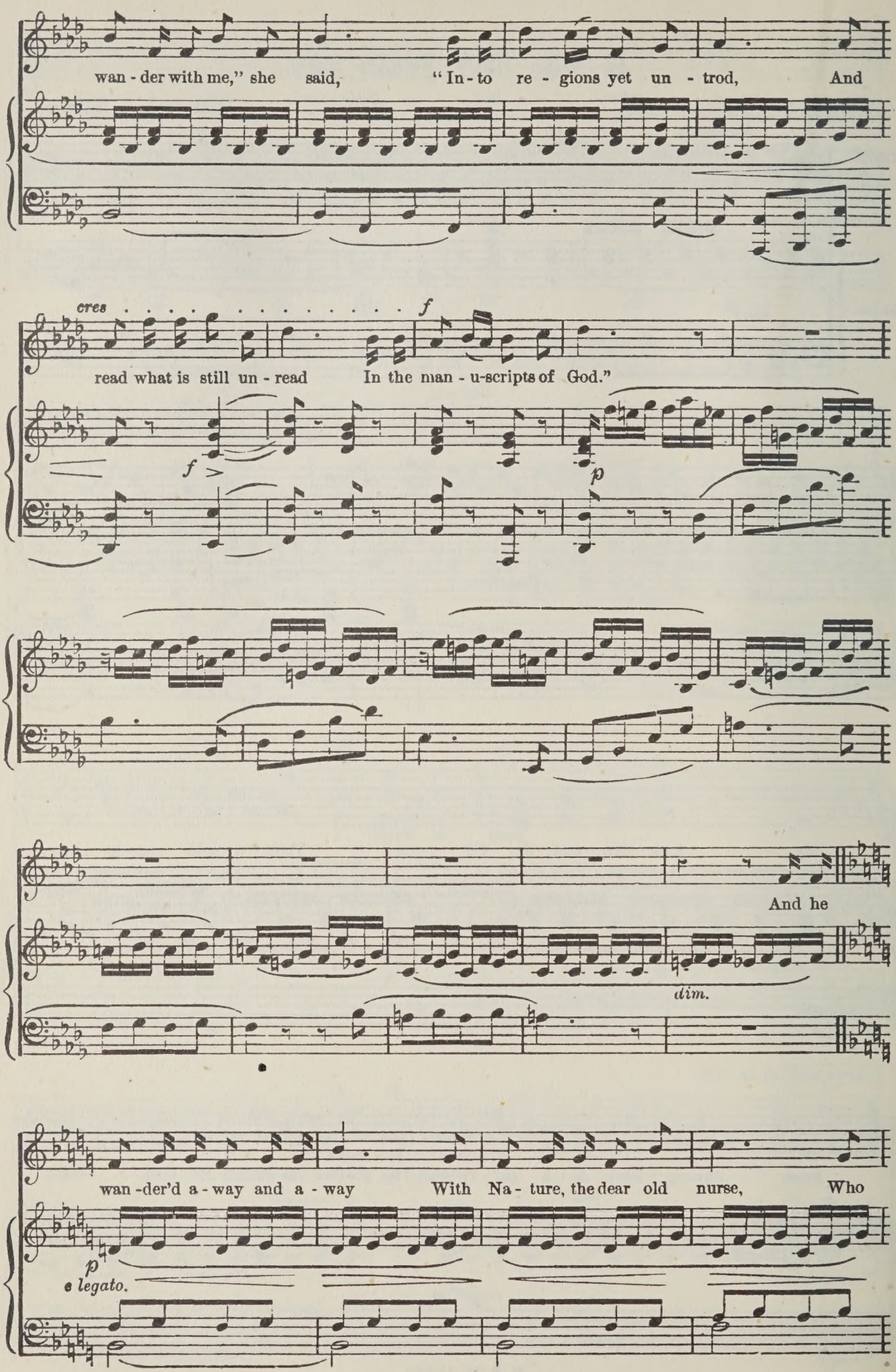

first I wake from sleep, And when be-neath the
why should I re - pine? I care not what they
cres.
f
dim.
dim.
rall.
thorn, my love,... I sit at eve and weep.
say, my love,... I know thy heart is mine.
dim.
colla voce.
a tempo.
rall.
I think of thee,
I think of thee,
rall.
dim.
D.C. al S.
Last verse.
I think of thee.
I think of thee.
rall.
a tempo.

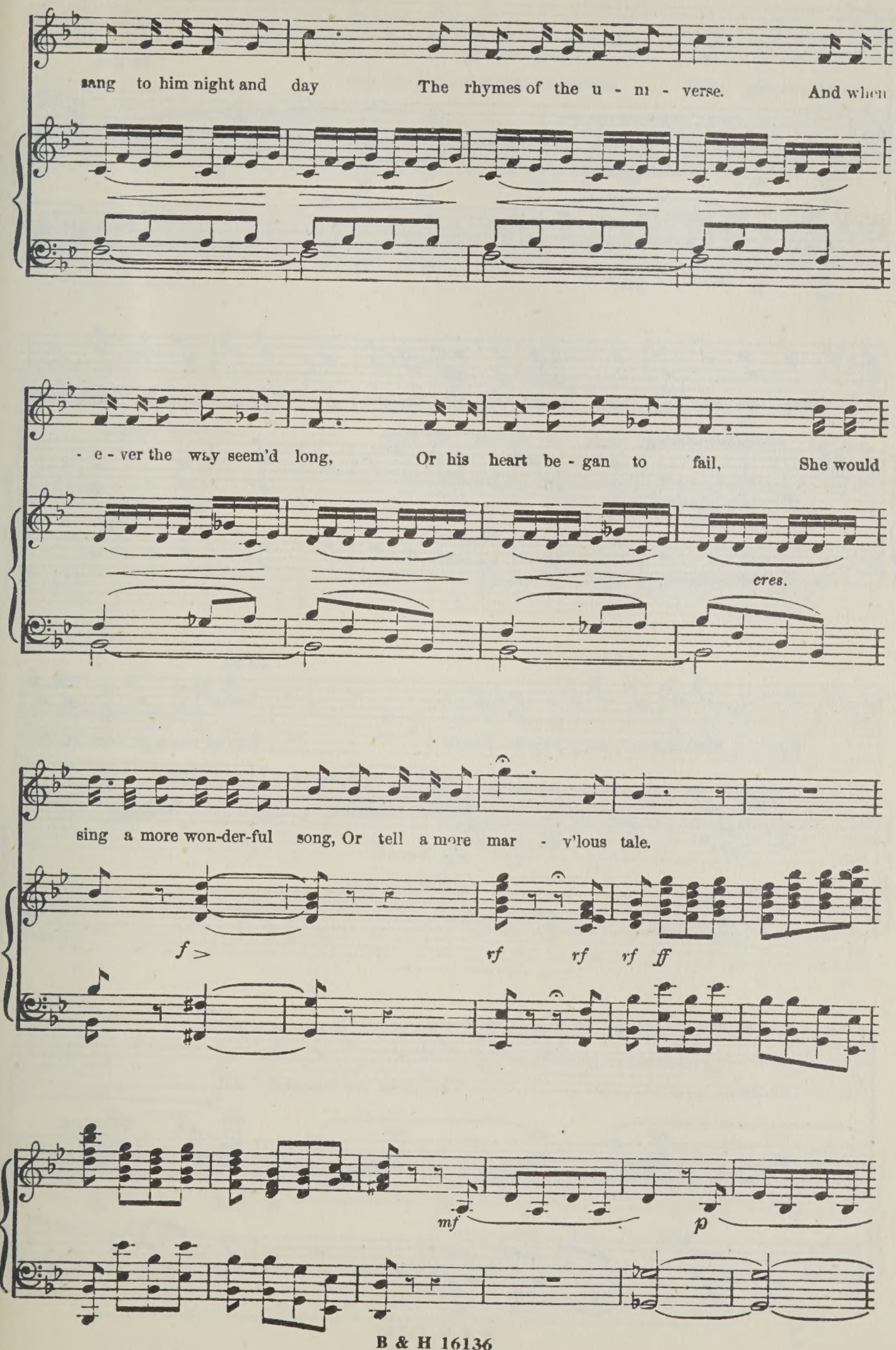
It was fifty years ago.

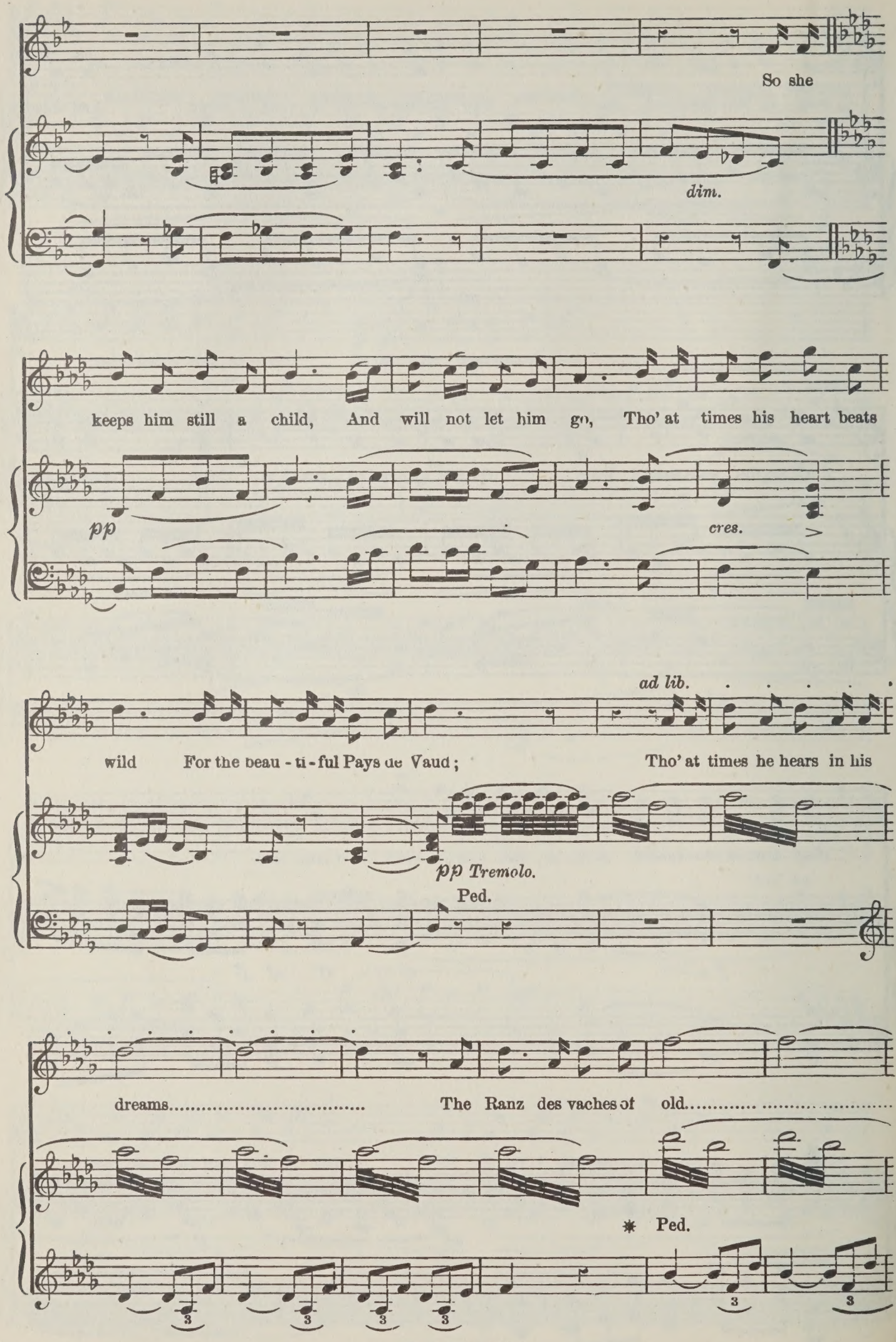
Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW. Music by J. L. HATTON.

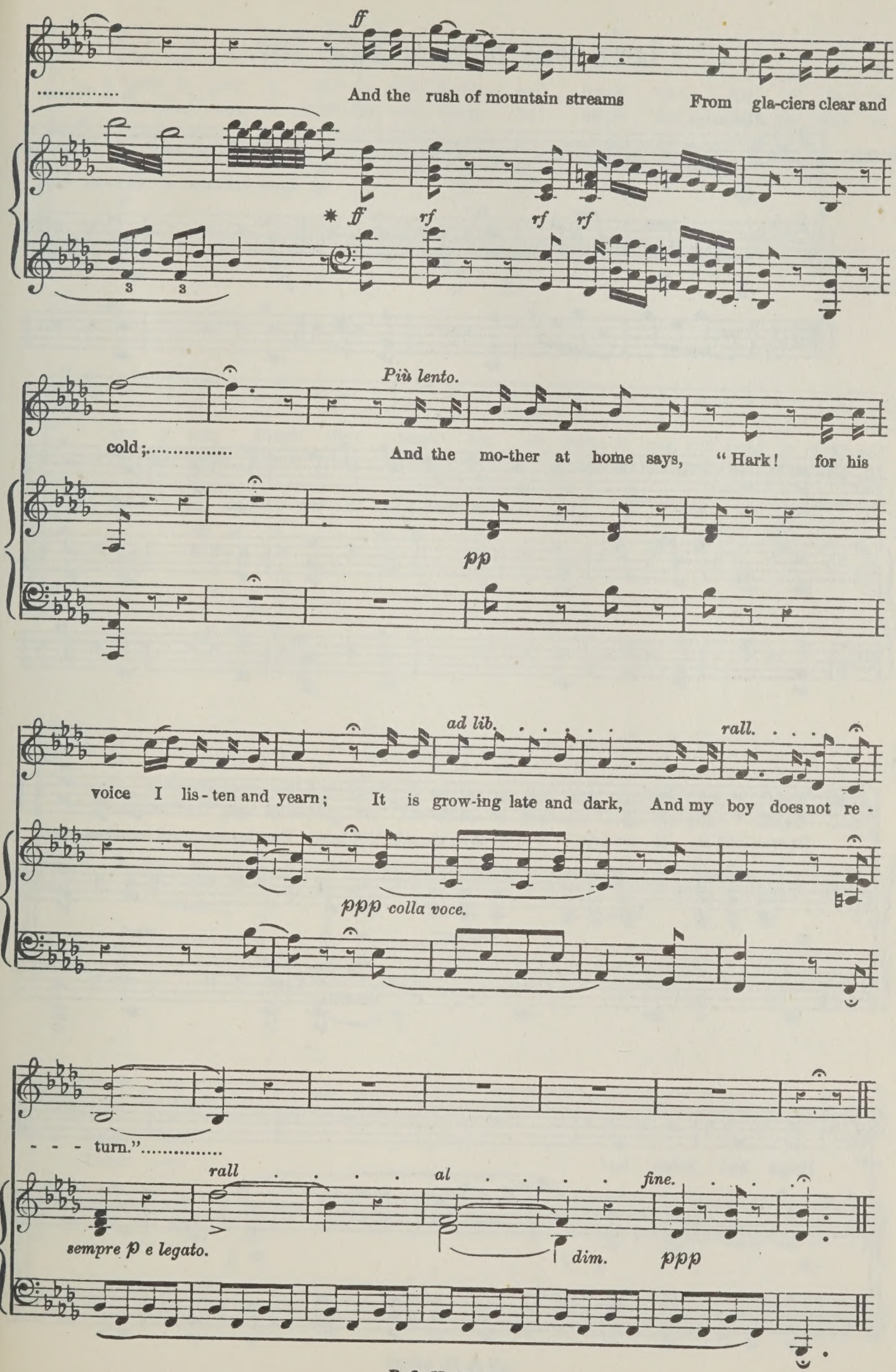
Moderato.




wan - der with me," she said, "In - to re - gions yet un - trod, And
cres
f
read what is still un - read In the man - u-scripts of God."
f >
p
And he
dim.
wan - der'd a - way and a - way With Na - ture, the dear old nurse, Who
p
e legato.

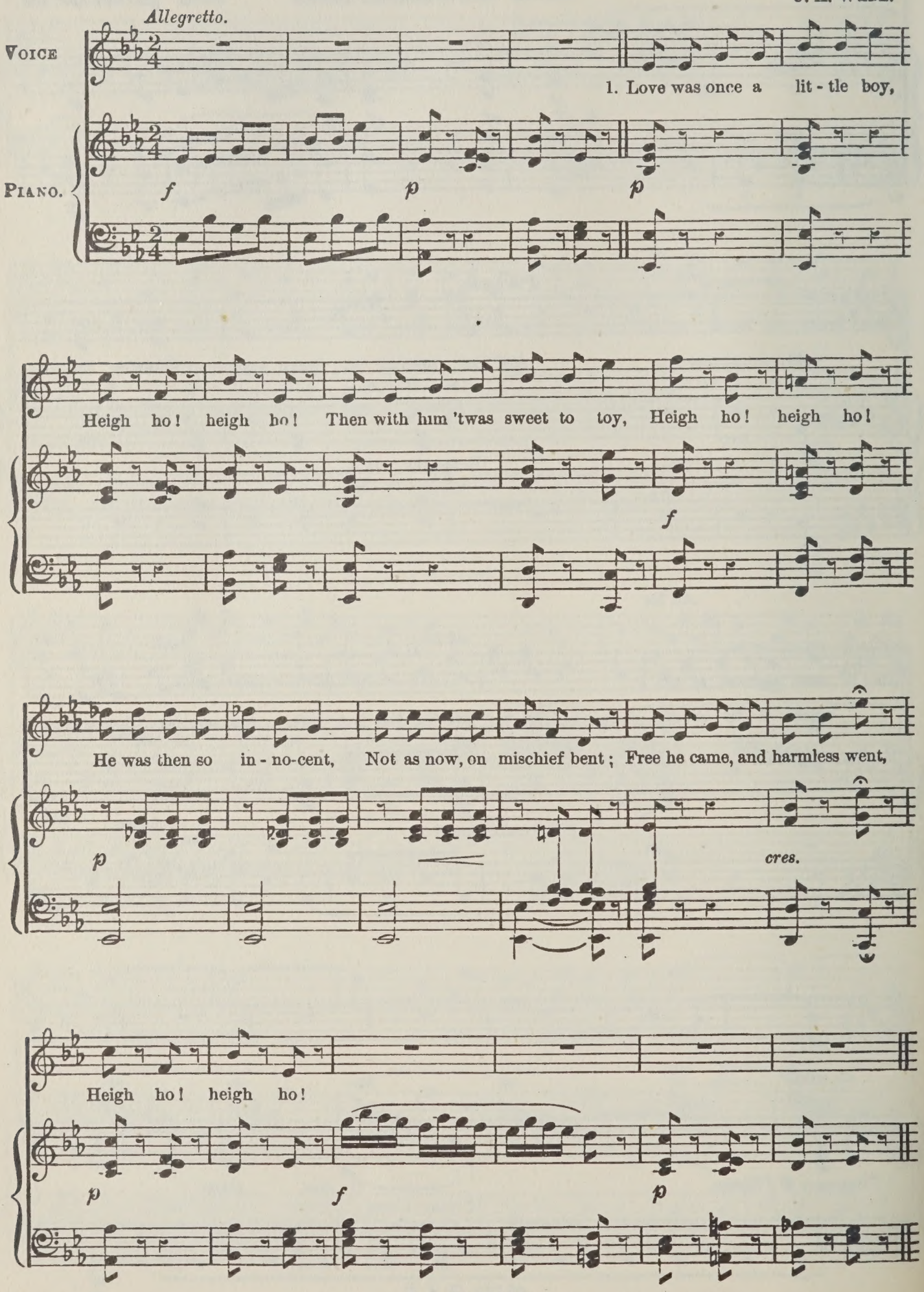

sang to him night and day The rhymes of the u - ni - verse. And when
- e - ver the way seem'd long, Or his heart be - gan to fail, She would
cres.
sing a more won-der-ful song, Or tell a more mar - v'lous tale.
f >
rf rf rf ff
mf
p

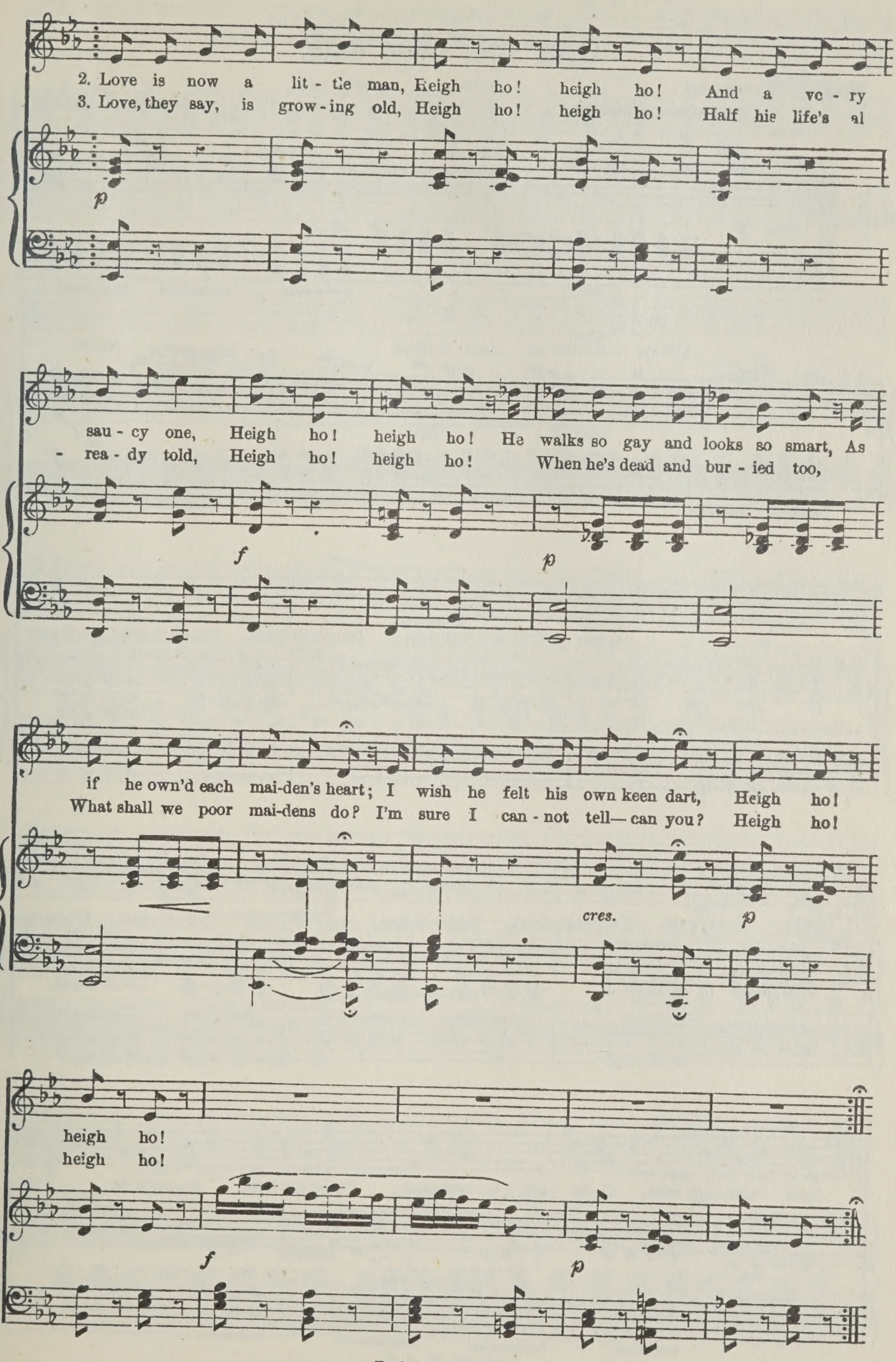

So she
dim.
keeps him still a child, And will not let him go, Tho' at times his heart beats
pp
cres.
ad lib.
wild For the beau - ti - ful Pays de Vaud; Tho' at times he hears in his
pp Tremolo.
Ped.
dreams..... The Ranz des vaches of old.....
* Ped.


ff
And the rush of mountain streams From gla-ciers clear and
* ff rf rf rf
3 3
Più lento.
cold;..... And the mo-ther at home says, "Hark! for his
pp
ad lib. rall.
voice I lis-ten and yearn; It is grow-ing late and dark, And my boy does not re -
ppp colla voce.
- - - turn."
rall al fine.
sempre p e legato.
dim. ppp

Love was once a little boy.

J. A. WADE.



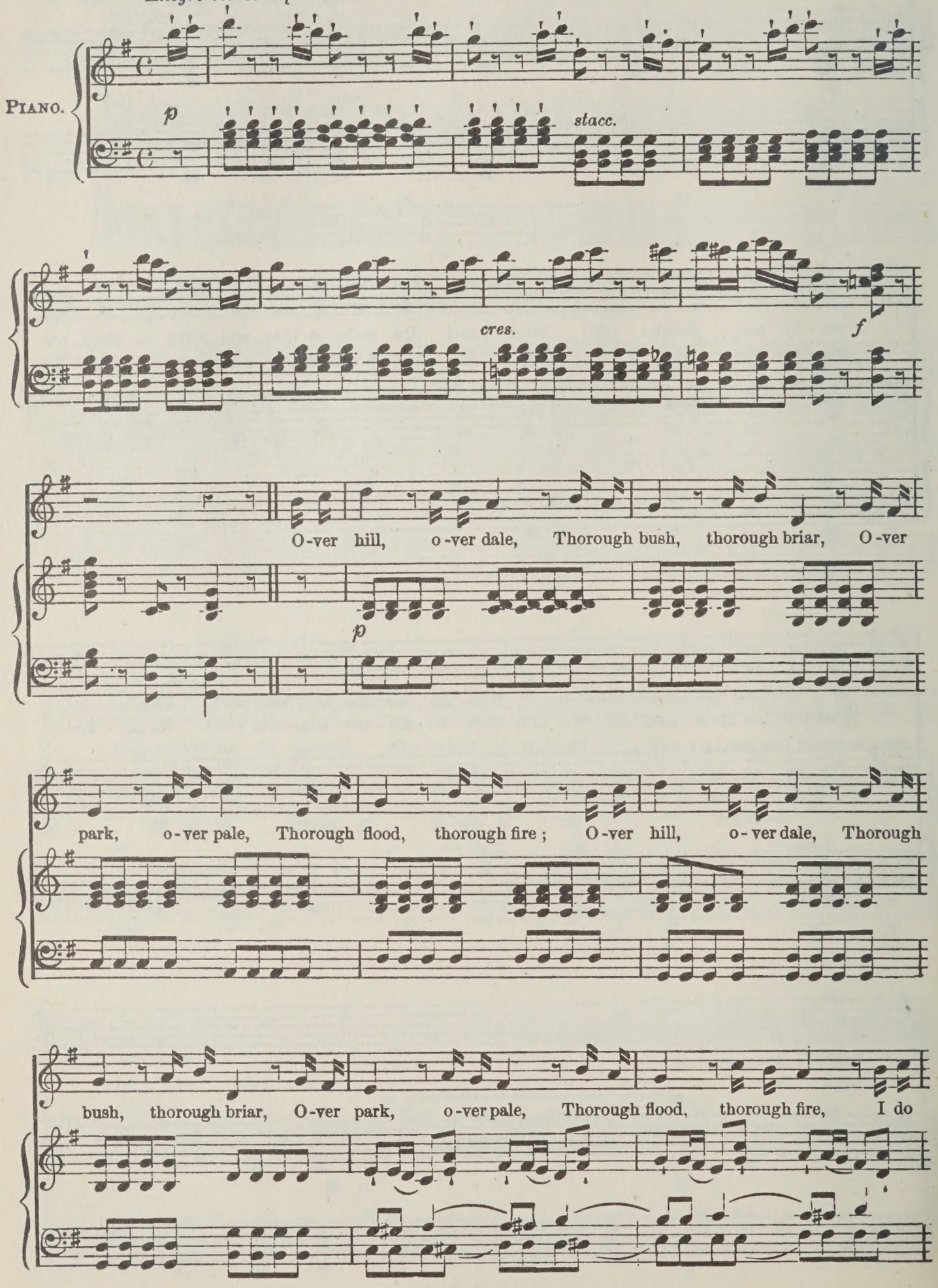

2. Love is now a lit - tle man, Heigh ho! heigh ho! And a ve - ry
3. Love, they say, is grow-ing old, Heigh ho! heigh ho! Half his life's al
p
sau - cy one, Heigh ho! heigh ho! He walks so gay and looks so smart, As
- rea - dy told, Heigh ho! heigh ho! When he's dead and bur - ied too,
f
p
if he own'd each mai-den's heart; I wish he felt his own keen dart, Heigh ho!
What shall we poor mai-dens do? I'm sure I can - not tell— can you? Heigh ho!
cres.
p
heigh ho!
heigh ho!
f
p

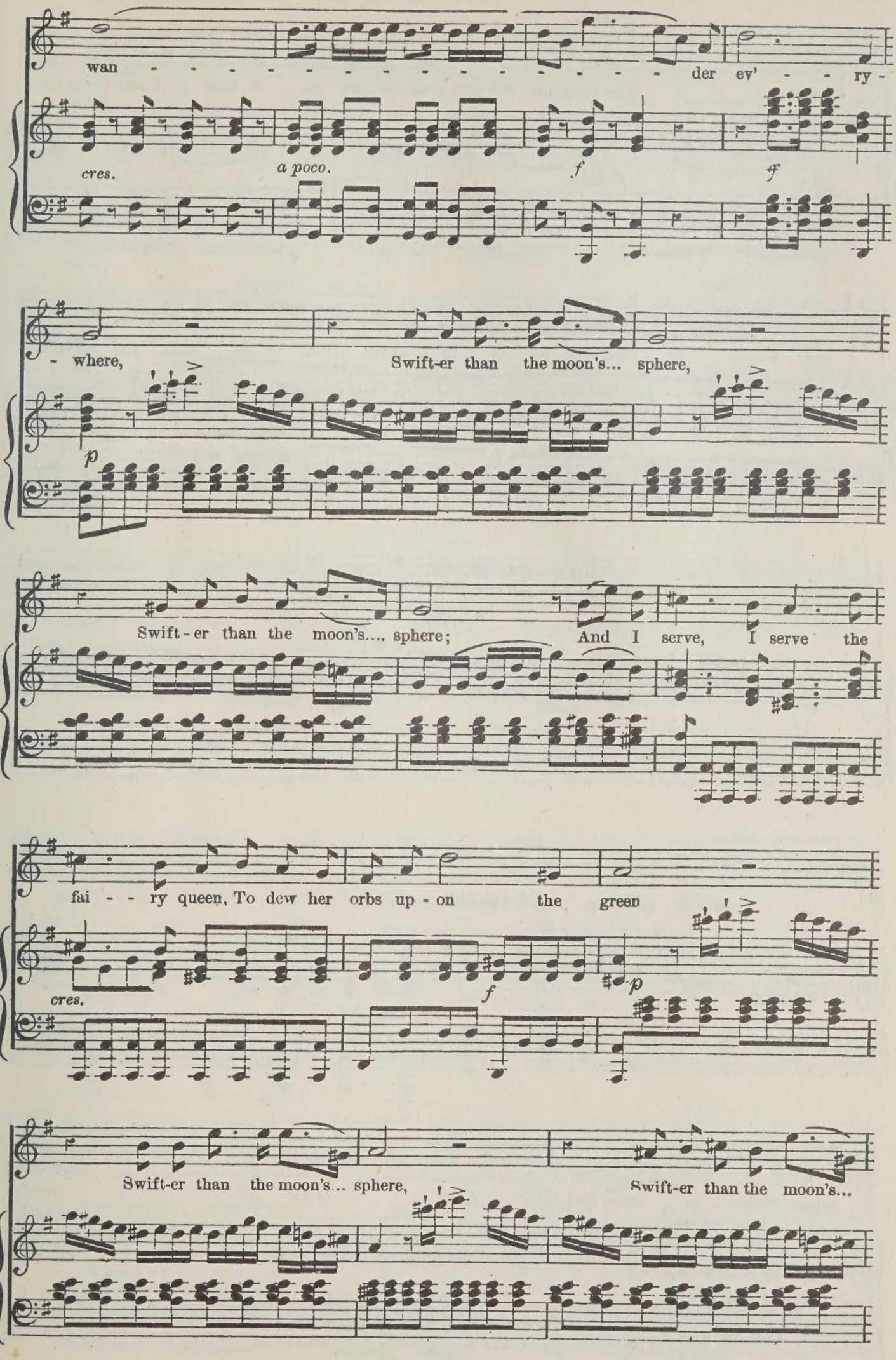
Over hill, over dale.

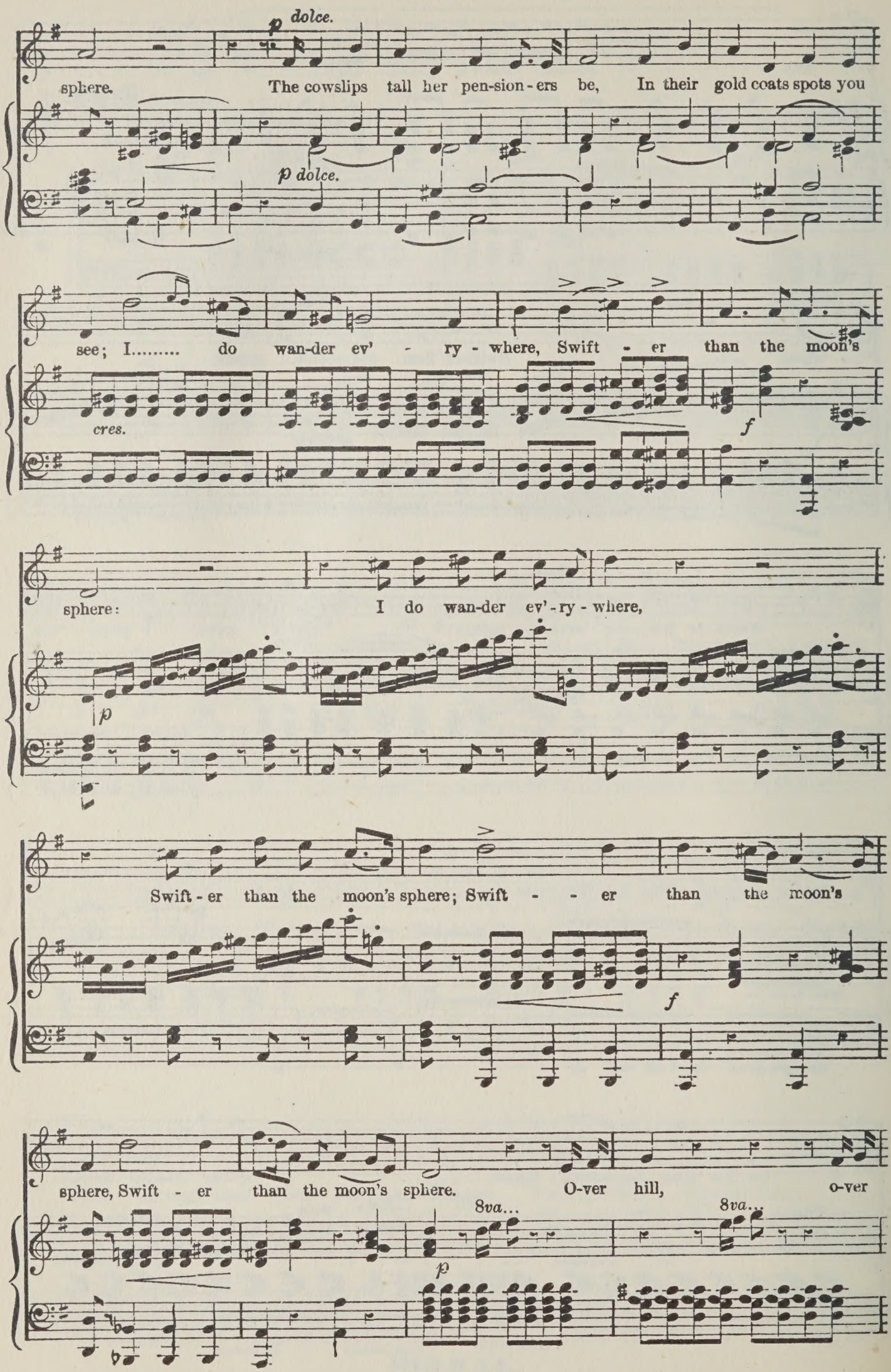
Words by SHAKSPEARE.

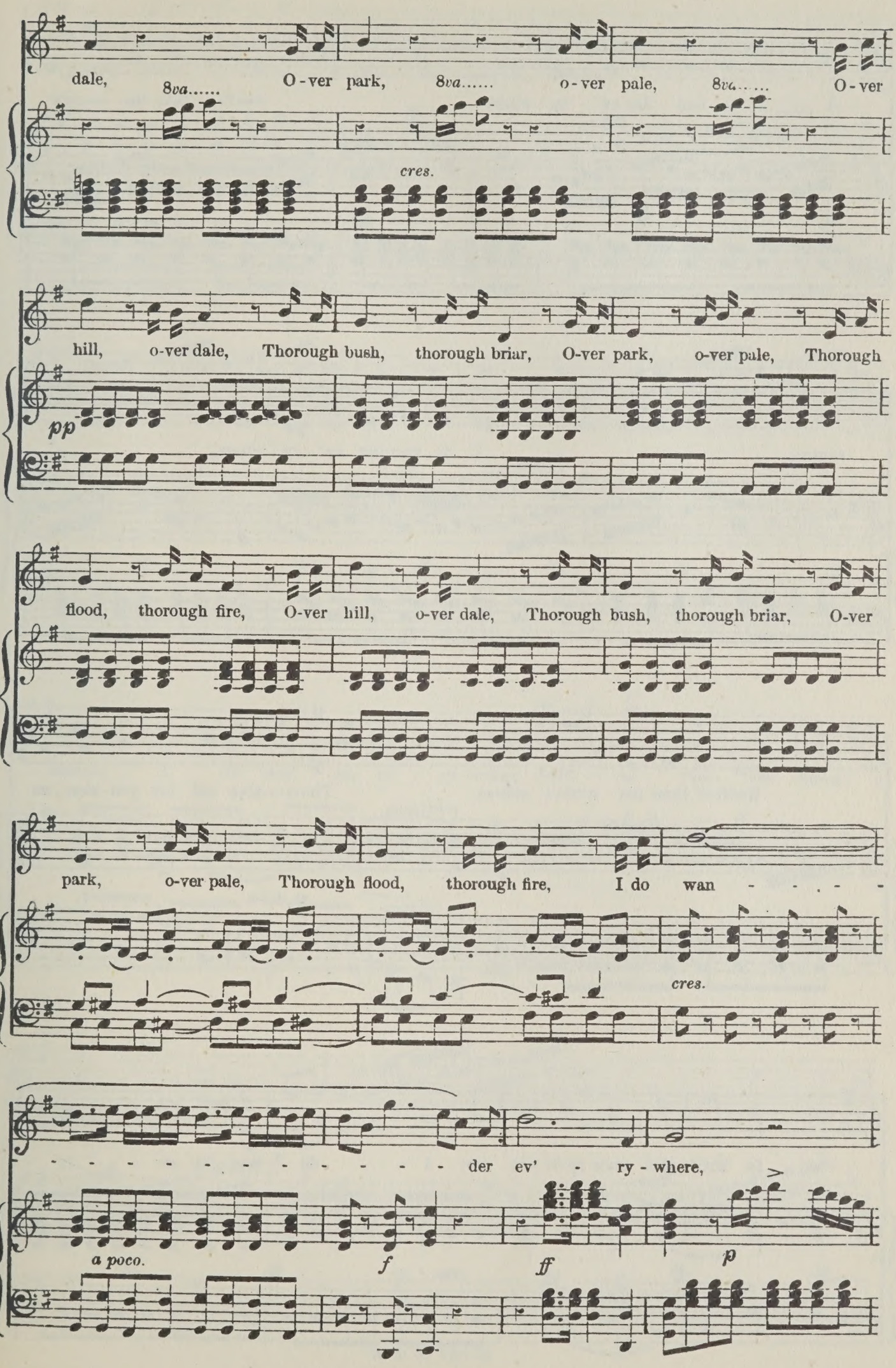
Allegro vivace e spiritoso.

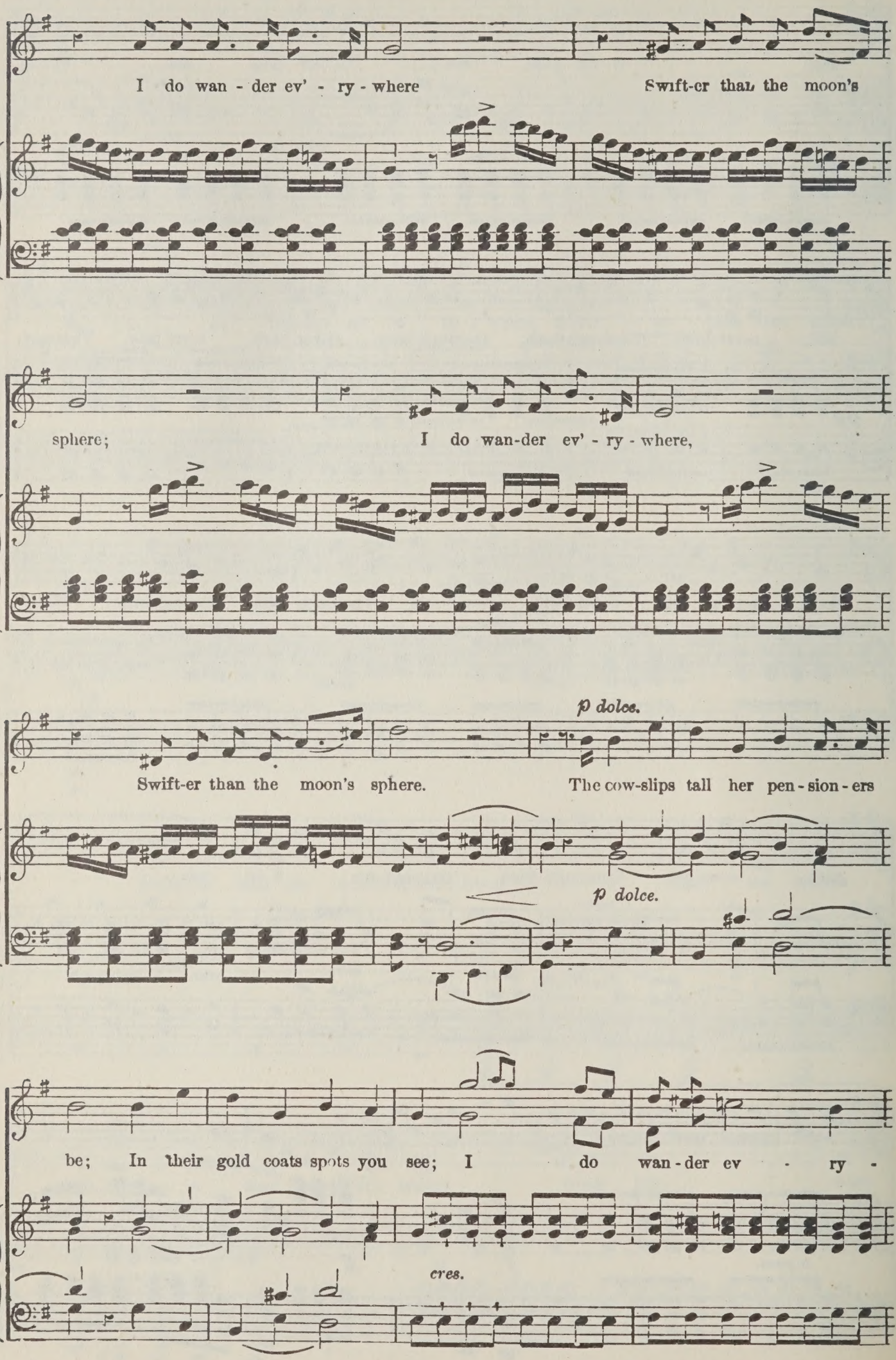
Music by T. COOKE.

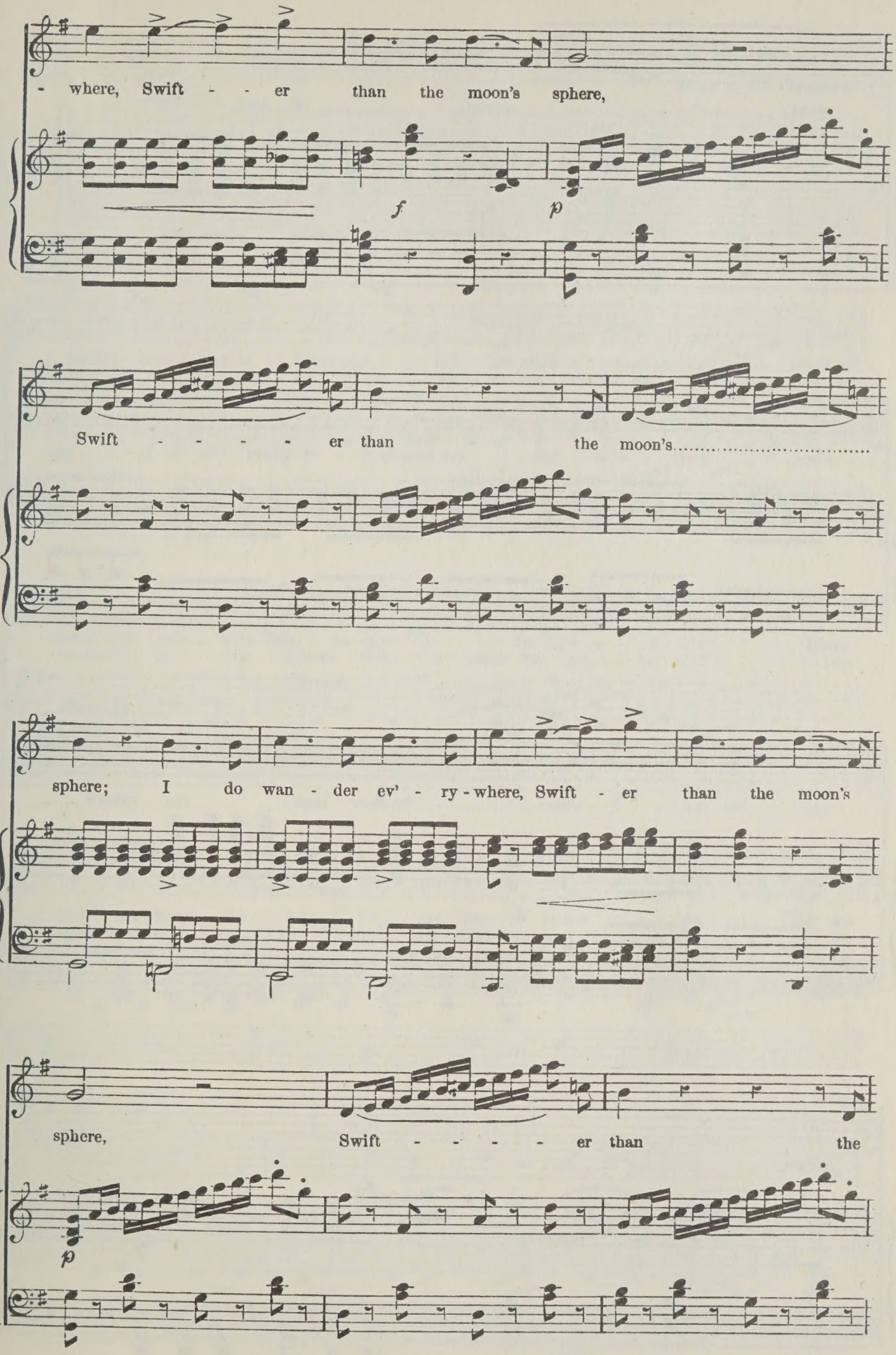


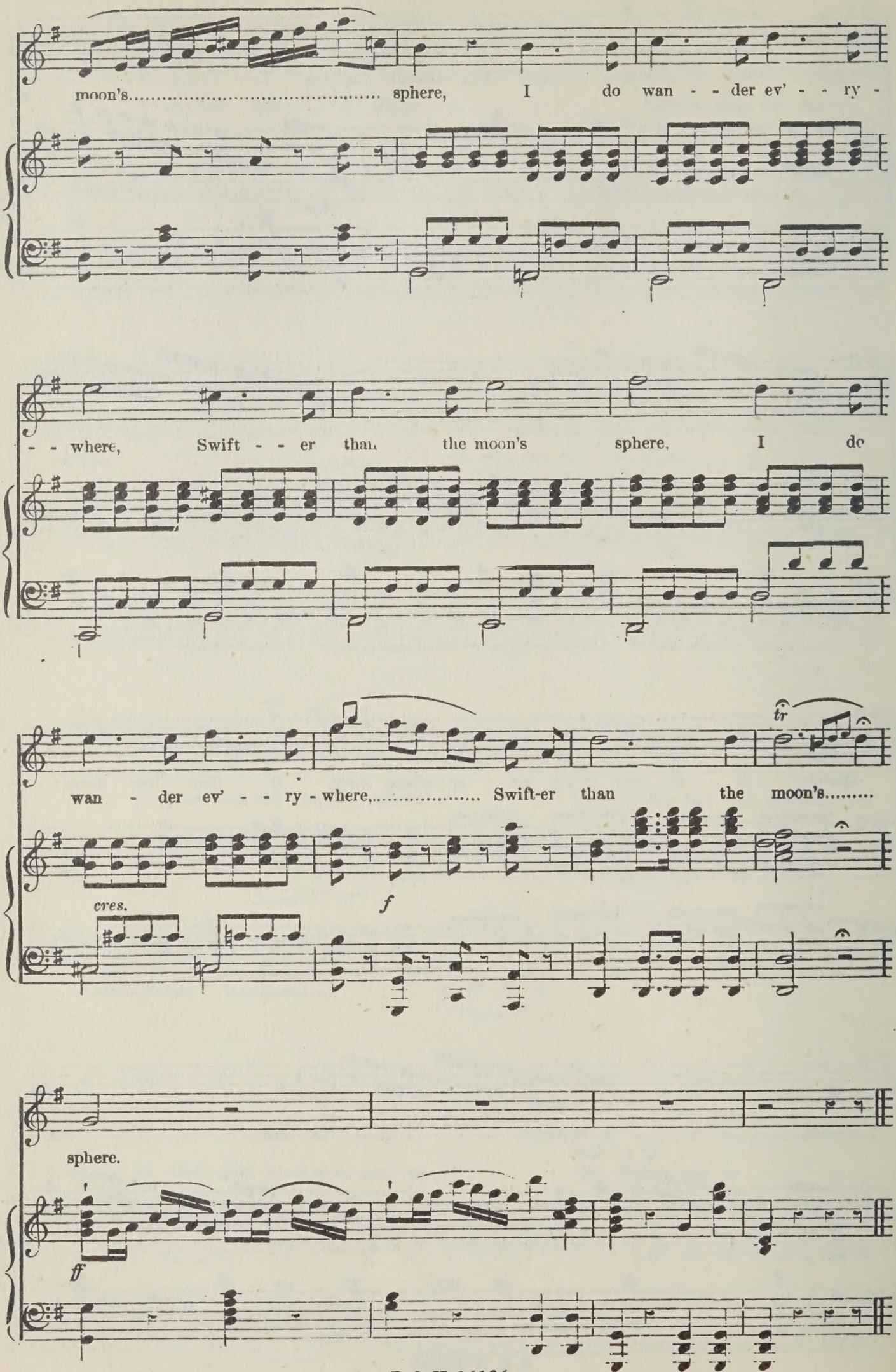

wan - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - der ev' - - ry -
cres.
a poco.
f
ff
- where,
Swift-er than the moon's... sphere,
p
Swift-er than the moon's.... sphere;
And I serve, I serve the
fai - - ry queen, To dew her orbs up - on the green
cres.
f
p
Swift-er than the moon's... sphere,
Swift-er than the moon's...


p dolce.
sphere. The cowslips tall her pen-sion-ers be, In their gold coats spots you
p dolce.
see; I..... do wan-der ev' - ry - where, Swift - er than the moon's
cres.
f
sphere: I do wan-der ev'-ry - where,
p
Swift - er than the moon's sphere; Swift - - er than the moon's
f
sphere, Swift - er than the moon's sphere. O-ver hill, o-ver
8va...
8va...
p


dale, O - ver park, o - ver pale, O - ver
8va..... 8va..... 8va.....
cres.
hill, o-ver dale, Thorough bush, thorough briar, O-ver park, o-ver pale, Thorough
pp
flood, thorough fire, O-ver hill, o-ver dale, Thorough bush, thorough briar, O-ver
park, o-ver pale, Thorough flood, thorough fire, I do wan - - - - -
cres.
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - der ev' - ry - where,
a poco.
f
ff
p


I do wan - der ev' - ry - where
Swift-er thaL the moon's
sphere;
I do wan-der ev' - ry - where,
Swift-er than the moon's sphere.
p dolce.
The cow-slips tall her pen - sion - ers
p dolce.
be; In their gold coats spots you see; I do wan - der ev - ry -
cres.


- where, Swift - - er than the moon's sphere,
f
p
Swift - - - - - er than the moon's.....
sphere; I do wan - der ev' - ry - where, Swift - er than the moon's
sphere, Swift - - - - - er than the
p

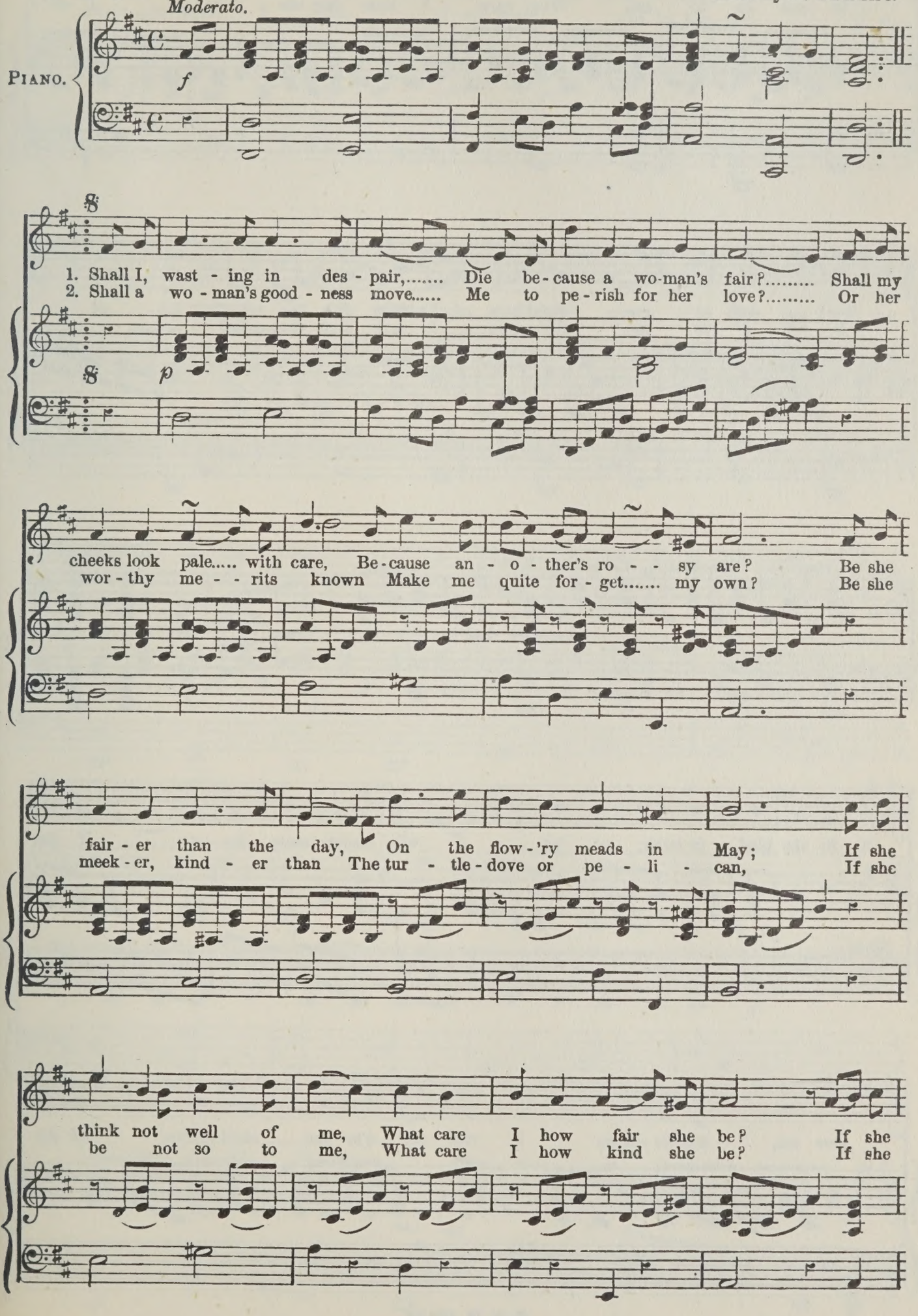

moon's..... sphere, I do wan - - der ev' - - ry -
- - where, Swift - - er than the moon's sphere, I do
wan - der ev' - - ry - where,..... Swift-er than the moon's.....
tr
cres.
f
sphere.
ff

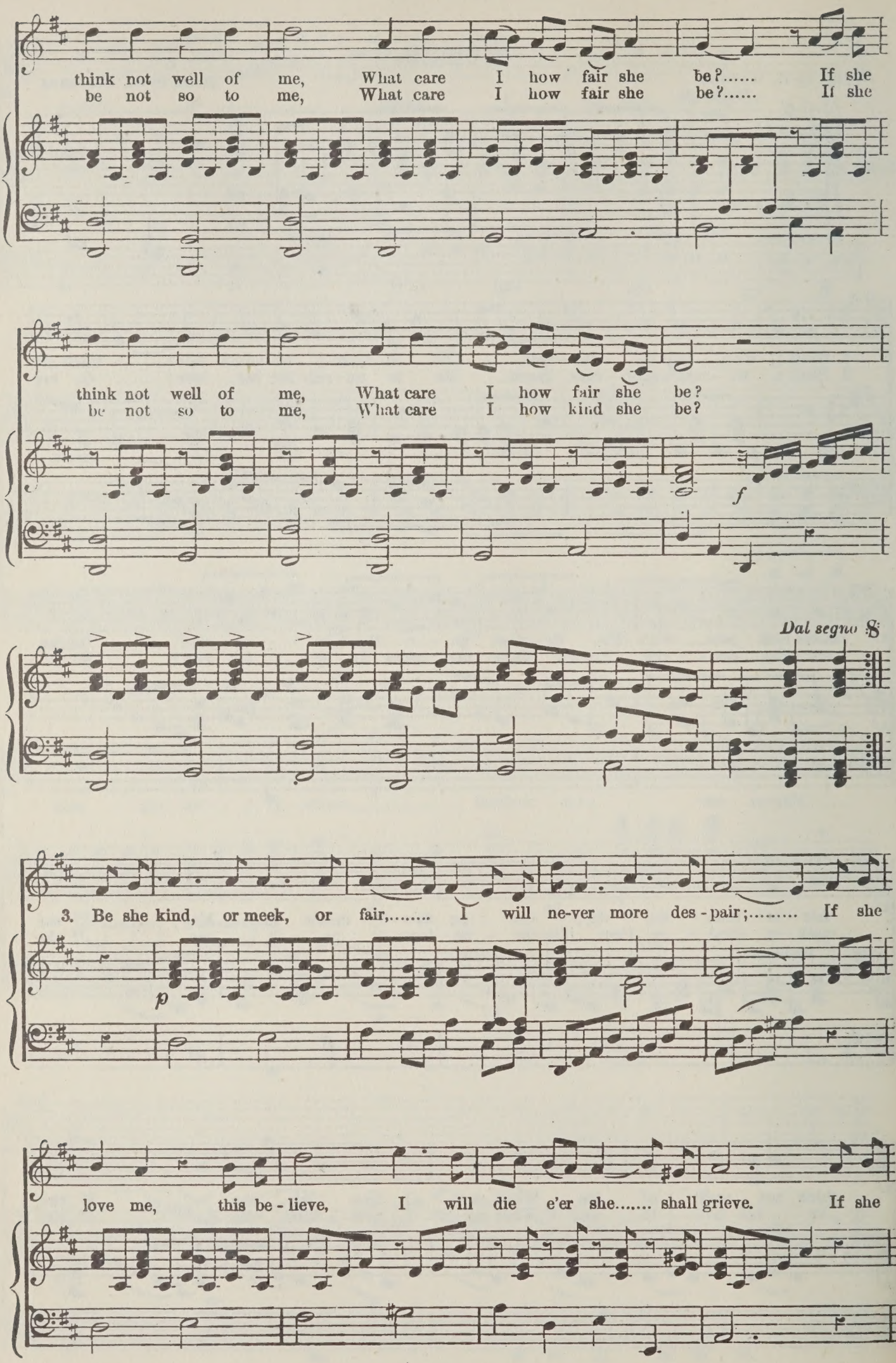
Woman.

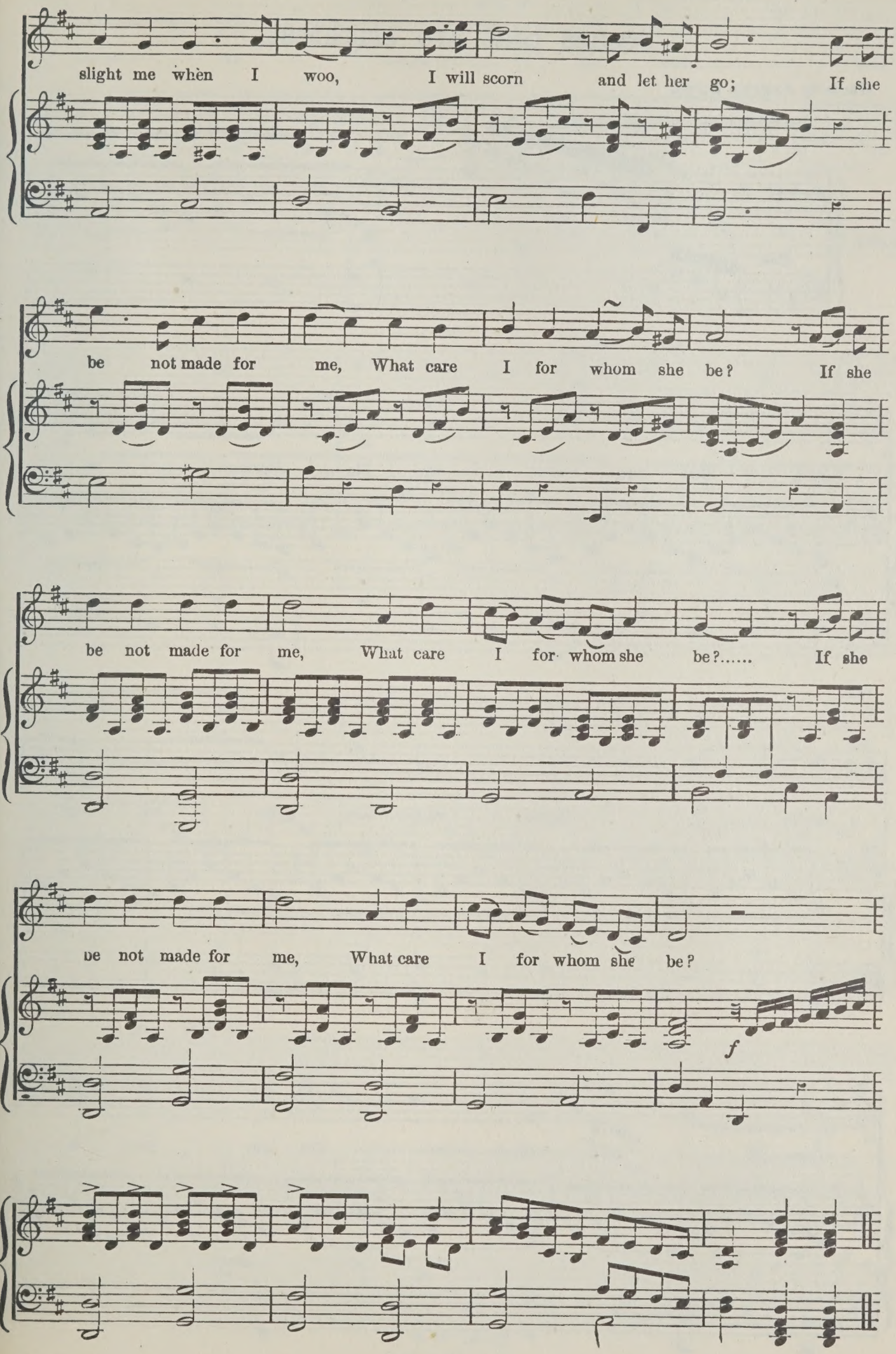
Words by G. WITHER. Music by H. PHILLIPS.

Moderato.

PIANO.




think not well of me, What care I how fair she be?..... If she
be not so to me, What care I how fair she be?..... If she
think not well of me, What care I how fair she be?
be not so to me, What care I how kind she be?
f
Dal segno 𝄋
3. Be she kind, or meek, or fair,..... I will ne-ver more des - pair;..... If she
p
love me, this be - lieve, I will die e'er she..... shall grieve. If she


slight me when I woo, I will scorn and let her go; If she
be not made for me, What care I for whom she be? If she
be not made for me, What care I for whom she be?..... If she
be not made for me, What care I for whom she be?
f

Scenes that are brightest.

Words by ALFRED BUNN.

Music by W. VINCENT WALLACE.

Cantabile e con molto semplicita.

Sva.....

PIANO.

pp

p

Ped.

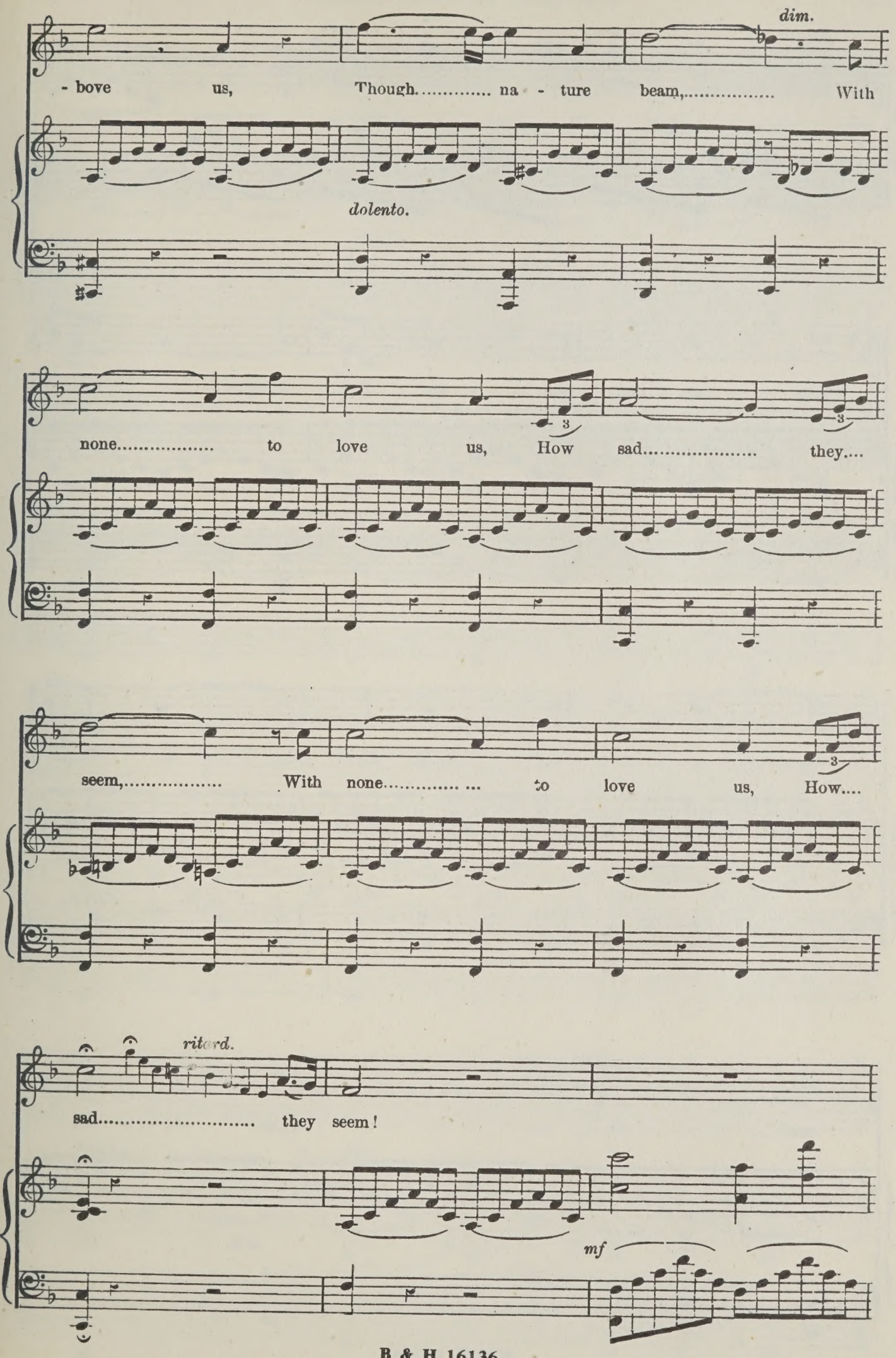
Scenes that are bright - - est May... charm..... a - -

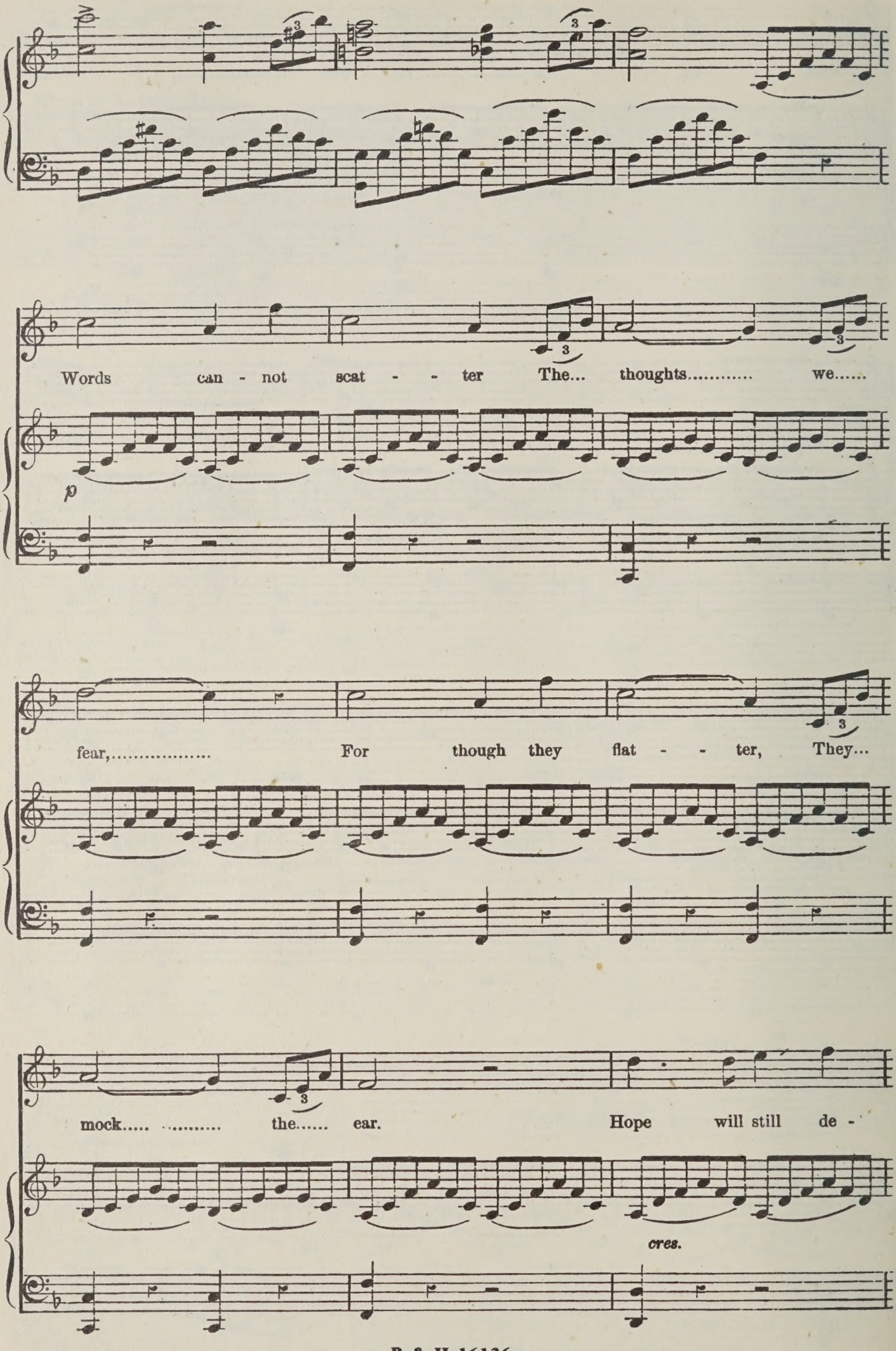
p

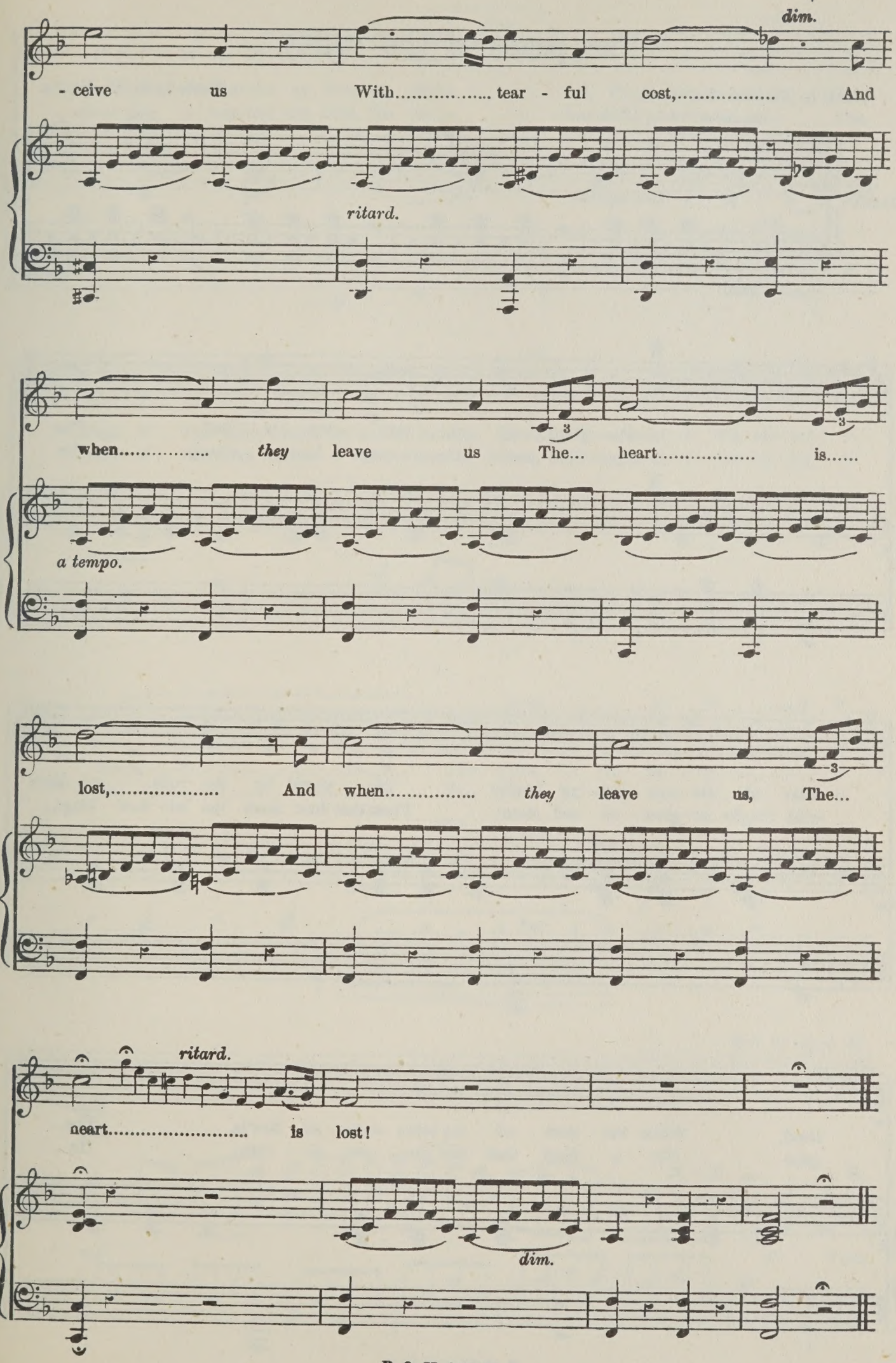
- while..... Hearts which are light - - est, And....

eyes..... that.. smile; Yet o'er them a - -

cres.

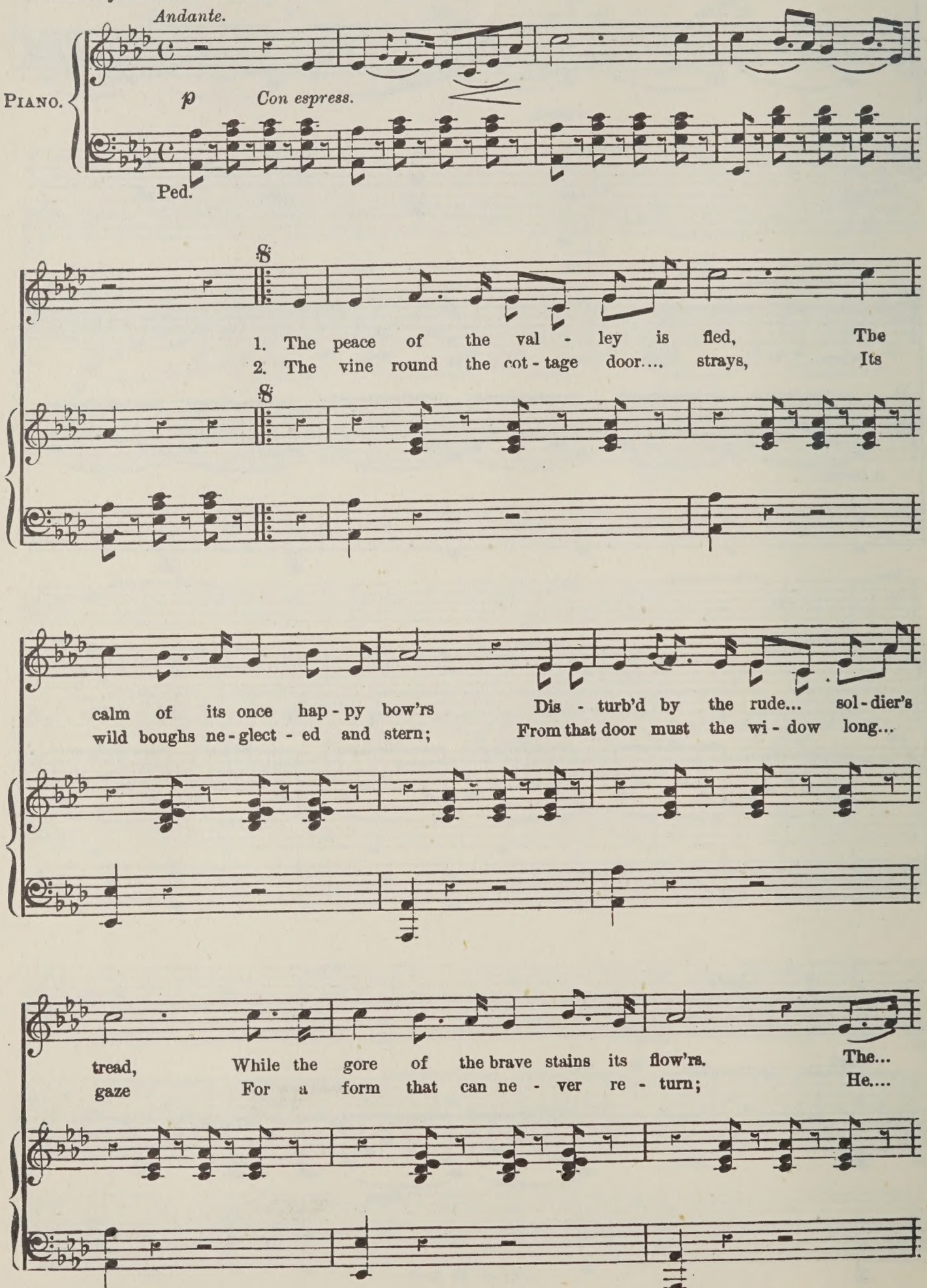

dim.
- bove us, Though..... na - ture beam,..... With
dolento.
none..... to love us, How sad..... they....
seem,..... With none..... ... to love us, How....
ritard.
sad..... they seem!
mf

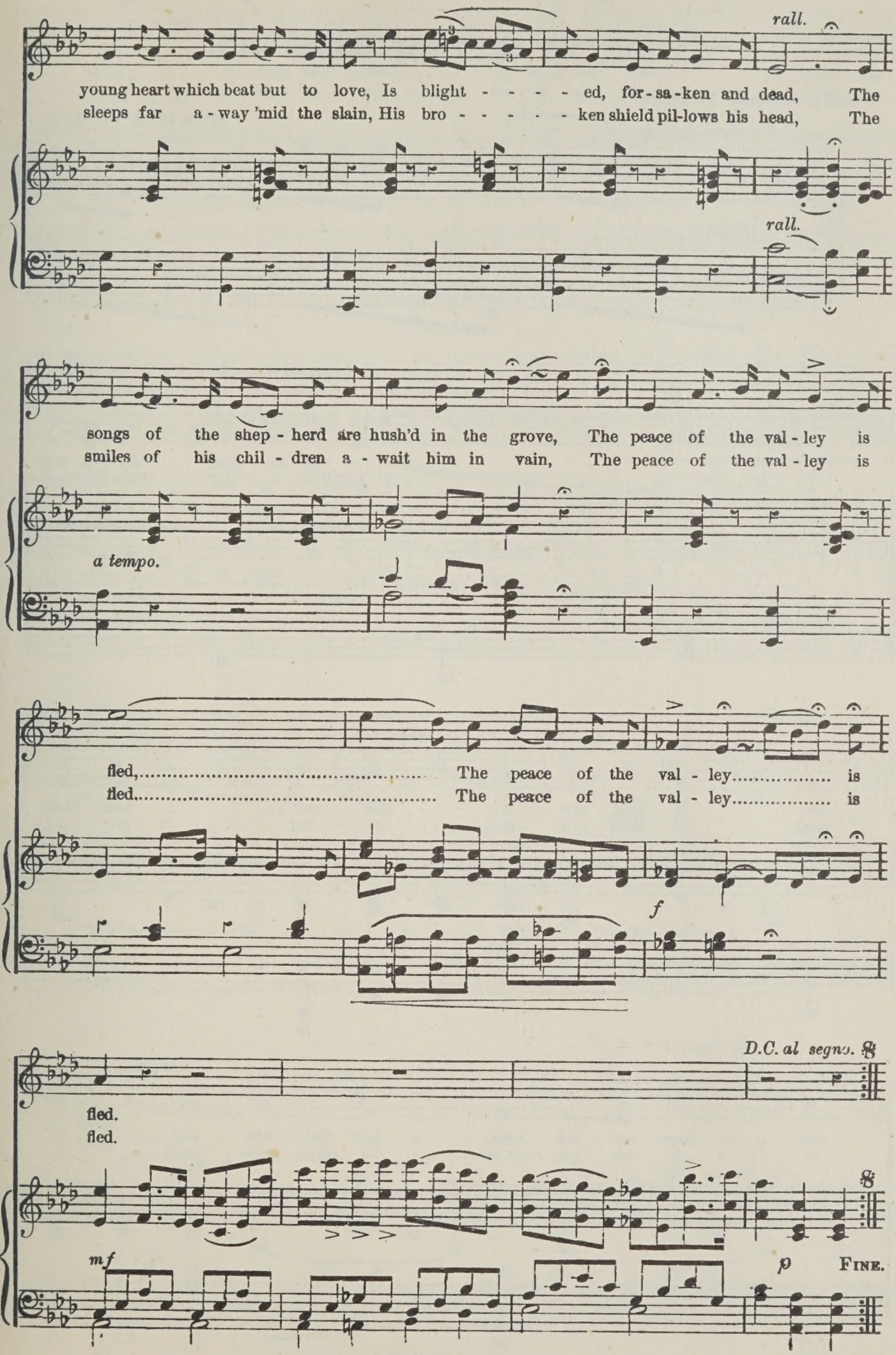

Words can - not scat - - ter The... thoughts..... we.....
p
fear,..... For though they flat - - ter, They...
mock..... ..... the..... ear. Hope will still de -
cres.


dim.
- ceive us With..... tear - ful cost,..... And
ritard.
when..... they leave us The... heart..... is.....
a tempo.
lost,..... And when..... they leave us, The...
ritard.
neart..... is lost!
dim.

The peace of the valley.

Words by EDWARD FITZBALL. Music by M. W. BALFE.

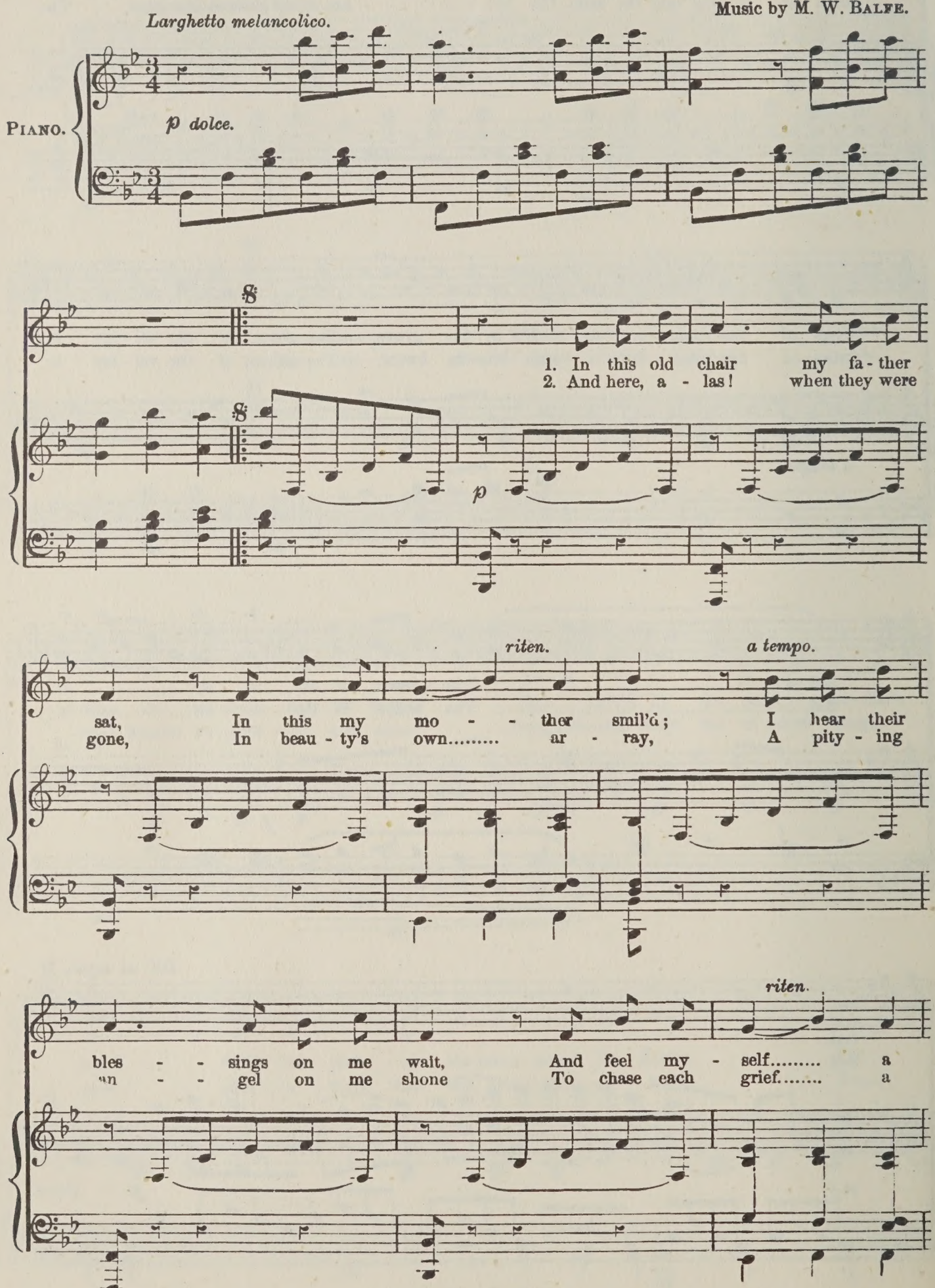


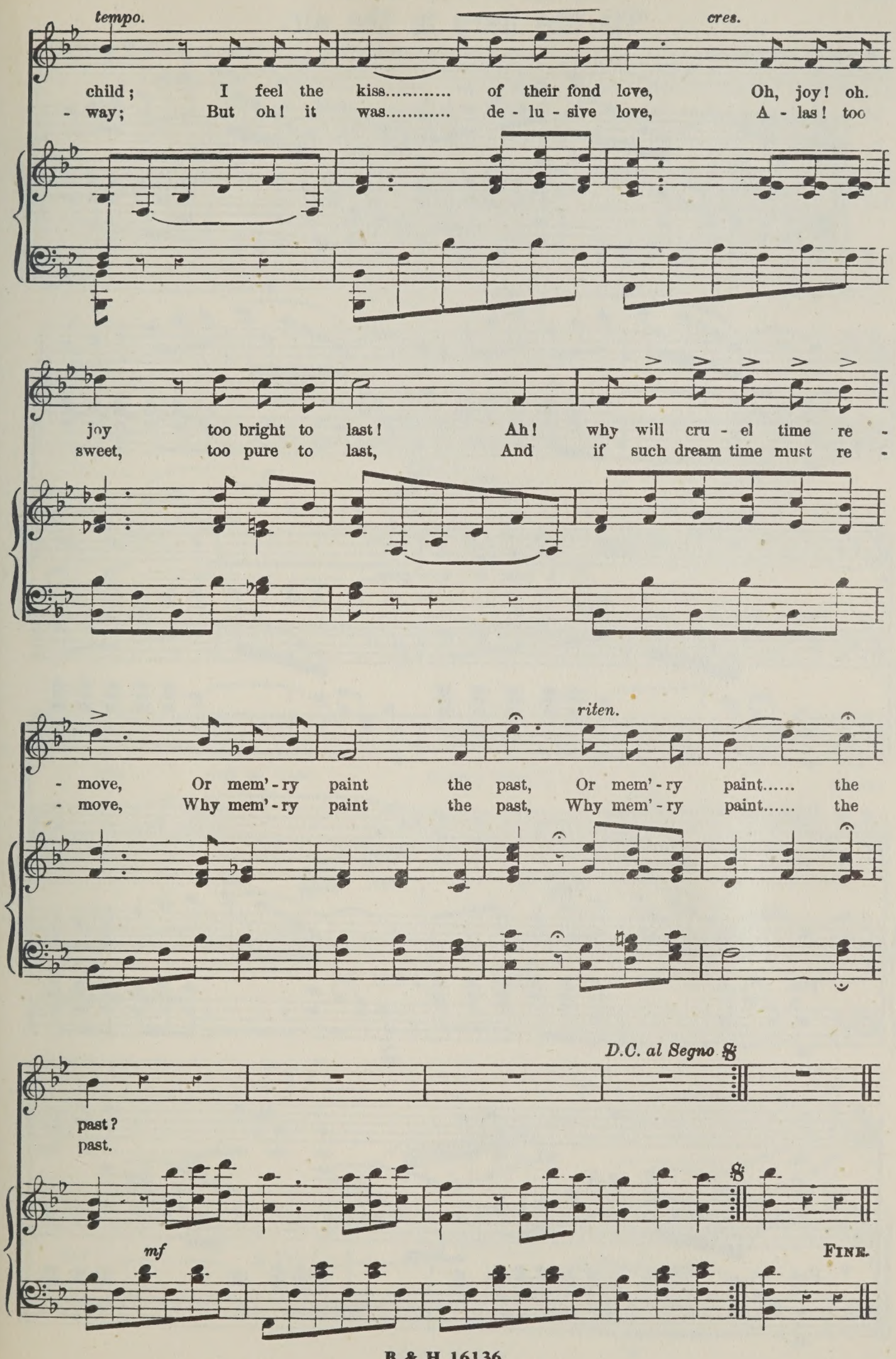

rall.
young heart which beat but to love, Is blight - - - - - ed, for-sa-ken and dead, The
sleeps far a-way 'mid the slain, His bro - - - - - - ken shield pil-lows his head, The
rall.
songs of the shep-herd are hush'd in the grove, The peace of the val-ley is
smiles of his chil-dren a-wait him in vain, The peace of the val-ley is
a tempo.
fled,..... The peace of the val-ley..... is
fled..... The peace of the val-ley..... is
f
D.C. al segno. 𝄋
fled.
fled.
𝄋
mf
p
FINE.

In this old chair my father sat.

Words by EDWARD FITZBALL.

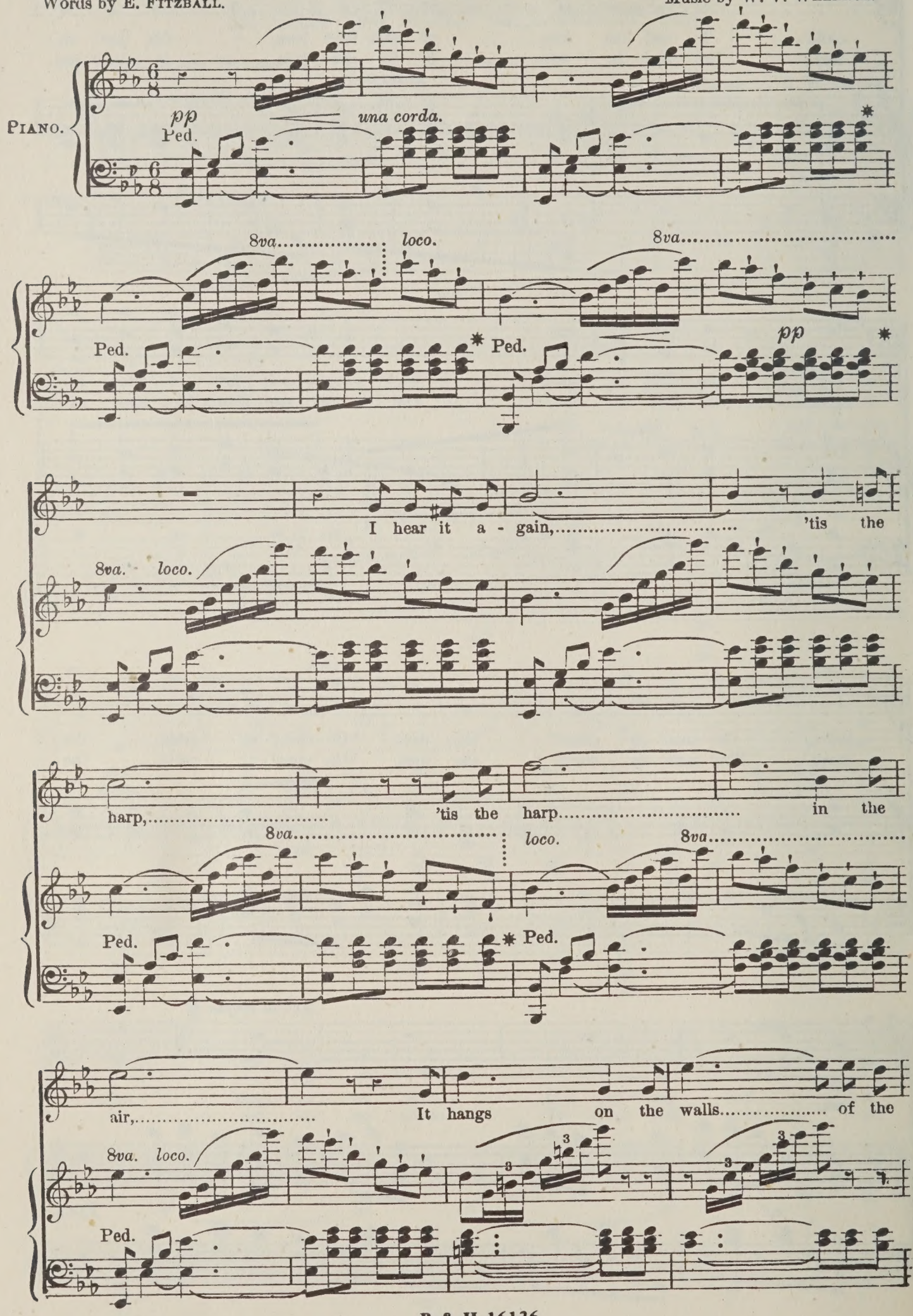
Music by M. W. BALFE.

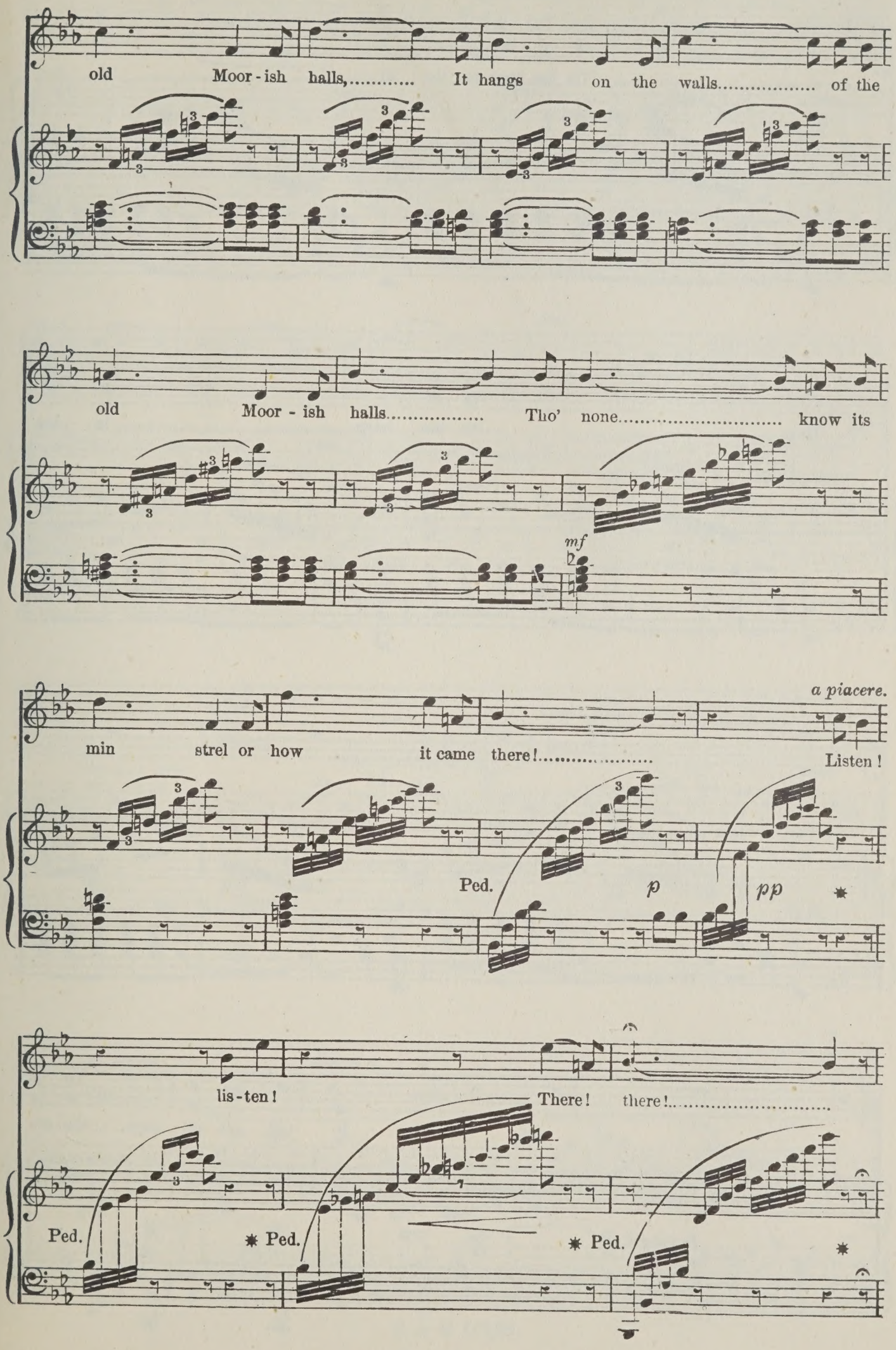


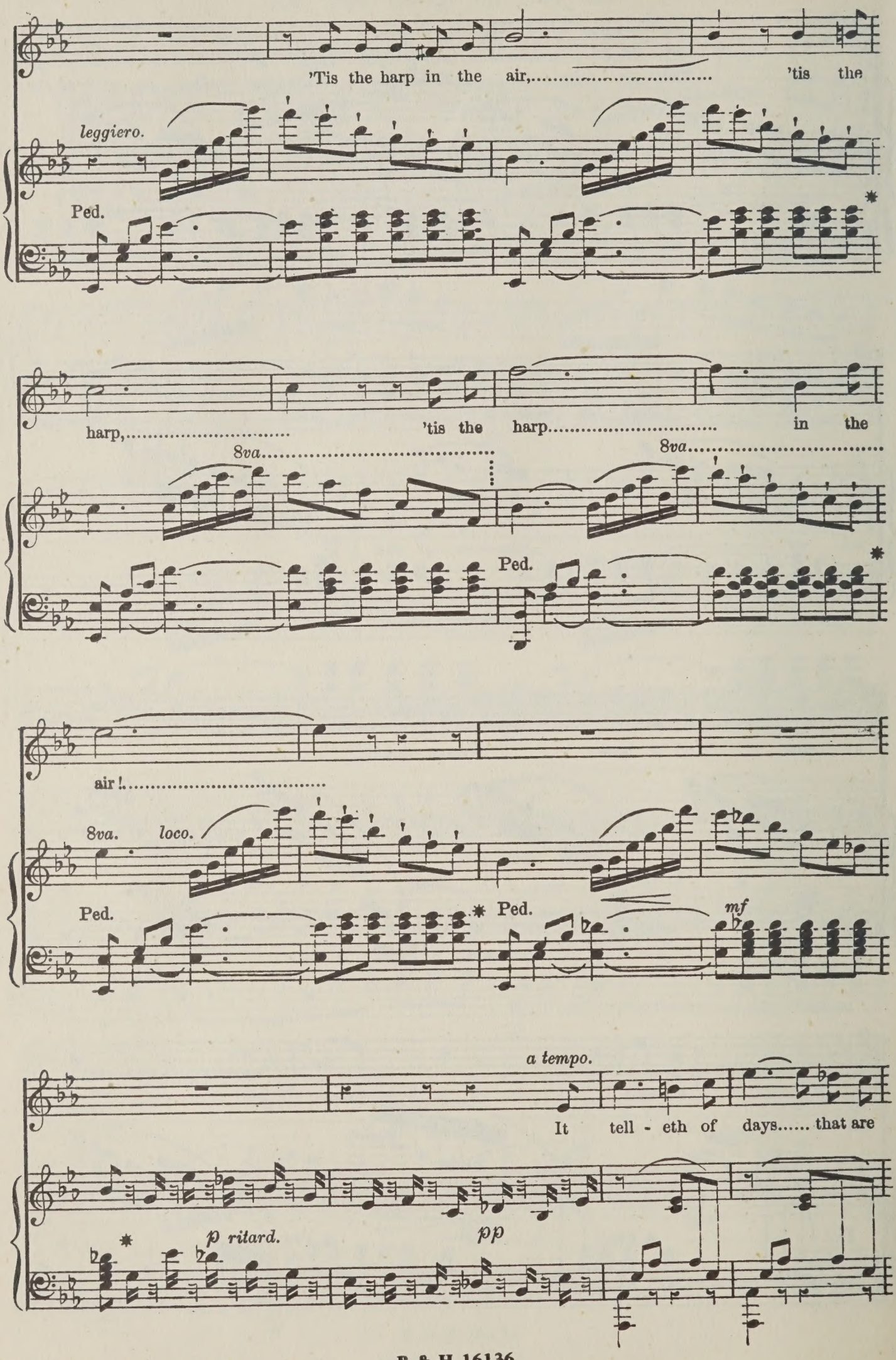

tempo.
cres.
child; I feel the kiss..... of their fond love, Oh, joy! oh.
- way; But oh! it was..... de - lu - sive love, A - las! too
joy too bright to last! Ah! why will cru - el time re -
sweet, too pure to last, And if such dream time must re -
riten.
- move, Or mem' - ry paint the past, Or mem' - ry paint..... the
- move, Why mem' - ry paint the past, Why mem' - ry paint..... the
D.C. al Segno 𝄋
past?
past.
mf
FINE.

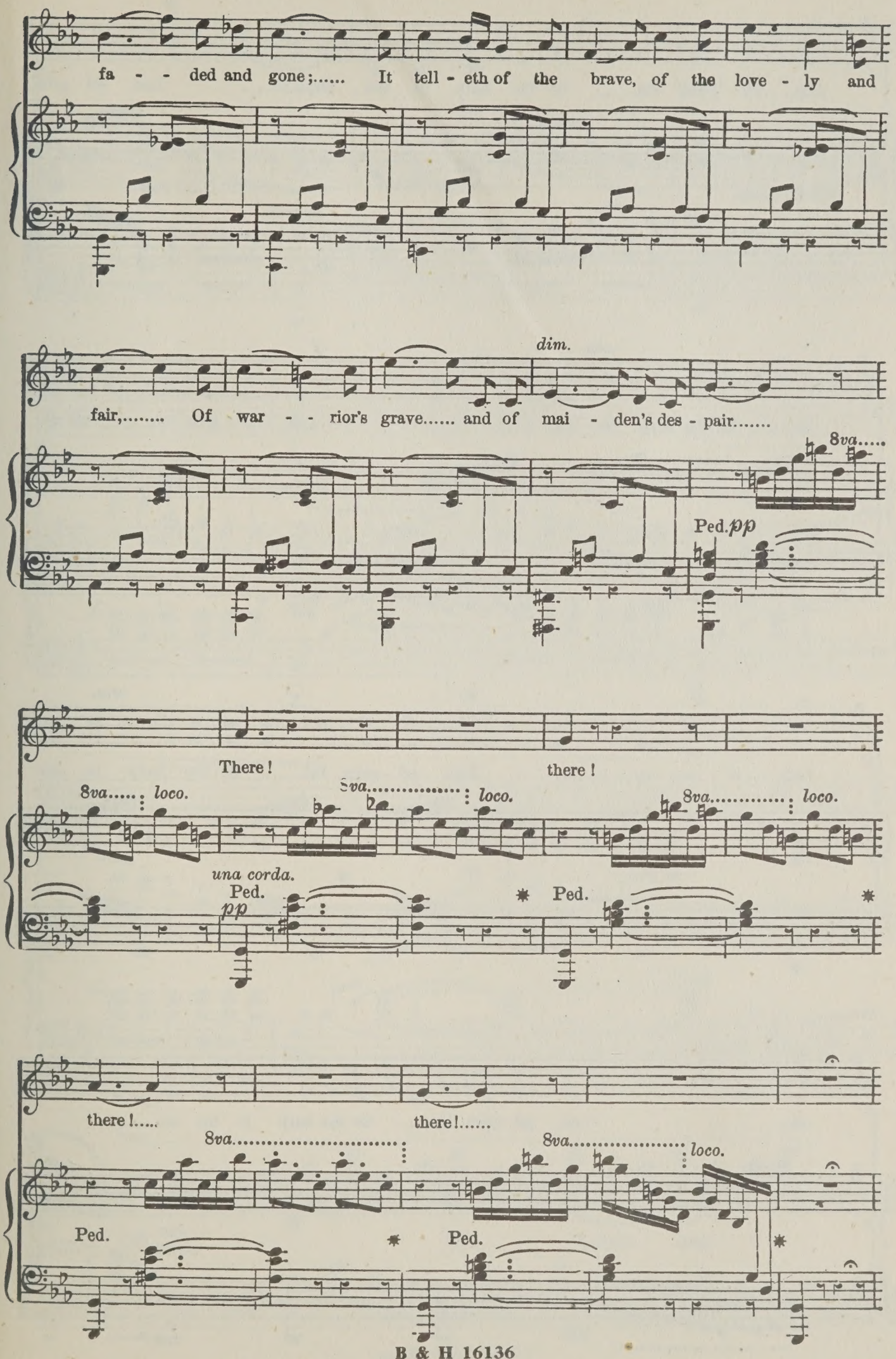
'Tis the harp in the air.

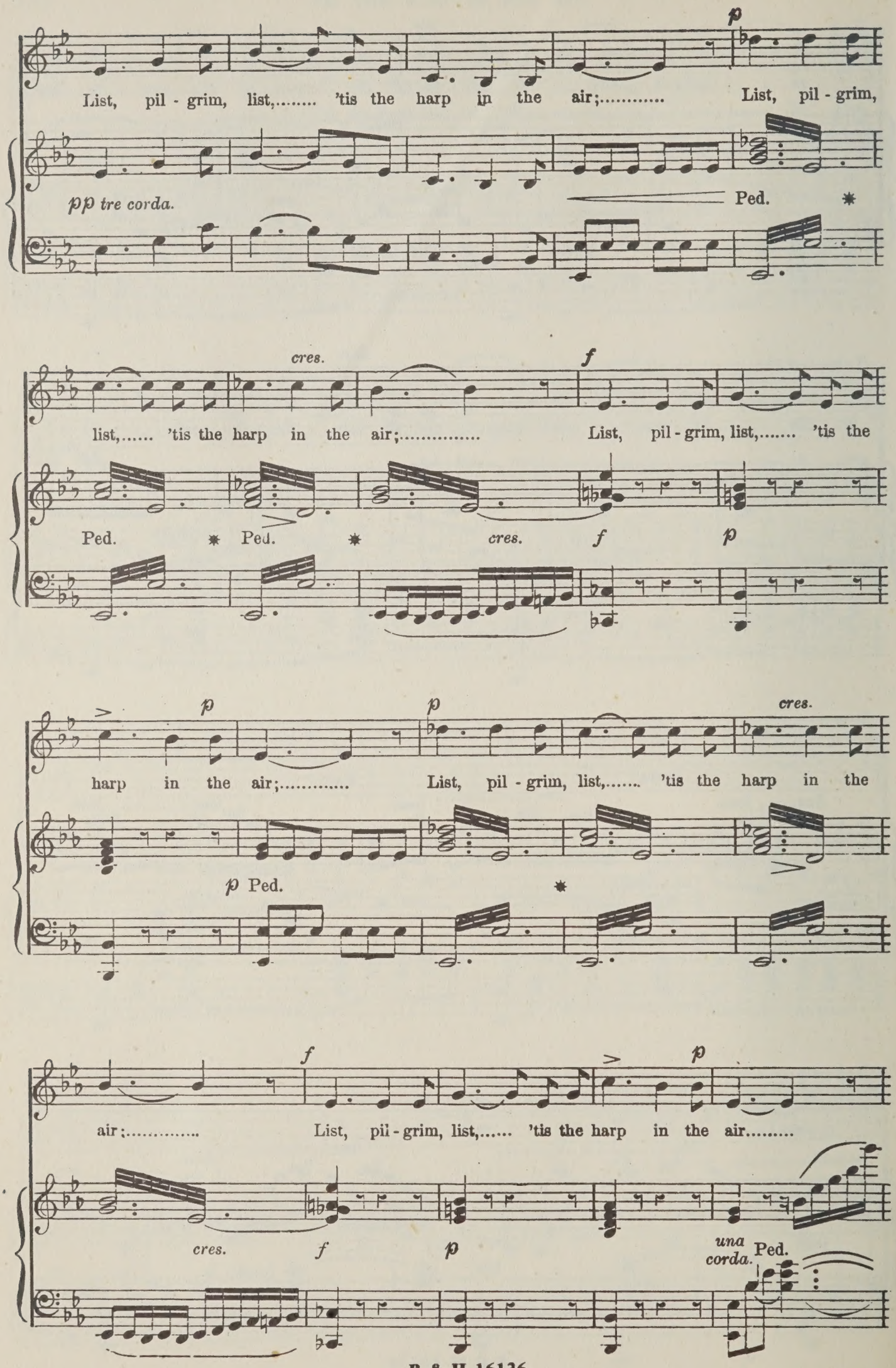
Words by E. FITZBALL. Music by W. V. WALLACE.

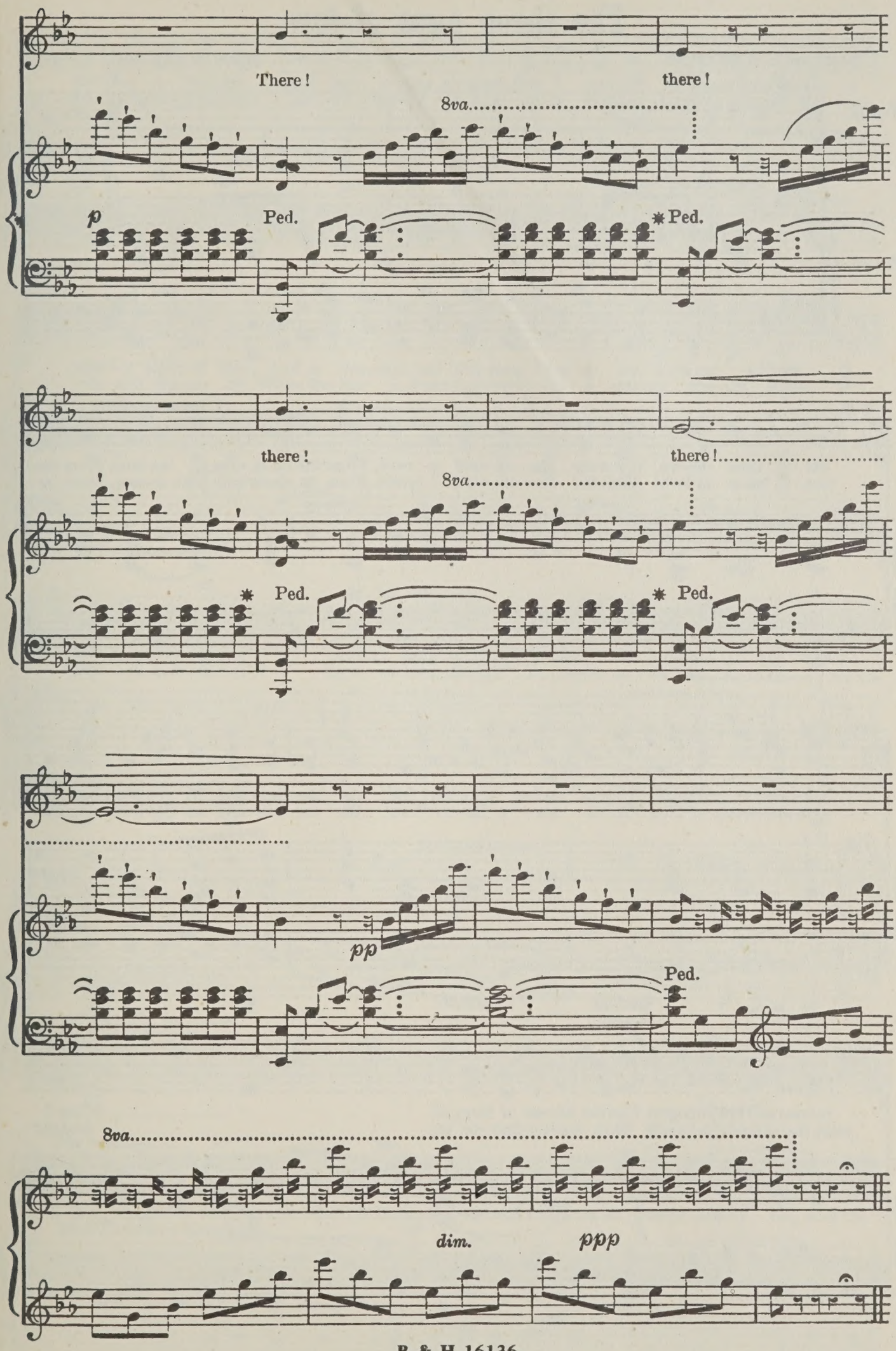



old Moor-ish halls,..... It hangs on the walls..... of the
old Moor-ish halls..... Tho' none..... know its
mf
min strel or how it came there!.....
a piacere.
Listen!
Ped.
p
pp
lis-ten!
There! there!.....
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


'Tis the harp in the air,..... 'tis the
leggiero.
Ped.
harp,..... 'tis the harp..... in the
8va.....
8va.....
Ped.
air!.....
8va. loco.
Ped.
Ped.
mf
a tempo.
It tell - eth of days..... that are
p ritard.
pp


fa - - ded and gone;..... It tell - eth of the brave, of the love - ly and
dim.
fair,..... Of war - - rior's grave..... and of mai - den's des - pair.....
8va.....
Ped. pp
There!
there!
8va..... loco.
8va..... loco.
8va..... loco.
una corda.
Ped.
pp
Ped.
there!.....
there!.....
8va.....
8va..... loco.
Ped.
Ped.

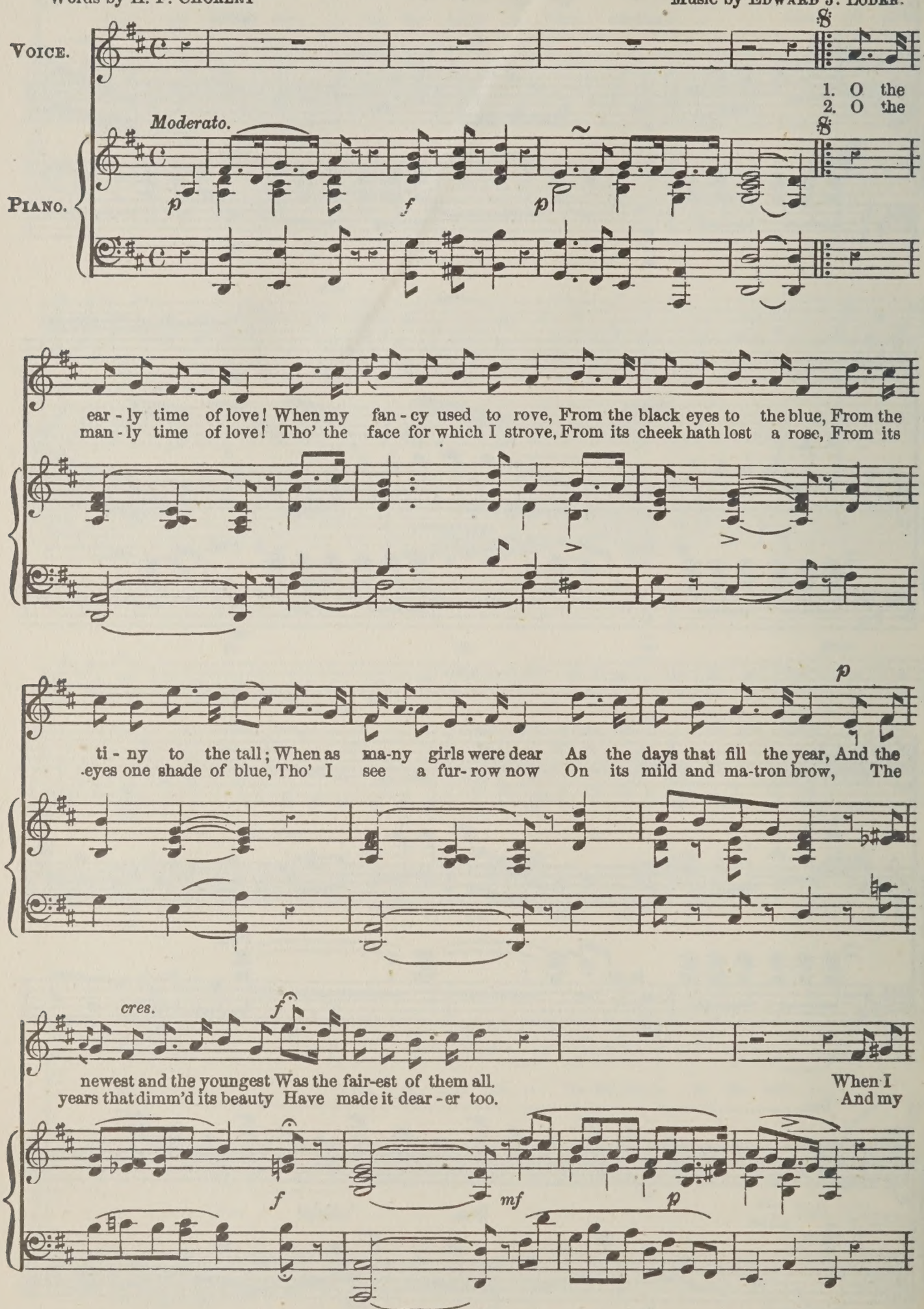

p
List, pil - grim, list,..... 'tis the harp in the air;..... List, pil - grim,
pp tre corda.
Ped.
cres.
f
list,..... 'tis the harp in the air;..... List, pil - grim, list,..... 'tis the
Ped. Ped. cres. f p
p p cres.
harp in the air;..... List, pil - grim, list,..... 'tis the harp in the
p Ped.
f p
air;..... List, pil - grim, list,..... 'tis the harp in the air.....
cres. f p
una corda. Ped.

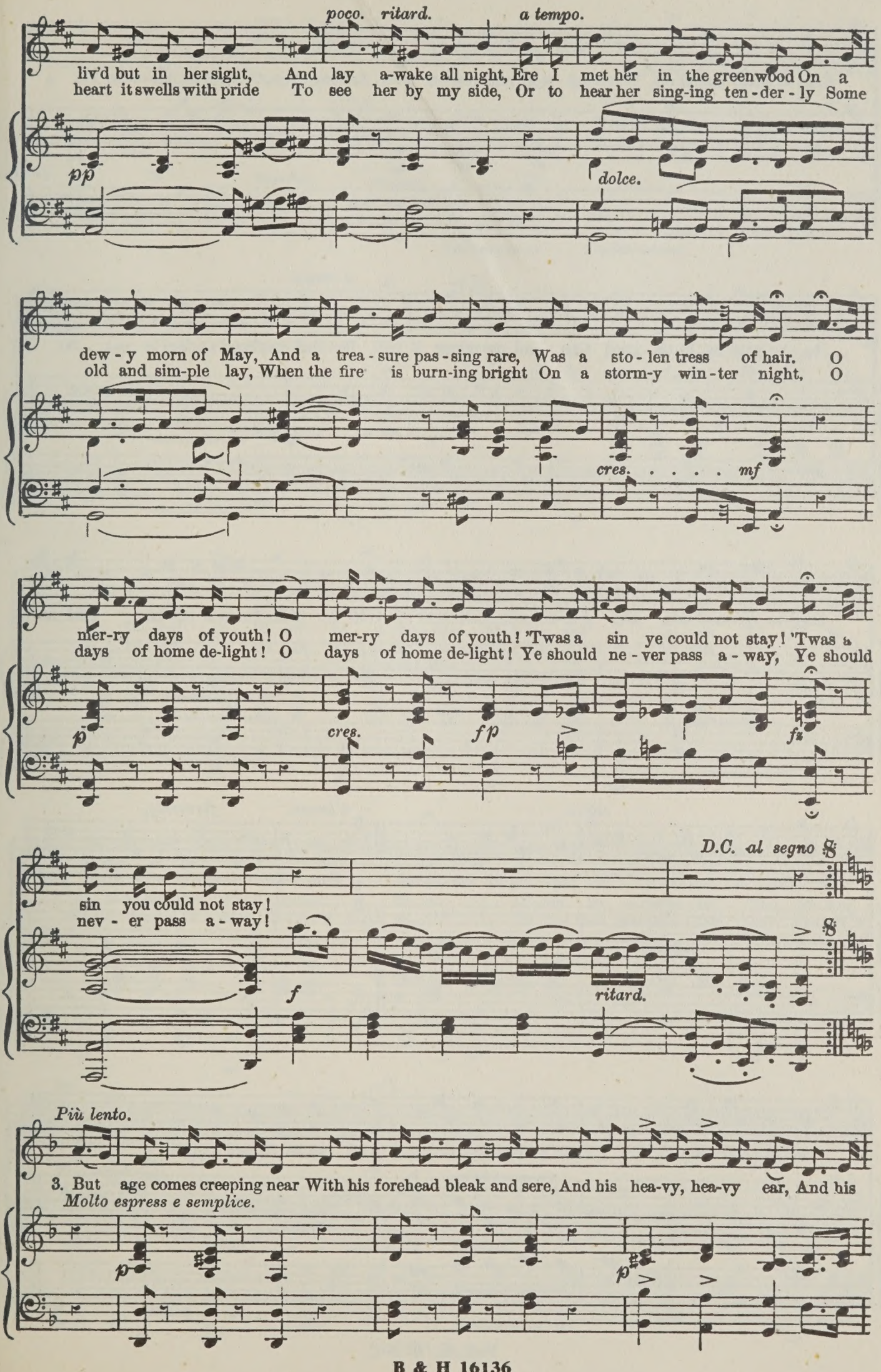

There !
there !
8va
p
Ped.
Ped.
there !
there !
8va
Ped.
Ped.
pp
Ped.
8va
dim.
ppp

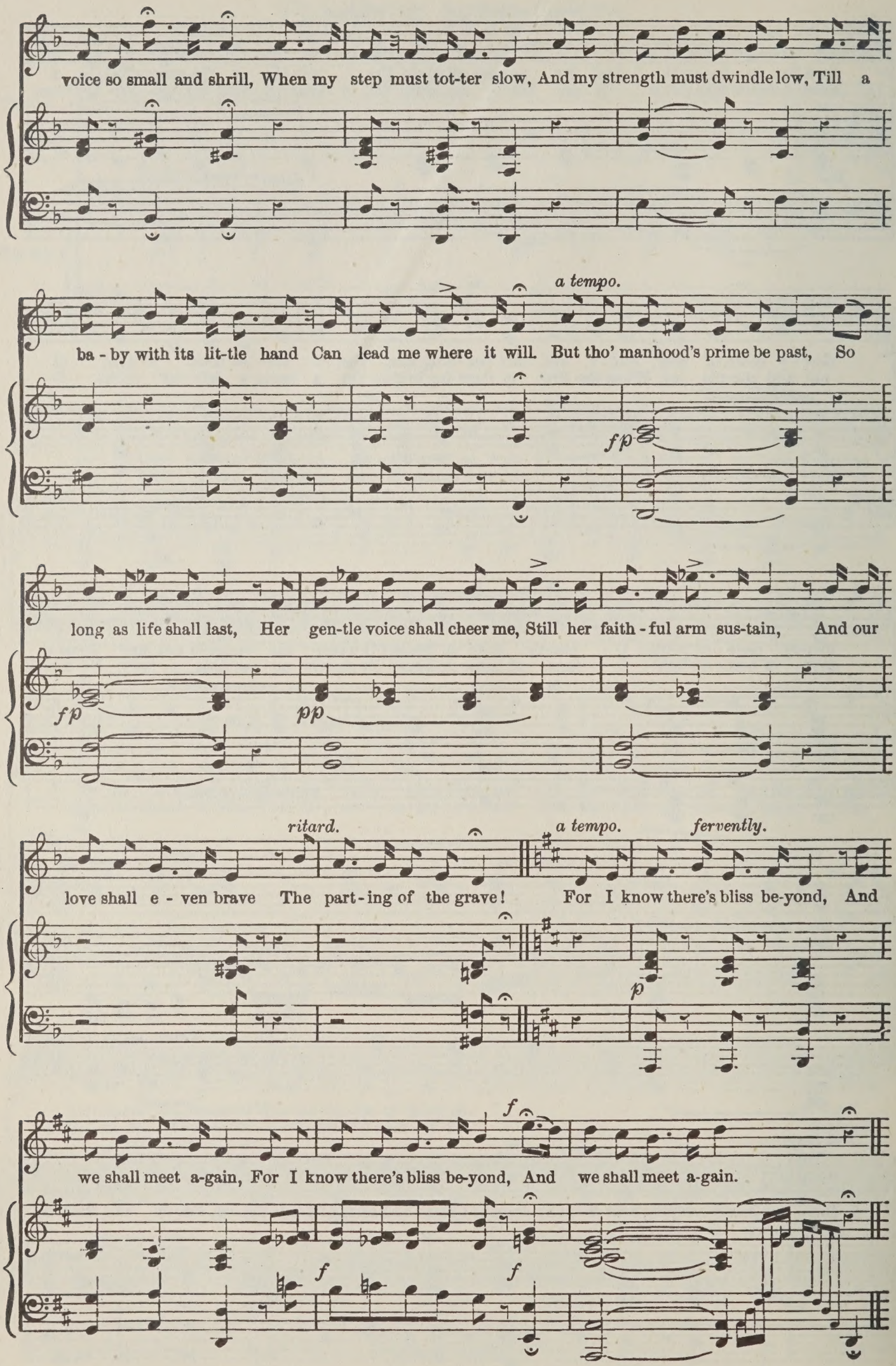
The three ages of love.

Words by H. F. CHORLEY

Music by EDWARD J. LODER.



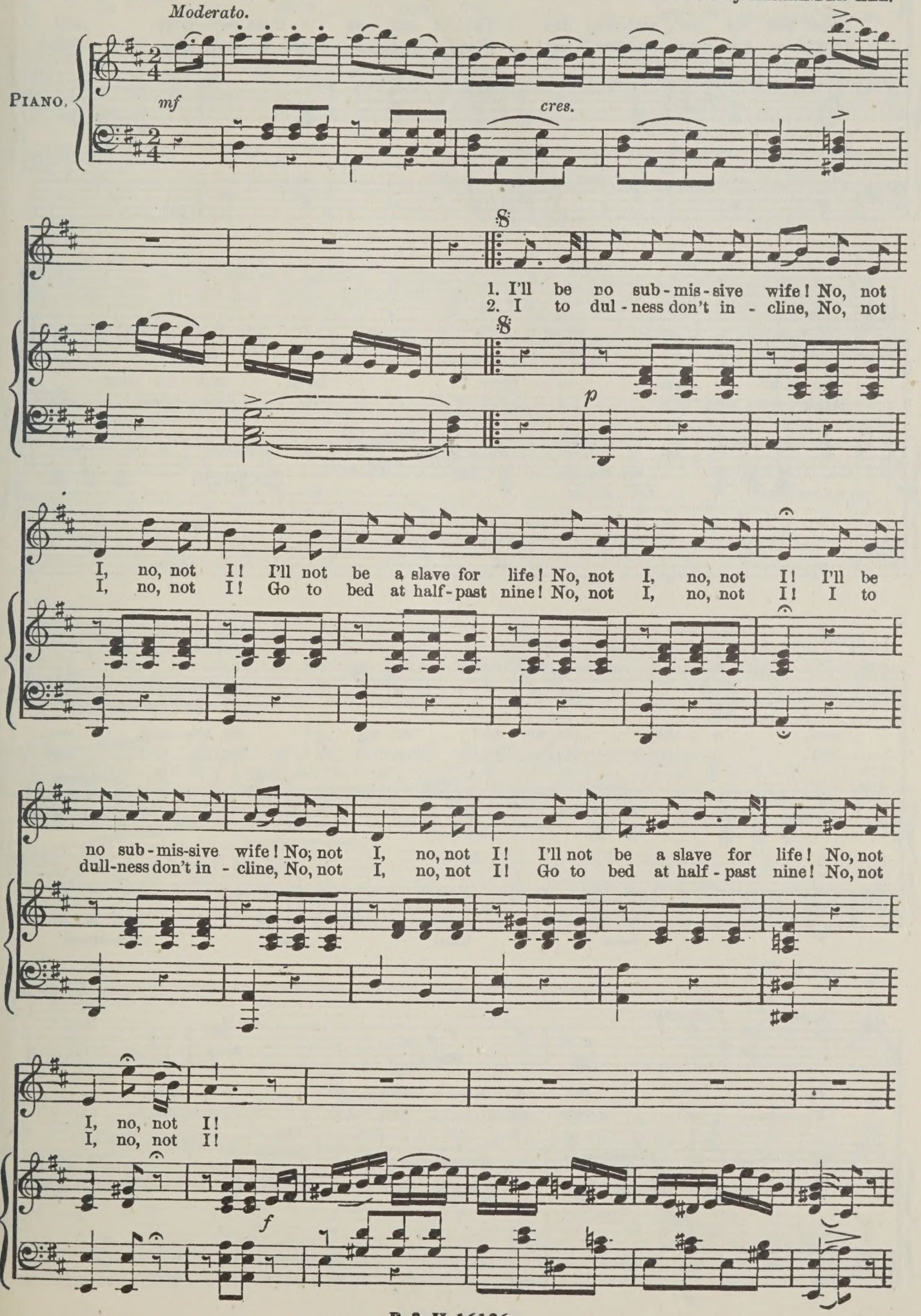

poco. ritard.
a tempo.
liv'd but in her sight, And lay a-wake all night, Ere I met her in the greenwood On a
heart it swells with pride To see her by my side, Or to hear her sing-ing ten-der-ly Some
pp
dolce.
dew-y morn of May, And a trea-sure pas-sing rare, Was a sto-len tress of hair. O
old and sim-ple lay, When the fire is burn-ing bright On a storm-y win-ter night, O
cres. . . . . mf
mer-ry days of youth! O mer-ry days of youth! 'Twas a sin ye could not stay! 'Twas a
days of home de-light! O days of home de-light! Ye should ne-ver pass a-way, Ye should
p
cres.
f p
fz
D.C. al segno 𝄋
sin you could not stay!
nev-er pass a-way!
f
ritard.
Più lento.
3. But age comes creeping near With his forehead bleak and sere, And his hea-vy, hea-vy ear, And his
Molto espress e semplice.
p
p

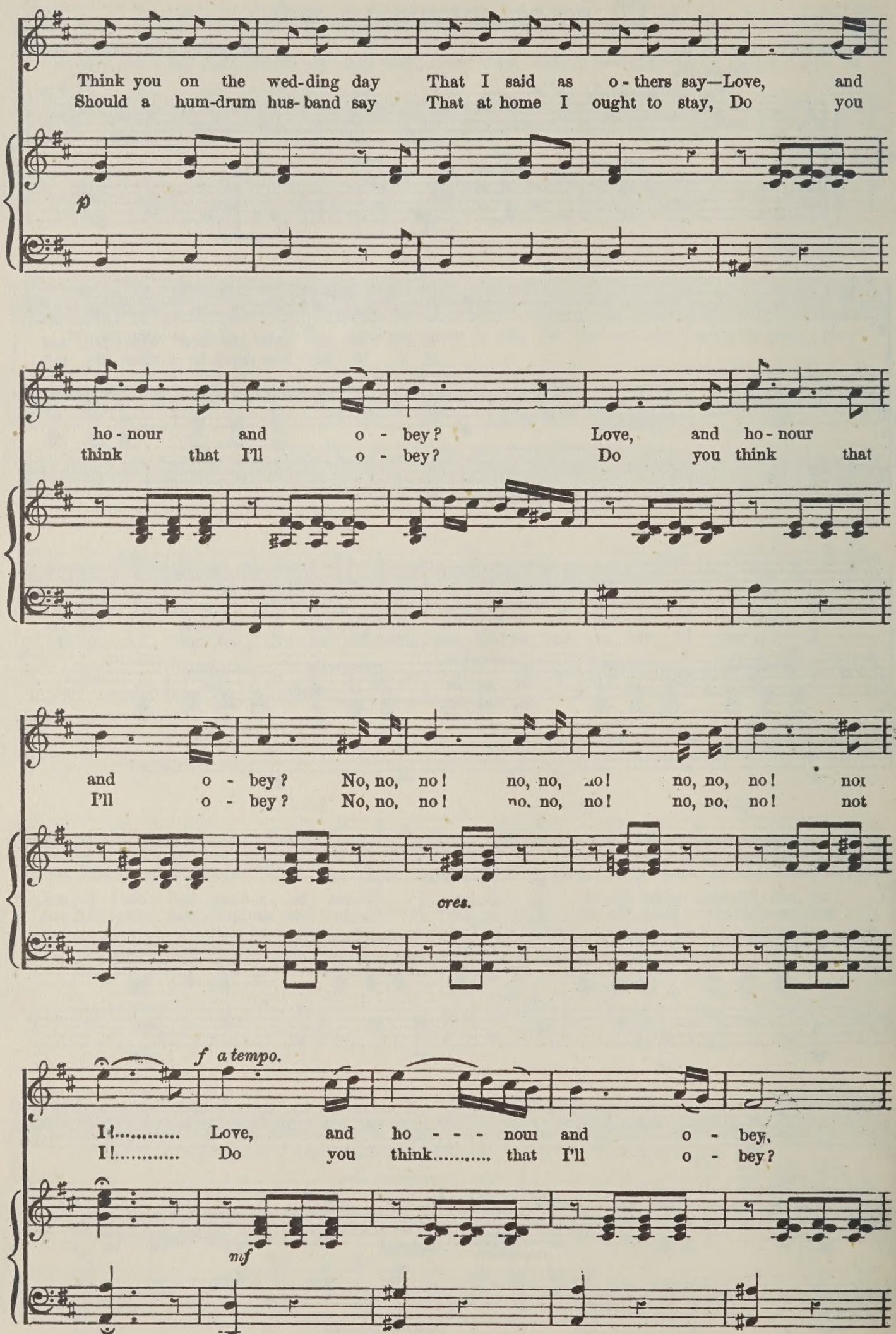

voice so small and shrill, When my step must tot-ter slow, And my strength must dwindle low, Till a
a tempo.
ba - by with its lit-tle hand Can lead me where it will. But tho' manhood's prime be past, So
fp
long as life shall last, Her gen-tle voice shall cheer me, Still her faith - ful arm sus-tain, And our
fp
pp
ritard.
a tempo.
fervently.
love shall e - ven brave The part - ing of the grave! For I know there's bliss be-yond, And
p
f
we shall meet a-gain, For I know there's bliss be-yond, And we shall meet a-gain.
f
f

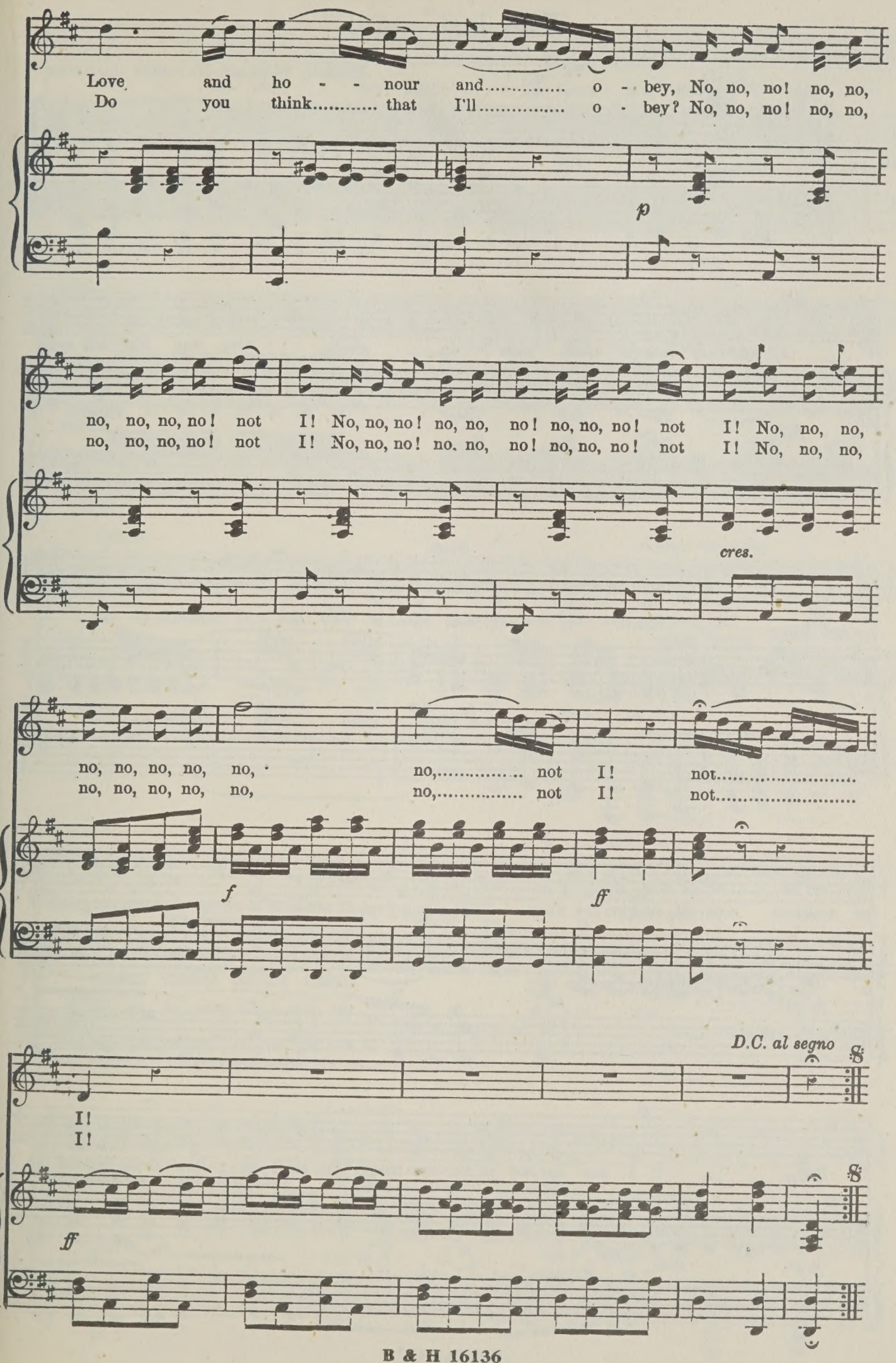
I'll be no submissive wife!

Words by T. Haynes Bayly. Music by Alexander Lee.

Moderato.



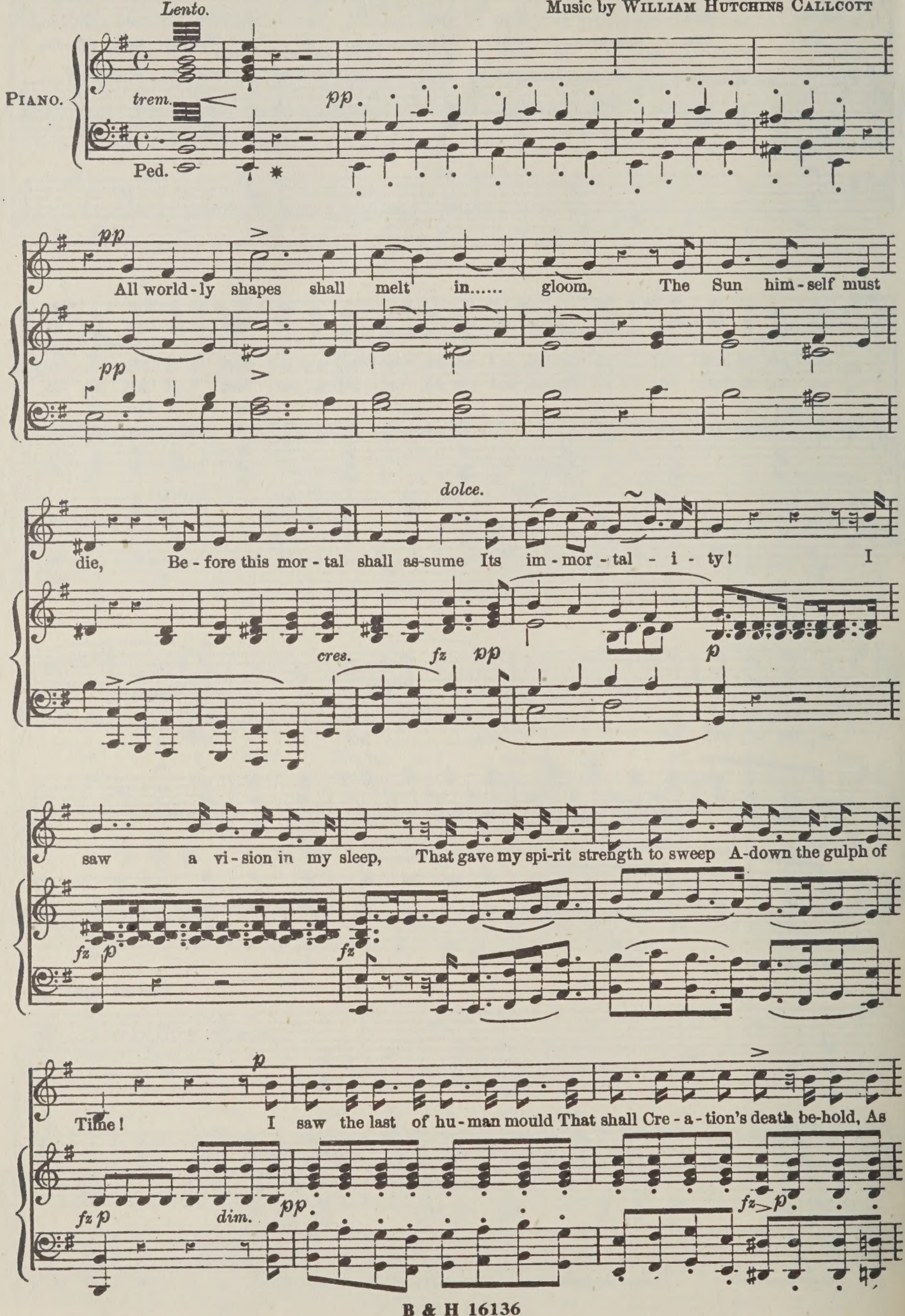

Think you on the wed-ding day That I said as o-thers say—Love, and
Should a hum-drum hus-band say That at home I ought to stay, Do you
p
ho-nour and o-bey? Love, and ho-nour
think that I'll o-bey? Do you think that
and o-bey? No, no, no! no, no, no! no, no, no! not
I'll o-bey? No, no, no! no, no, no! no, no, no! not
cres.
f a tempo.
I!..... Love, and ho - - - nour and o - bey,
I!..... Do you think..... that I'll o - bey?
mf

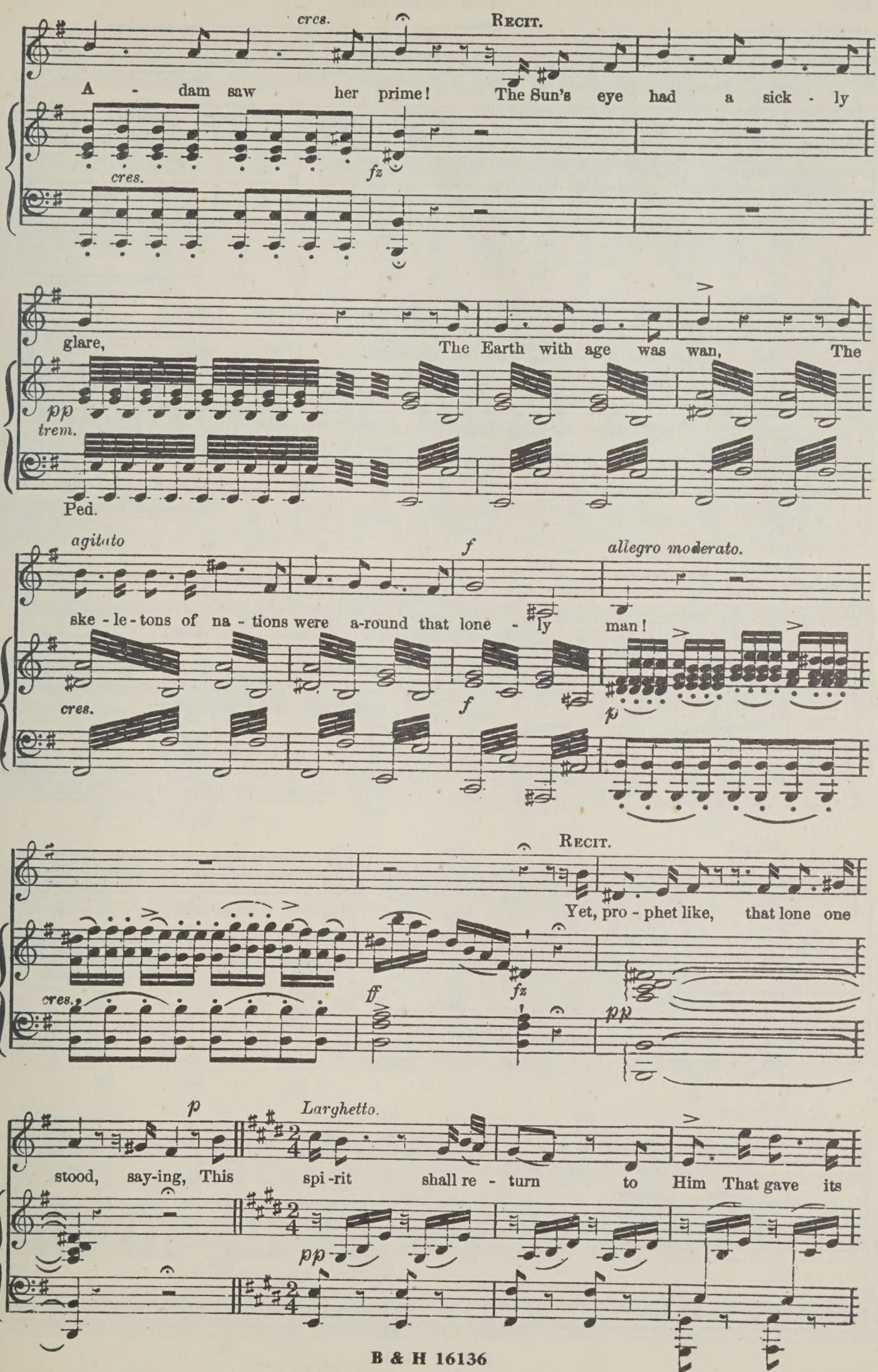

Love and ho - - nour and..... o - bey, No, no, no! no, no,
Do you think..... that I'll..... o - bey? No, no, no! no, no,
p
no, no, no, no! not I! No, no, no! no, no, no! no, no, no! not I! No, no, no,
no, no, no, no! not I! No, no, no! no, no, no! no, no, no! not I! No, no, no,
cres.
no, no, no, no, no, no,..... not I! not.....
no, no, no, no, no, no,..... not I! not.....
f
ff
D.C. al segno
I!
I!
ff

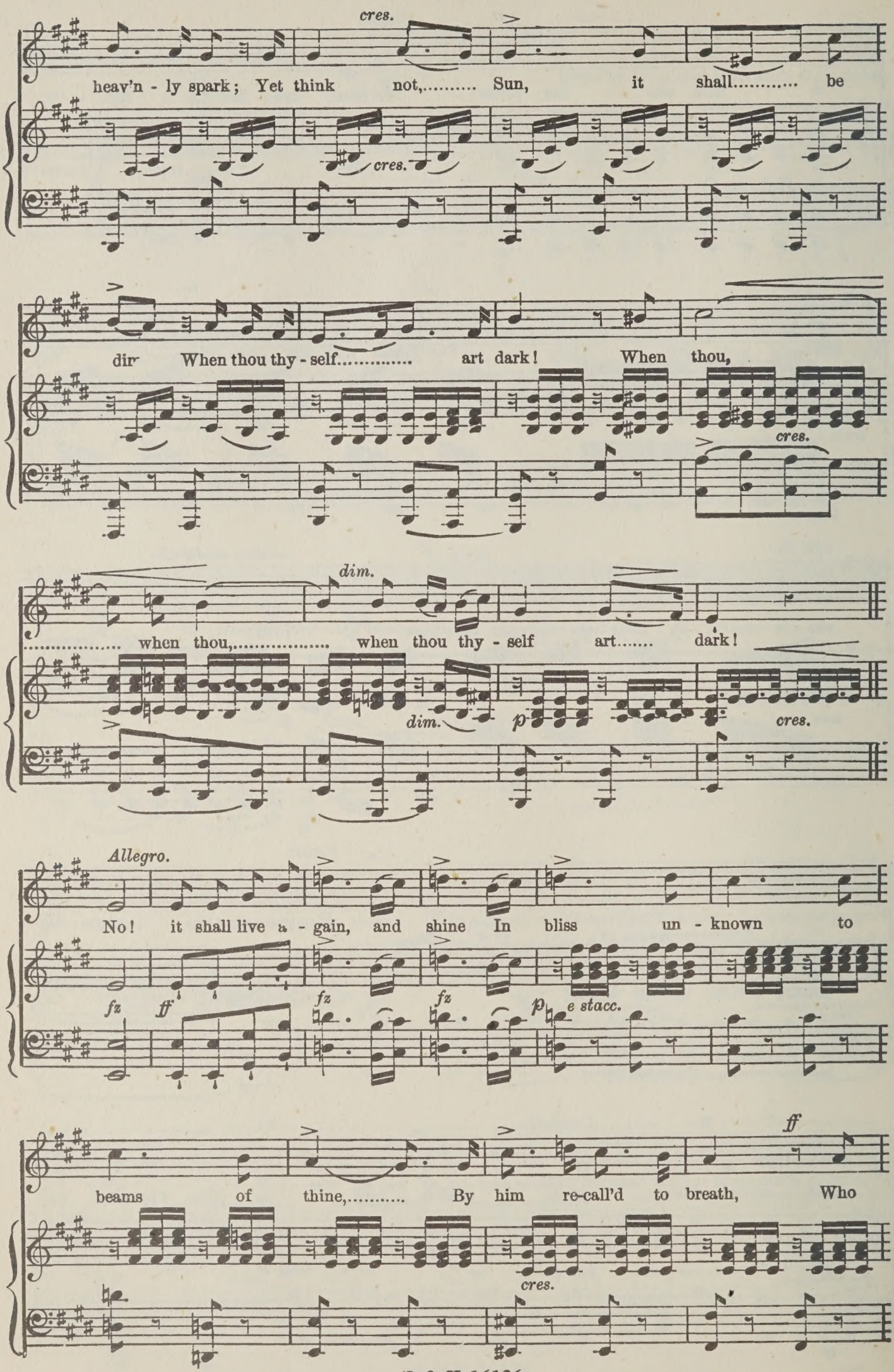
The last man.

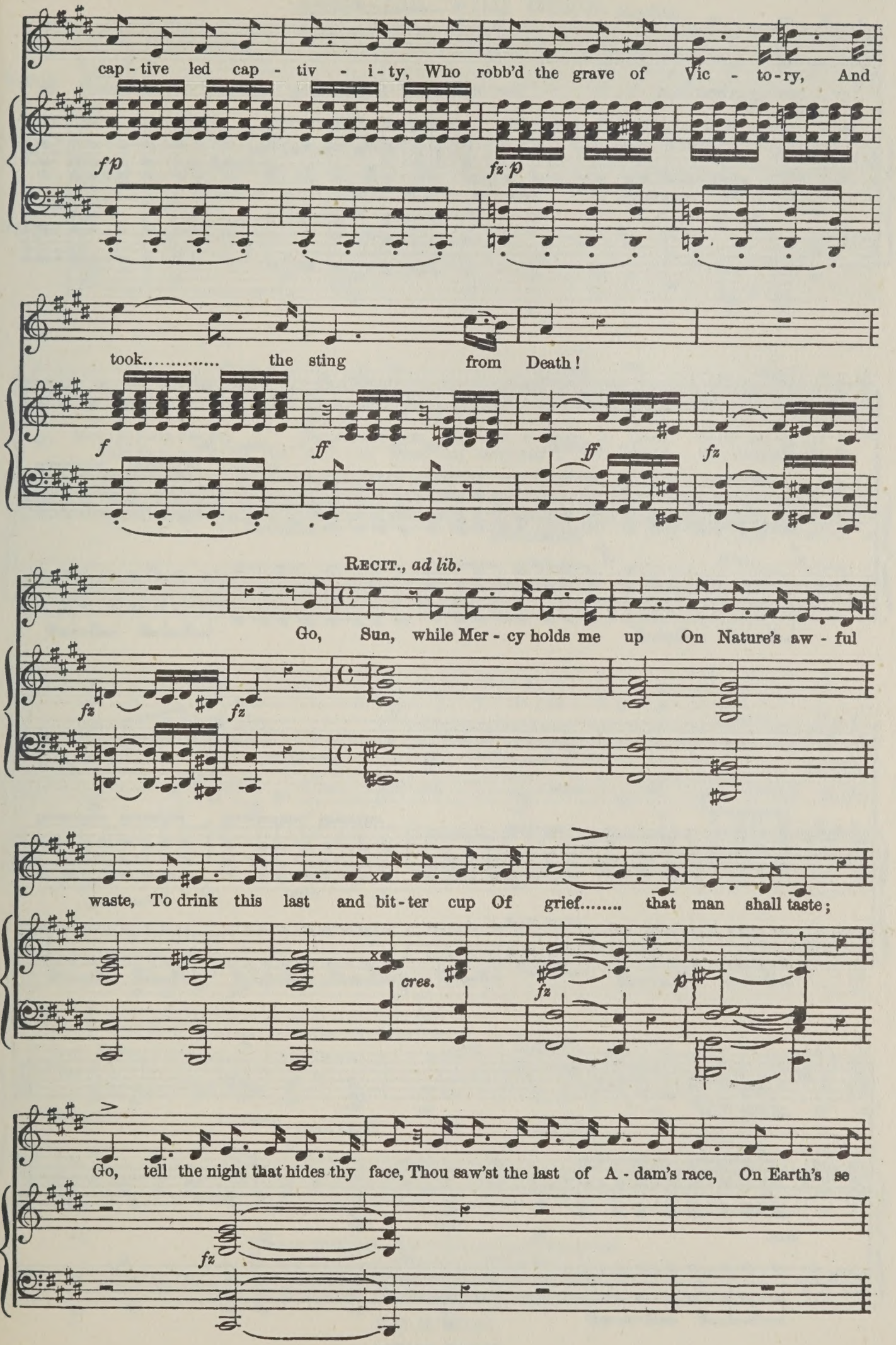
Words by THOMAS CAMPBELL.

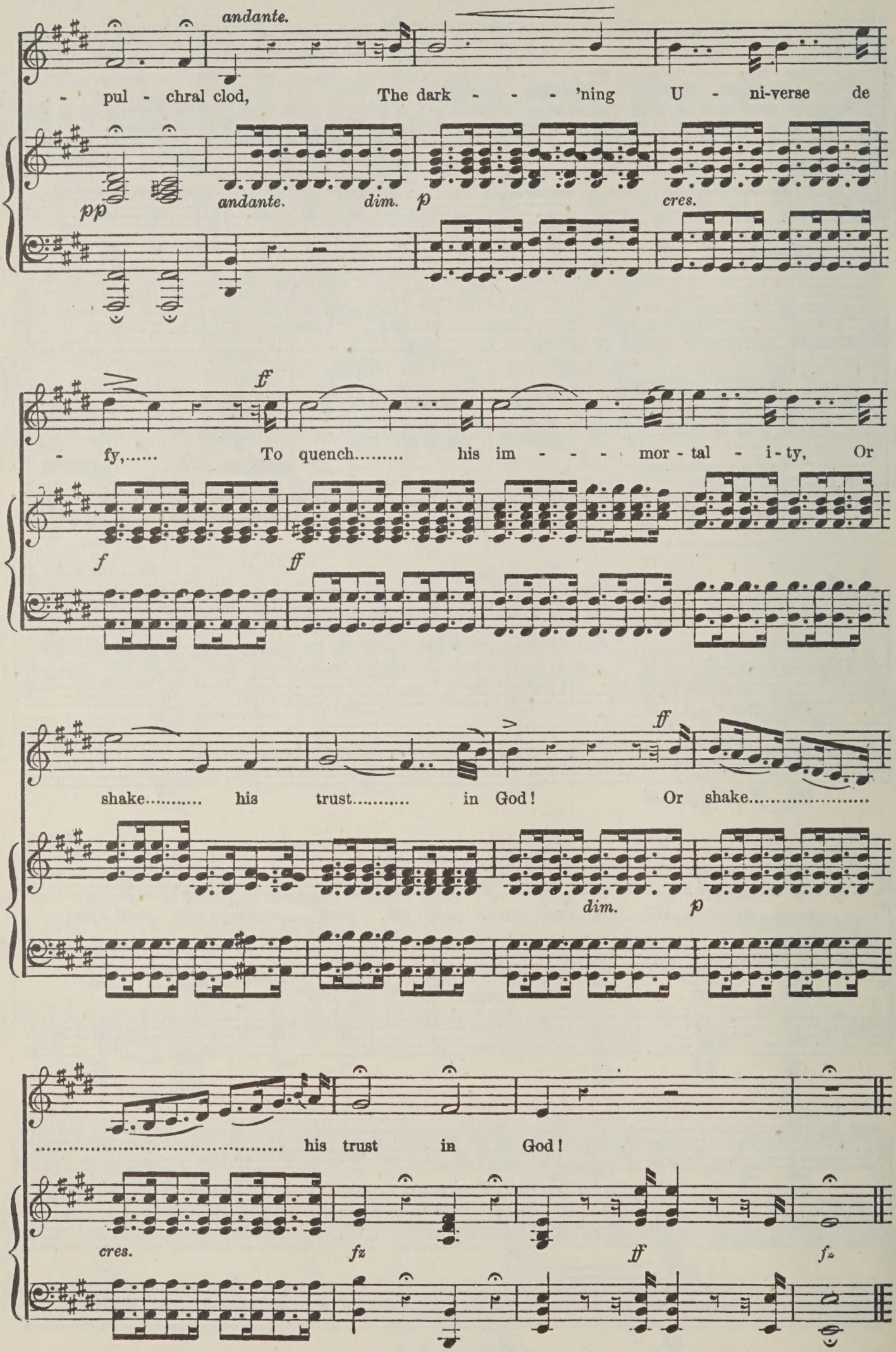
Music by WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOTT




cres.
Recit.
A - dam saw her prime! The Sun's eye had a sick - ly
fz
cres.
glare, The Earth with age was wan, The
pp
trem.
Ped.
agitato
f
allegro moderato.
ske - le - tons of na - tions were a-round that lone - ly man!
cres.
f
p
Recit.
Yet, pro - phet like, that lone one
cres.
ff
fz
pp
p
Larghetto.
stood, say-ing, This spi-rit shall re - turn to Him That gave its
pp


cres.
heav'n - ly spark; Yet think not,..... Sun, it shall..... be
cres.
dir When thou thy - self..... art dark! When thou,
cres.
dim.
..... when thou,..... when thou thy - self art..... dark!
dim.
p
cres.
Allegro.
No! it shall live a - gain, and shine In bliss un - known to
fz
ff
fz
fz
p
e stacc.
ff
beams of thine,..... By him re-call'd to breath, Who
cres.

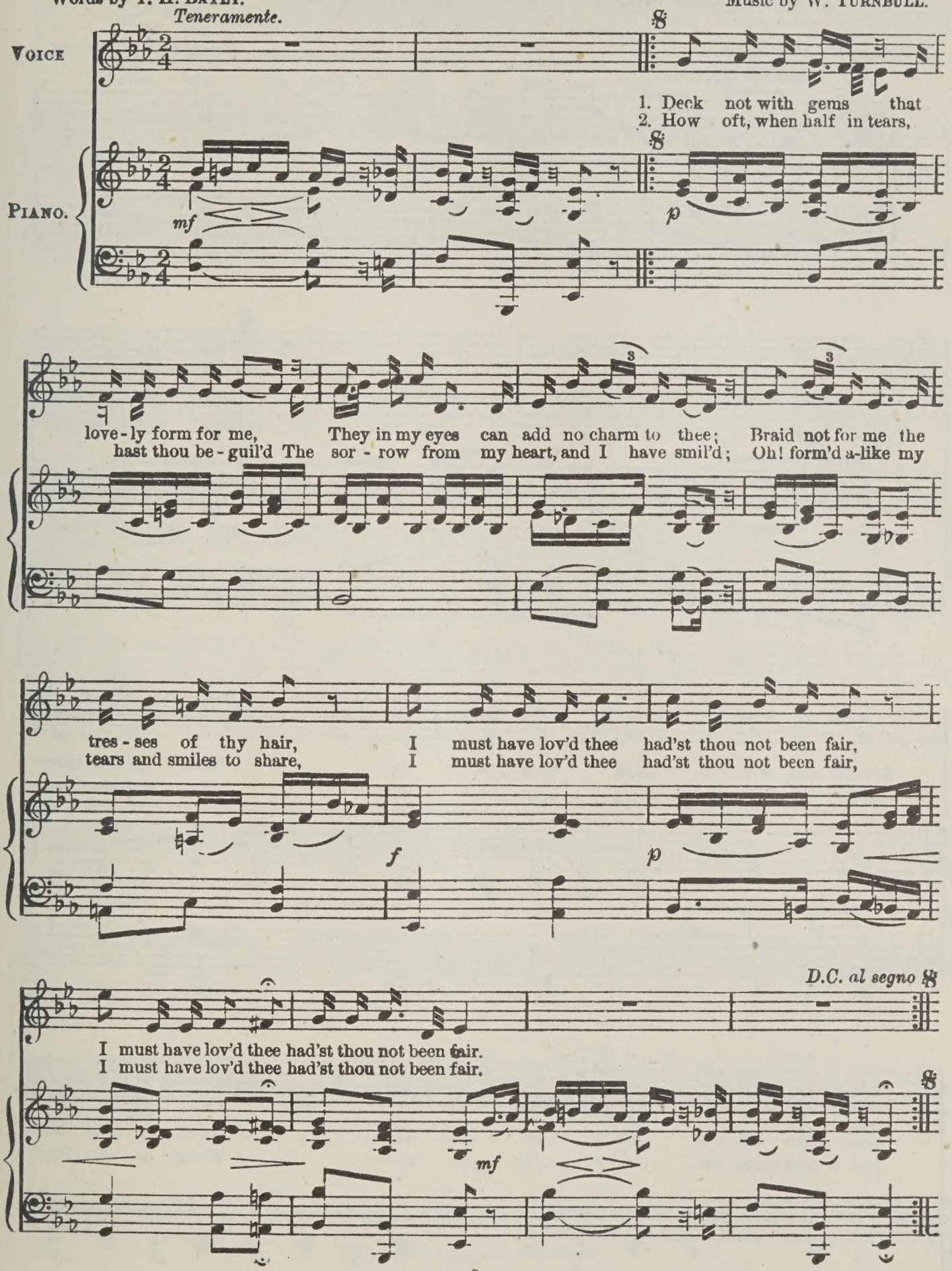

cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty, Who robb'd the grave of Vic - to - ry, And
took..... the sting from Death!
RECIT., *ad lib.*
Go, Sun, while Mer - cy holds me up On Nature's aw - ful
waste, To drink this last and bit - ter cup Of grief..... that man shall taste;
Go, tell the night that hides thy face, Thou saw'st the last of A - dam's race, On Earth's se


andante.
- pul - chral clod, The dark - - - - 'ning U - ni-verse de
pp
andante. dim. p cres.
ff
- fy,..... To quench..... his im - - - - mor - tal - i - ty, Or
f ff
shake..... his trust..... in God! Or shake.....
ff
dim. p
..... his trust in God!
cres. fz ff fz

Deck not with Gems.

Words by T. H. Bayly. Music by W. Turnbull.

Teneramente.



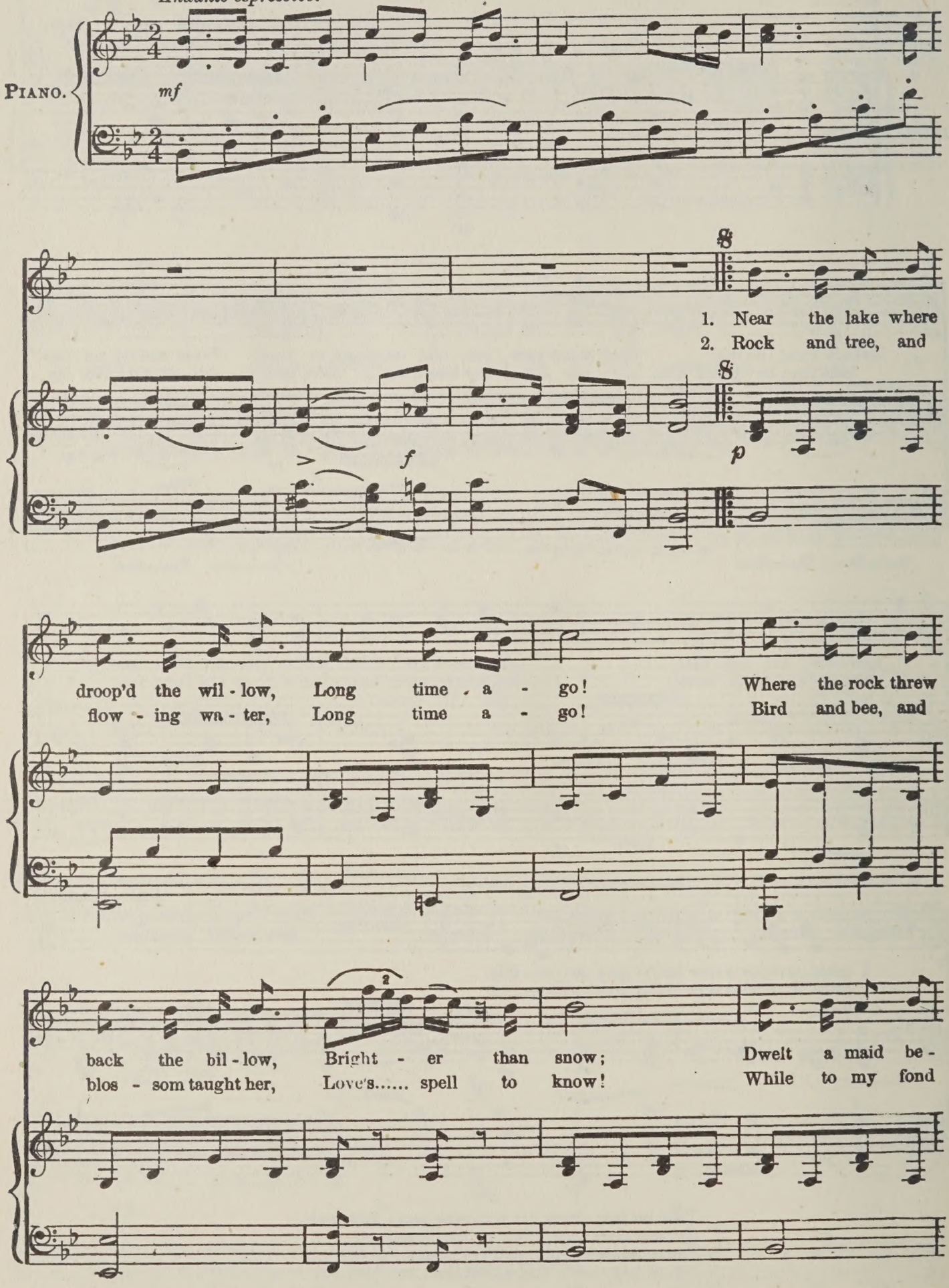
3.

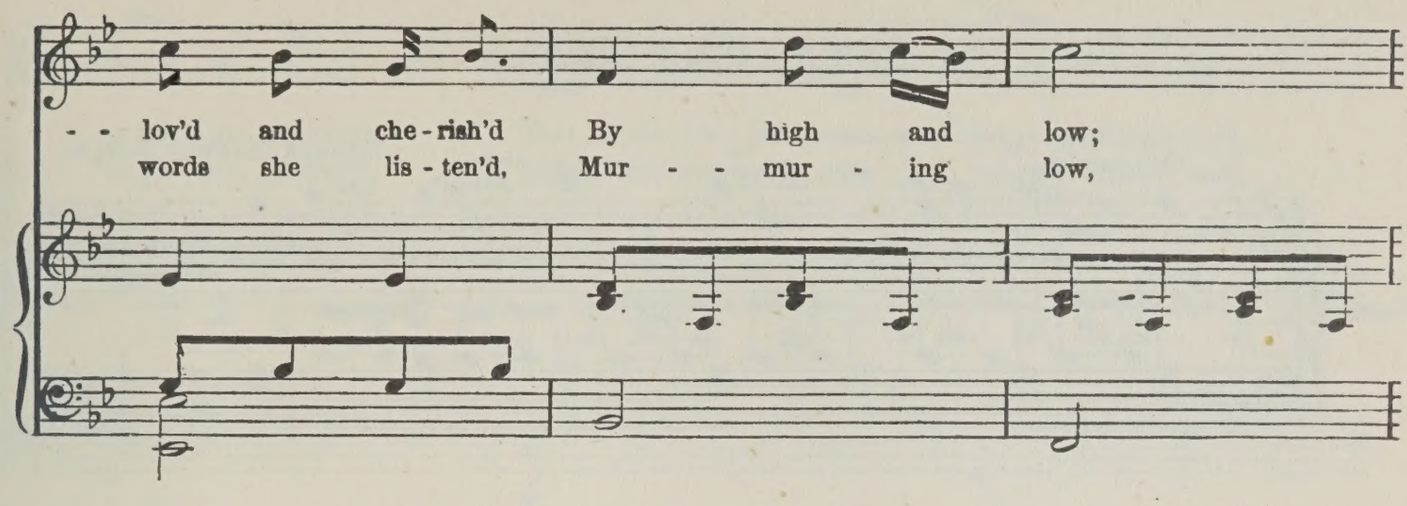
Time on that cheek his with'ring hand may press,
He may do all but make me love thee less;
The mind defies him, and thy charm lies there;
I must have lov'd thee had'st thou not been fair.

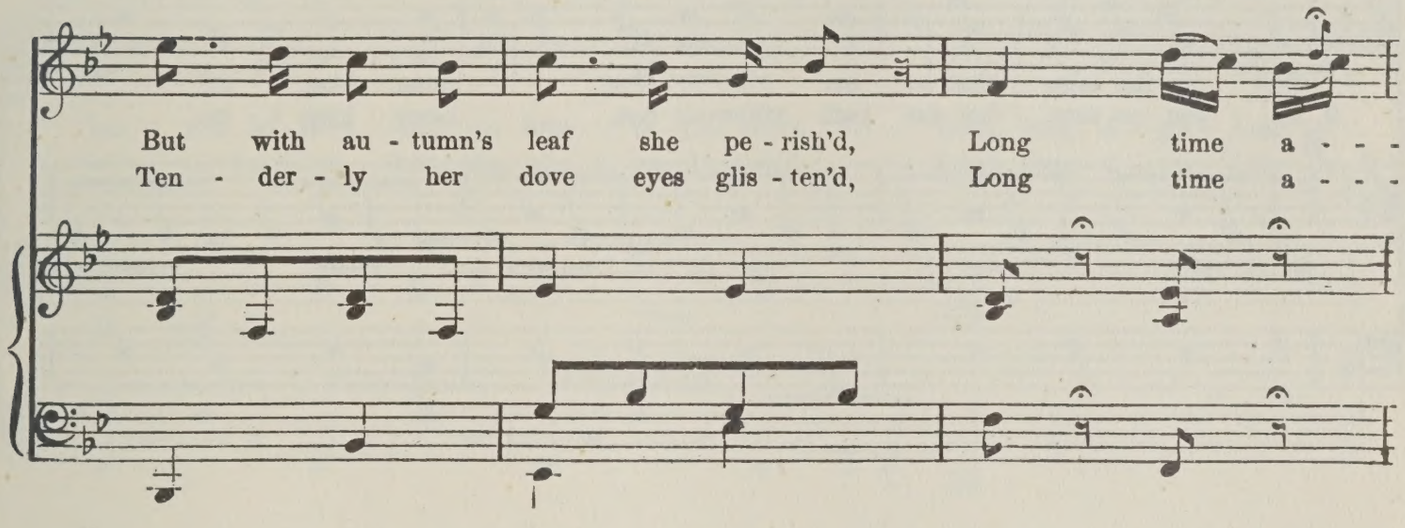
Near the lake where drooped the willow.

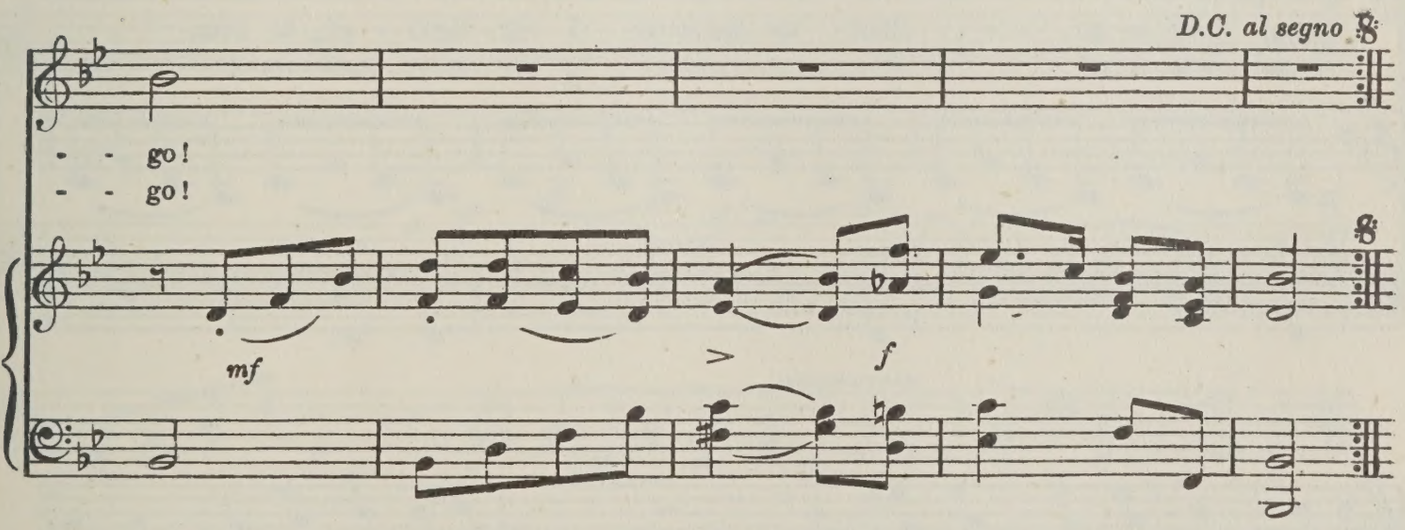
Words by G. P. Morris. Music by C. E. Horn.

Andante espressivo.





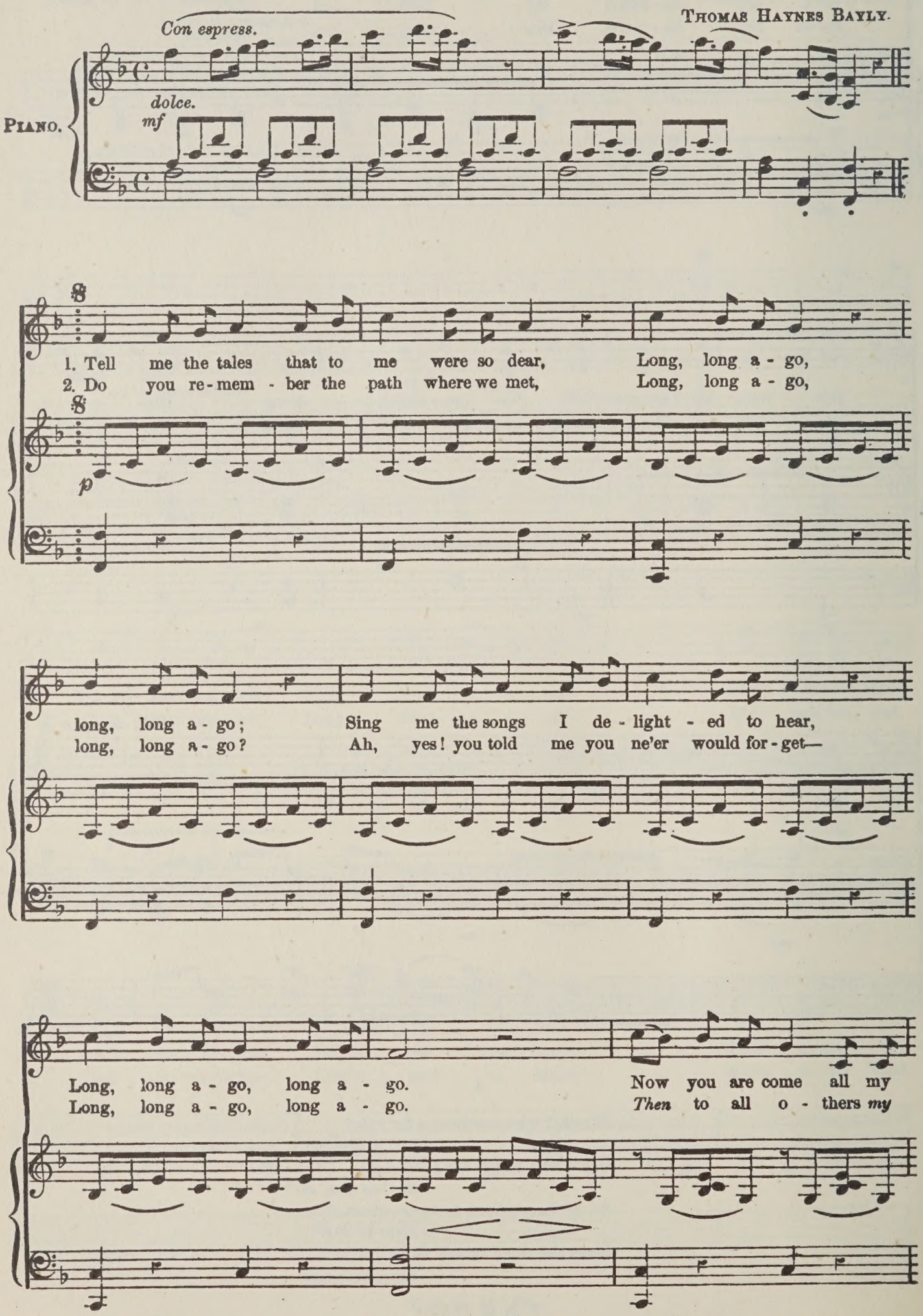


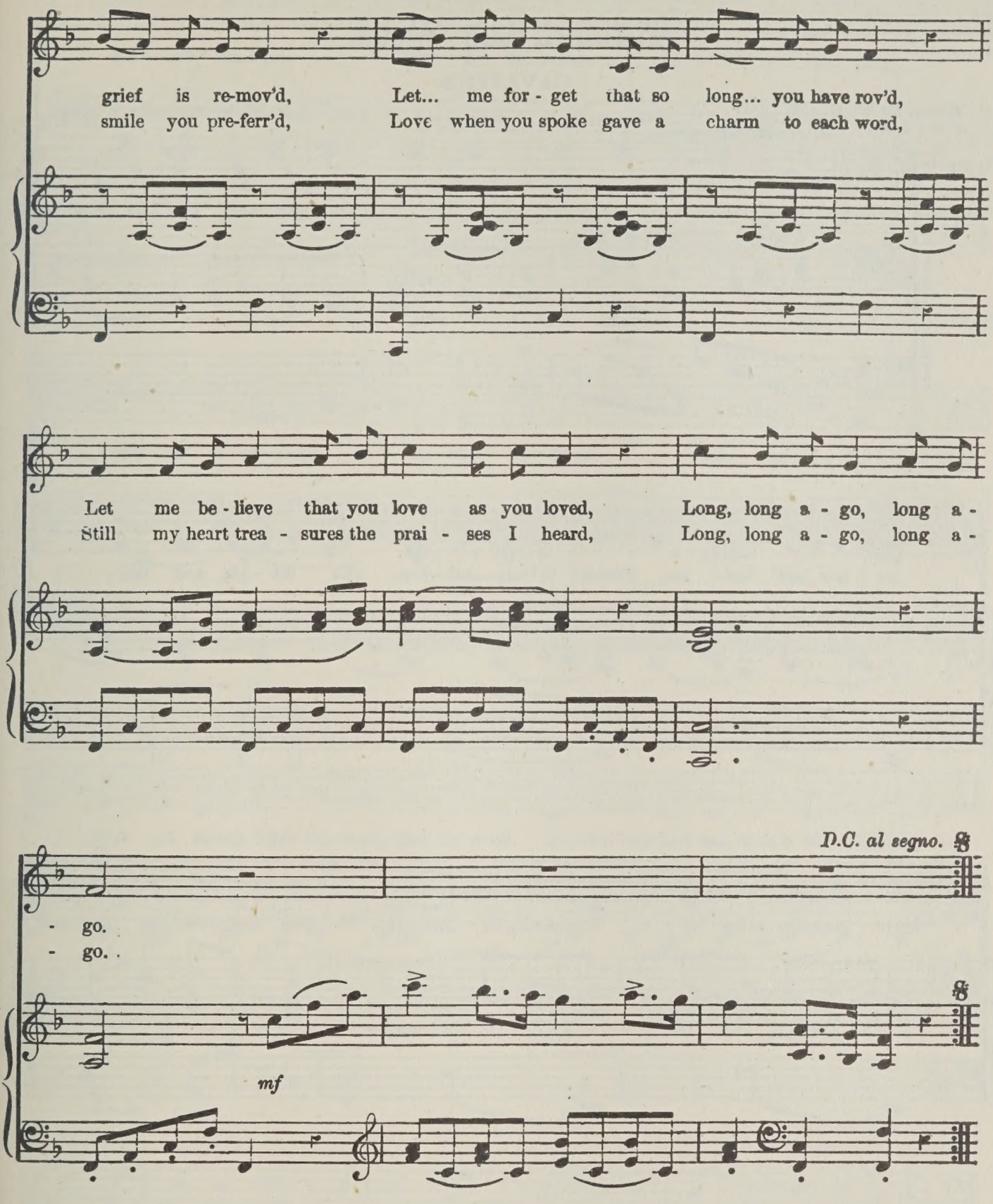


3.

Mingled were our hearts for ever!
Long time ago!
Can I now forget her? Never!
No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow!
She's the star I missed from heaven
Long time ago!

Long, long ago.





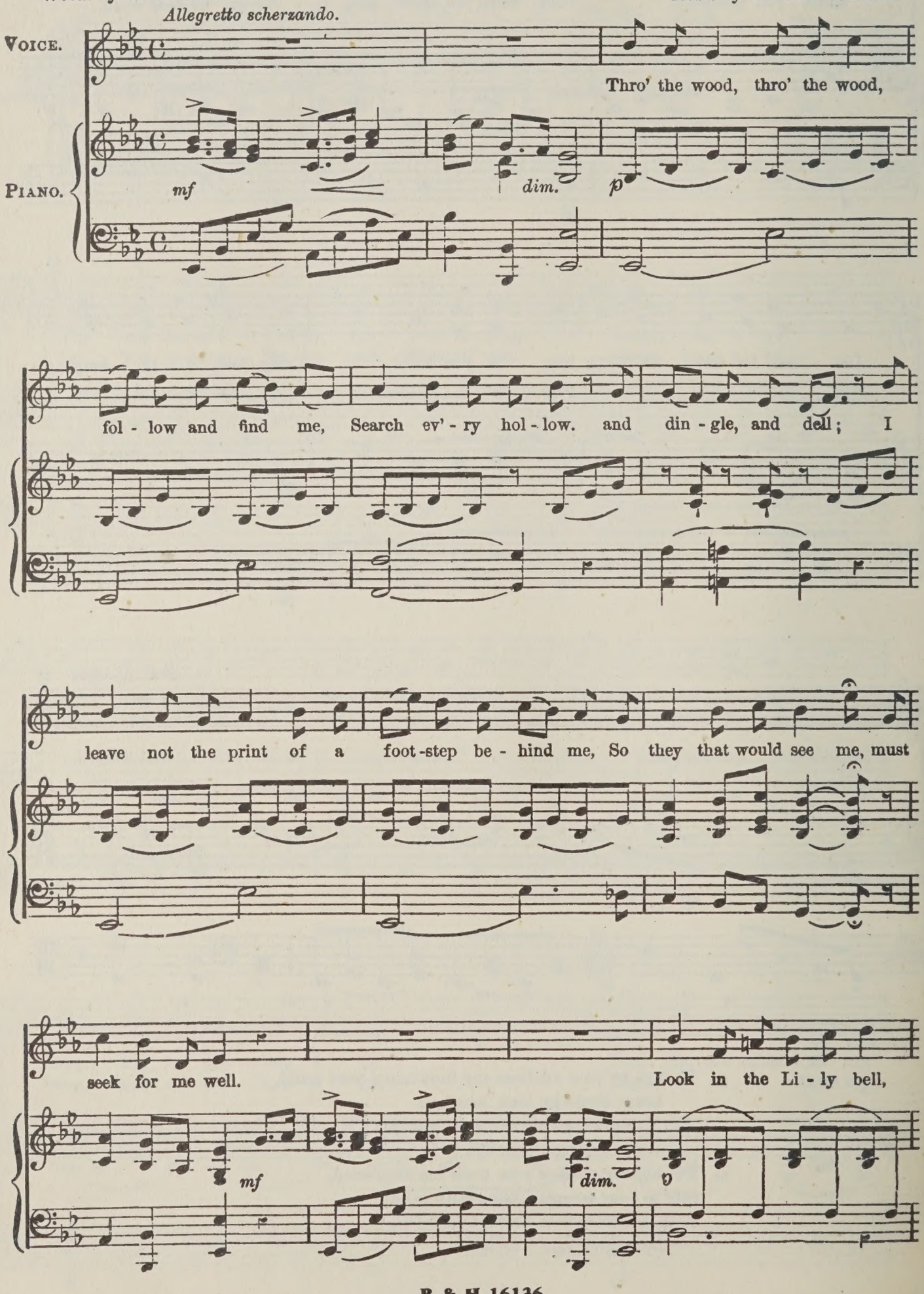
3.

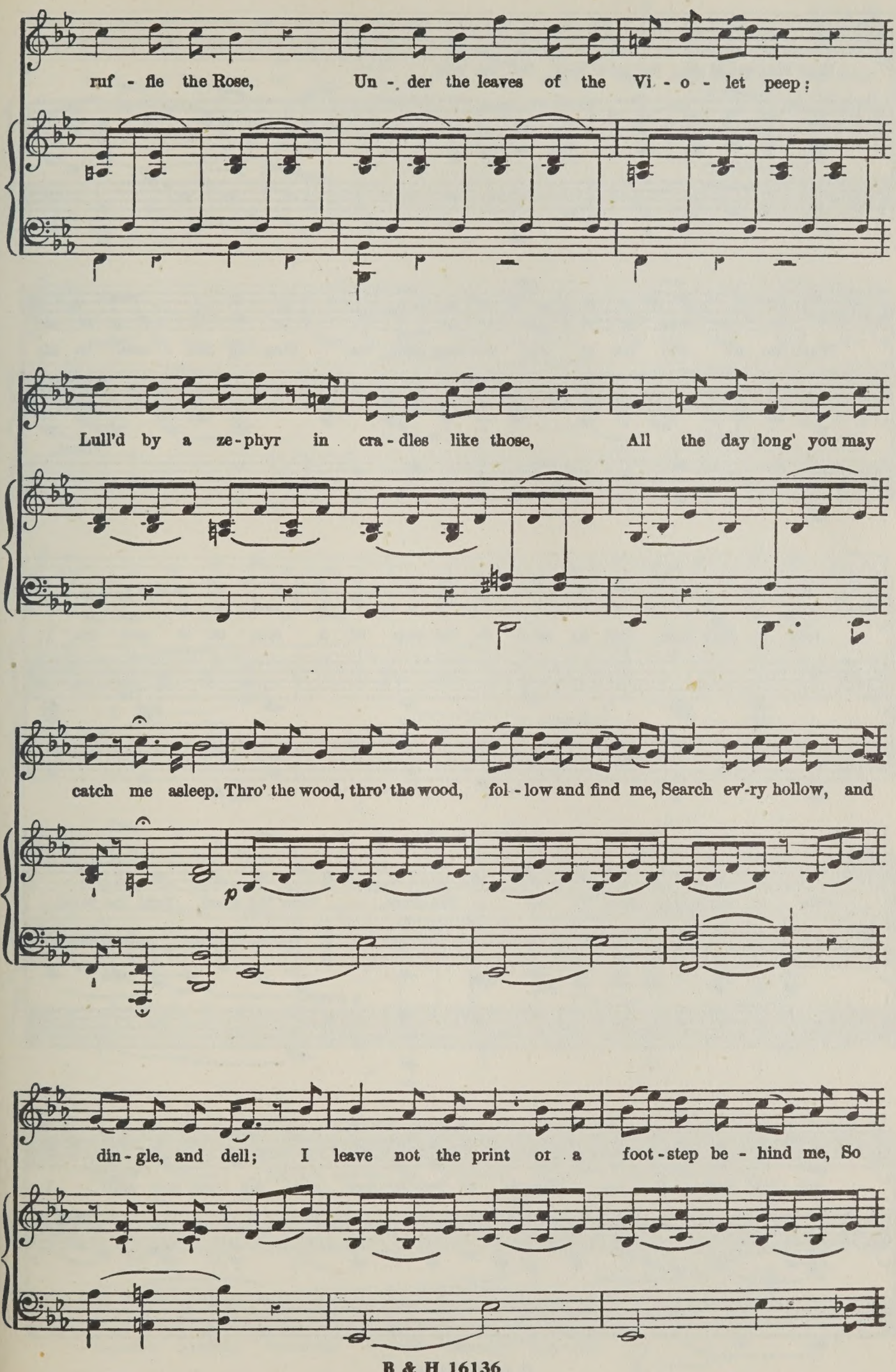
Though by your kindness my fond hopes were rais'd
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
You by more eloquent lips have been prais'd,
Long, long ago, long ago.
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long ago, long ago.

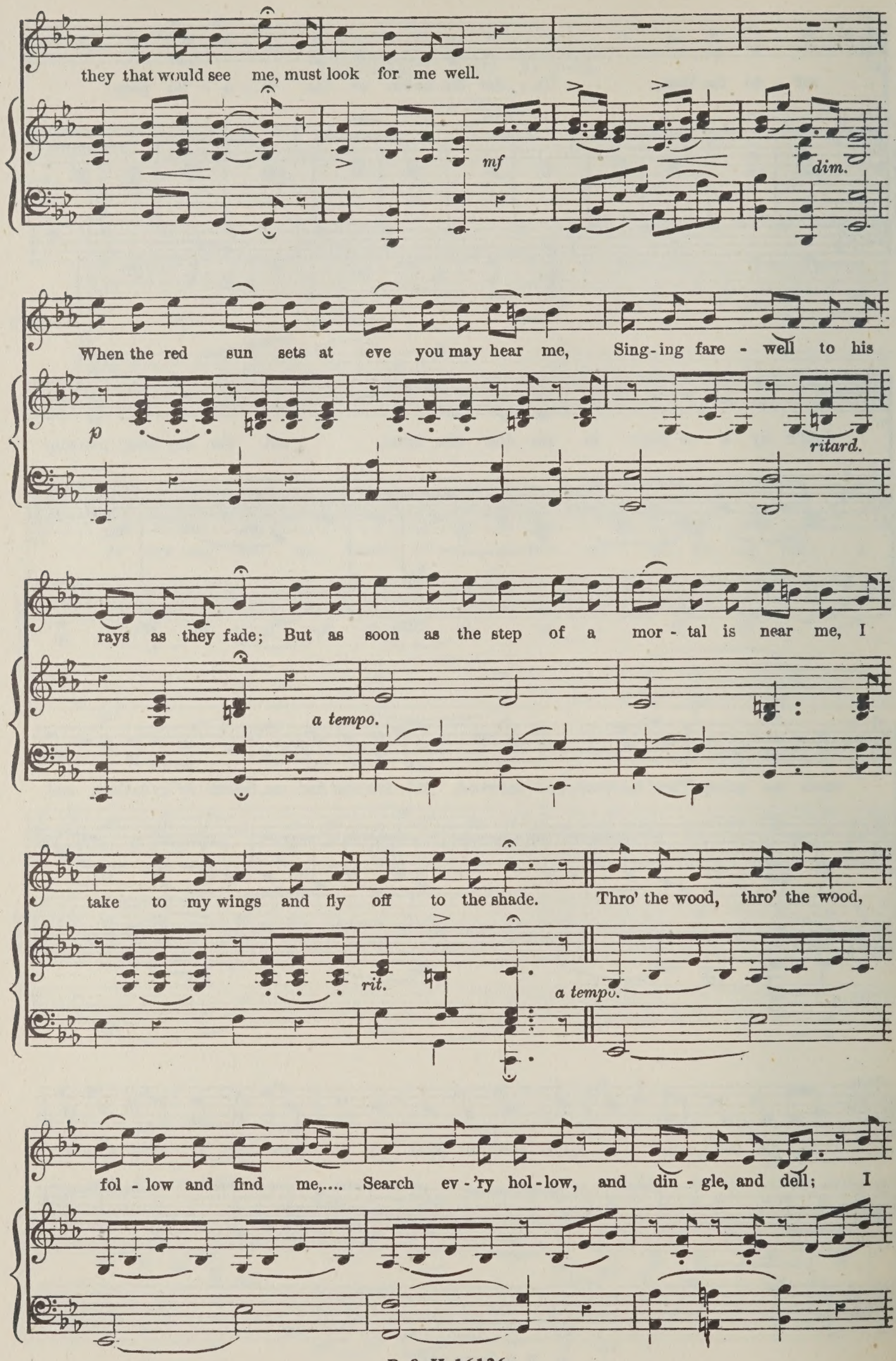
Through the Wood.

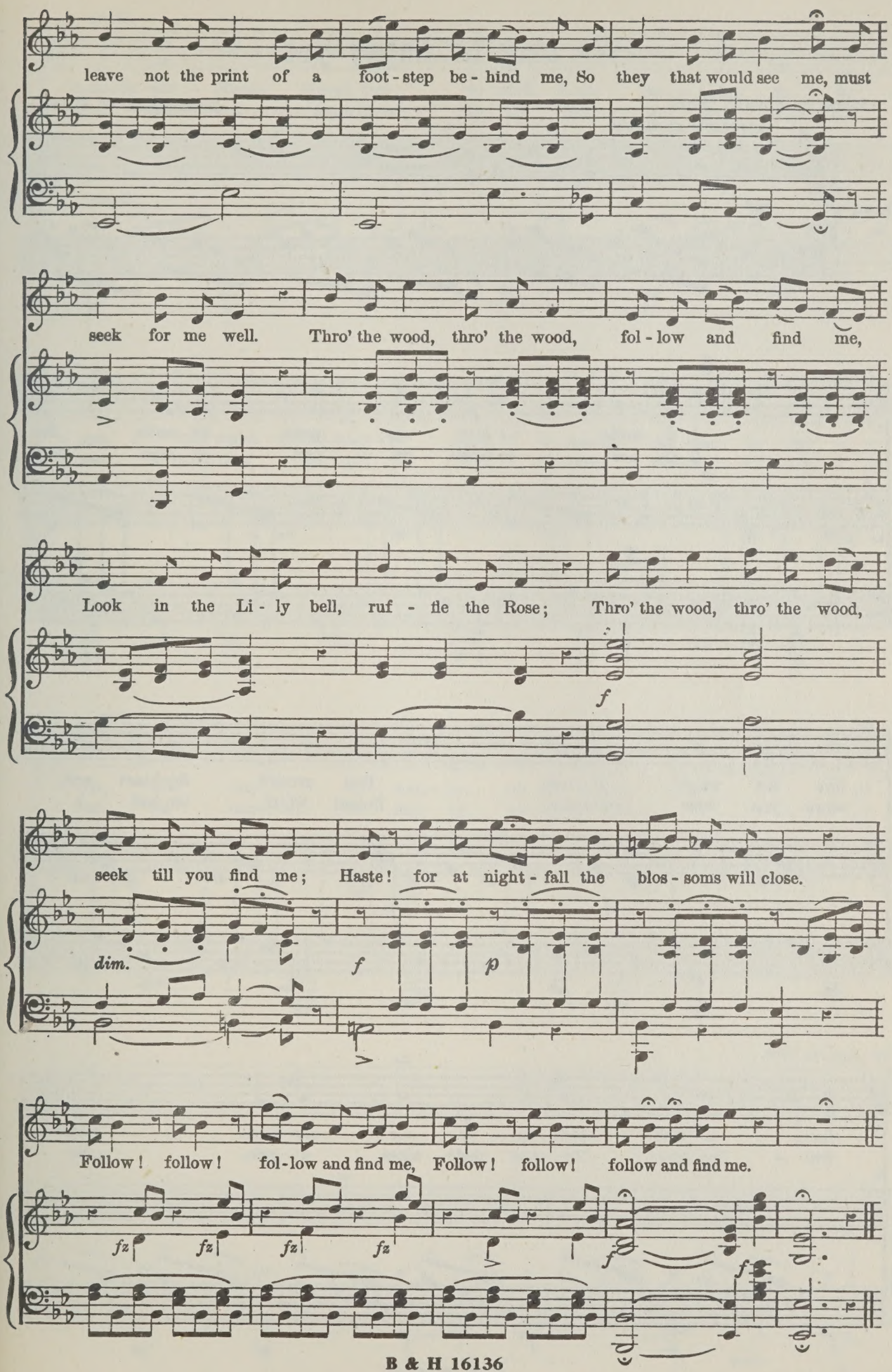
CAVATINA.

Words by W. H. Bellamy. Music by Charles E. Horn.



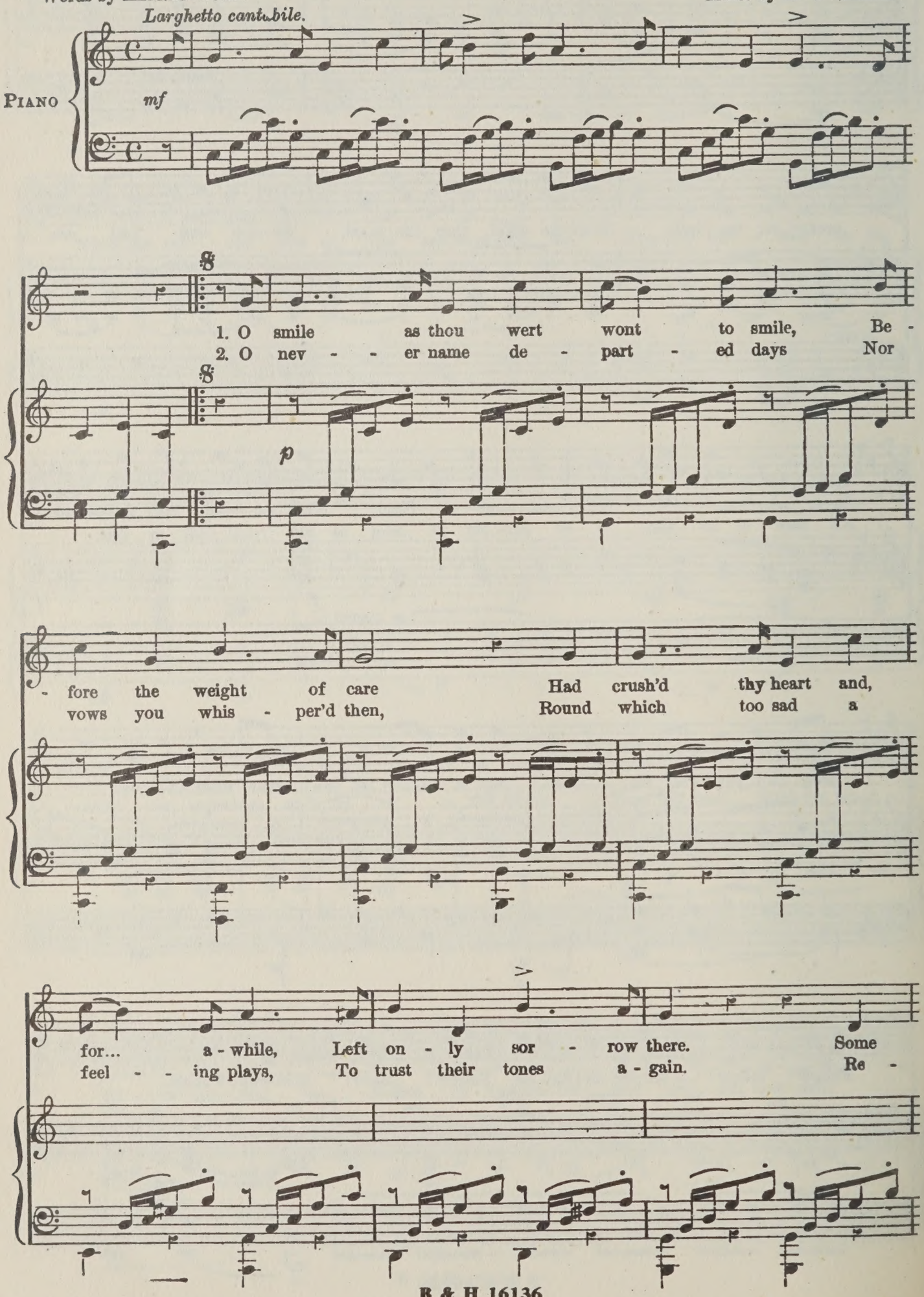

ruf - fle the Rose, Un - der the leaves of the Vi - o - let peep;
Lull'd by a ze-phyr in cra - dles like those, All the day long' you may
catch me asleep. Thro' the wood, thro' the wood, fol - low and find me, Search ev'-ry hollow, and
p
din - gle, and dell; I leave not the print or a foot - step be - hind me, So

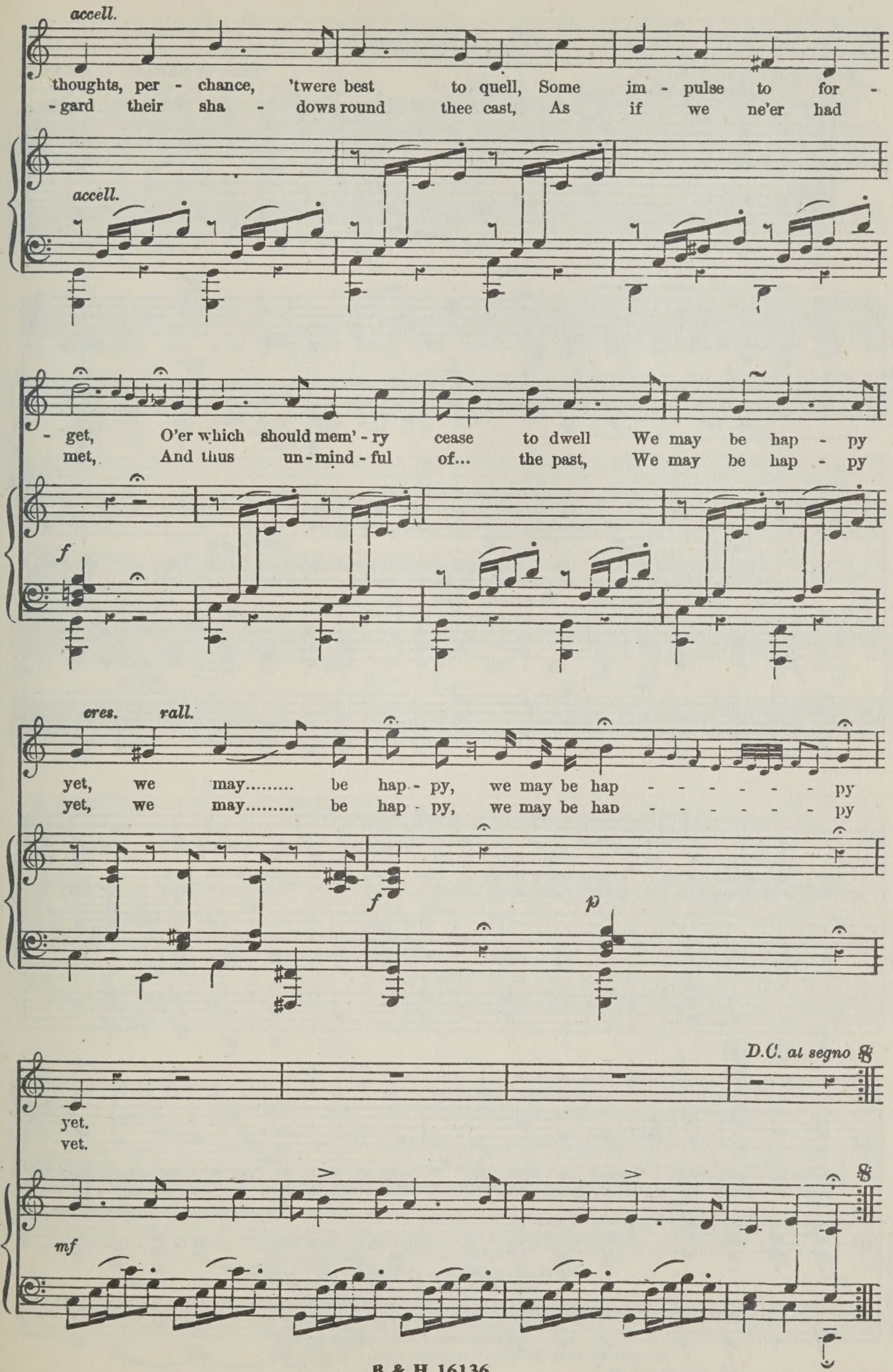

they that would see me, must look for me well.
mf
dim.
When the red sun sets at eve you may hear me, Sing-ing fare - well to his
p
ritard.
rays as they fade; But as soon as the step of a mor - tal is near me, I
a tempo.
take to my wings and fly off to the shade. Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,
rit.
a tempo.
fol - low and find me,.... Search ev - 'ry hol - low, and din - gle, and dell; I


leave not the print of a foot-step be-hind me, So they that would see me, must
seek for me well. Thro' the wood, thro' the wood, fol-low and find me,
Look in the Li-ly bell, ruf-fle the Rose; Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,
f
seek till you find me; Haste! for at night-fall the blos-soms will close.
dim.
f
p
Follow! follow! fol-low and find me, Follow! follow! follow and find me.
fz
fz
fz
fz
f
f

We may be happy yet.

Words by ALFRED BUNN. Music by M. W. BALFE.

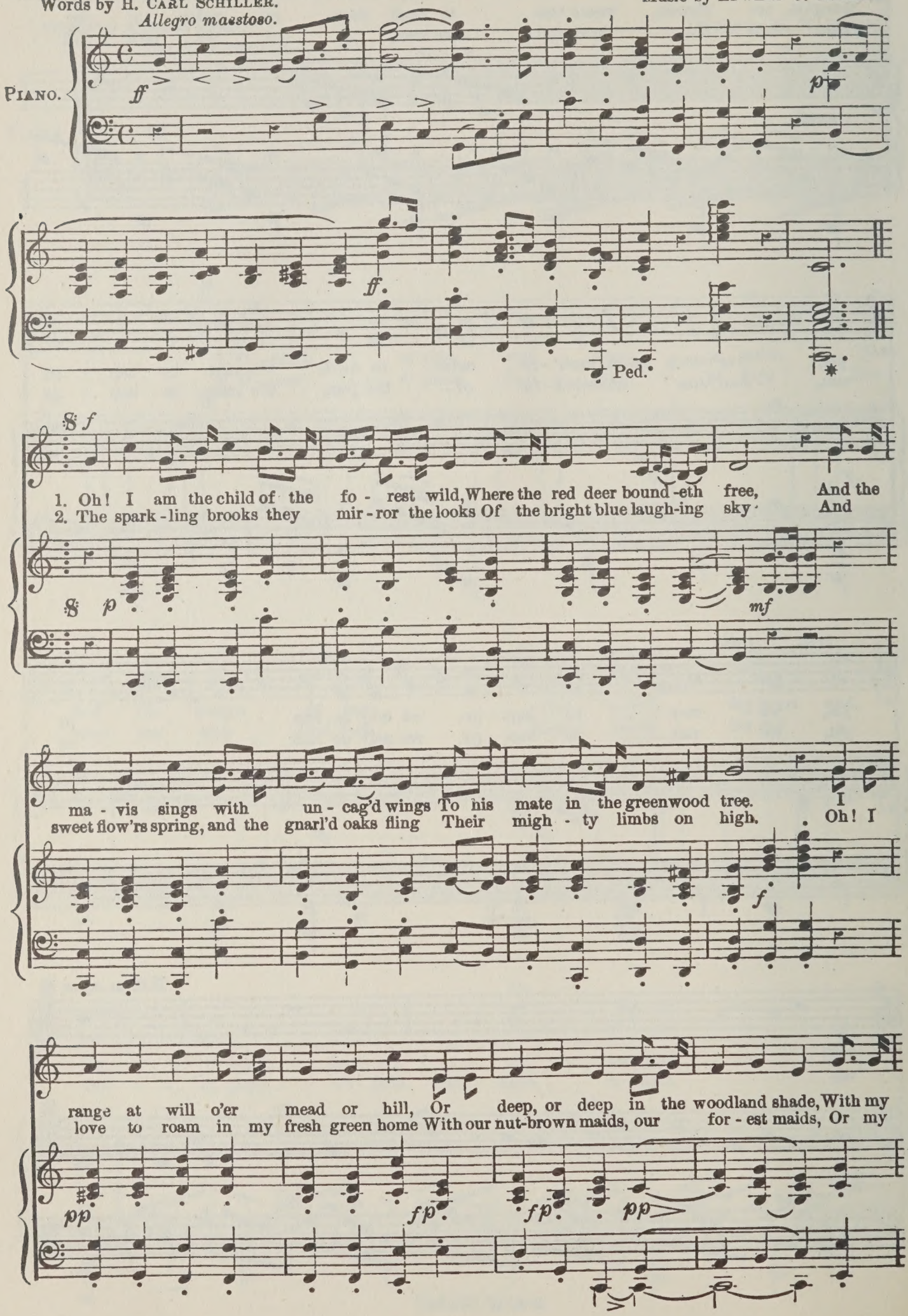


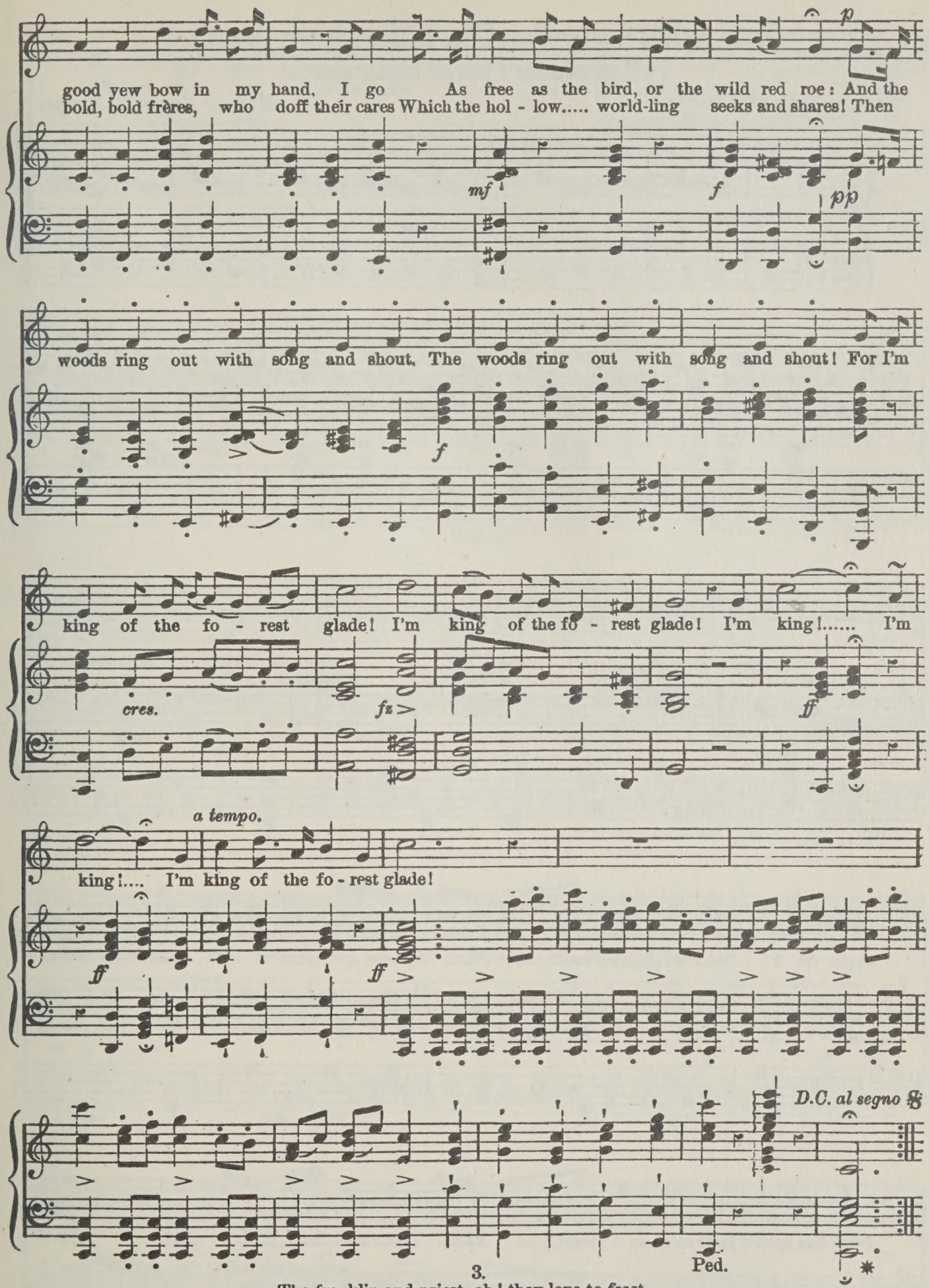

accell.
thoughts, per - chance, 'twere best to quell, Some im - pulse to for -
- gard their sha - dows round thee cast, As if we ne'er had
accell.
- get, O'er which should mem' - ry cease to dwell We may be hap - py
met, And thus un - mind - ful of... the past, We may be hap - py
f
cres. rall.
yet, we may..... be hap - py, we may be hap - - - - - - - py
yet, we may..... be hap - py, we may be hap - - - - - - - py
f
p
D.C. al segno 𝄋
yet.
yet.
mf
𝄋

The Outlaw.

Words by H. Carl Schiller. Music by Edward J. Loder.

Allegro maestoso.





3.

The franklin and priest, oh! they love to feast
On the prime of the stalled steer;
But I am the lord of the free green sward,
And the best of the king's fat deer.
And the abbot should fast when Lent is past,
And the mass is sung and said,
Ere my frères and I lack malvoisie
To quaff a deep draught 'neath the greenwood tree.

When the woods, &c.

Oh! where do fairies hide their heads?

(WHEN GREEN LEAVES COME AGAIN.)

Words by T. Haynes Bayly. Music by Henry R. Bishop.

Moderato con espress.

Piano.

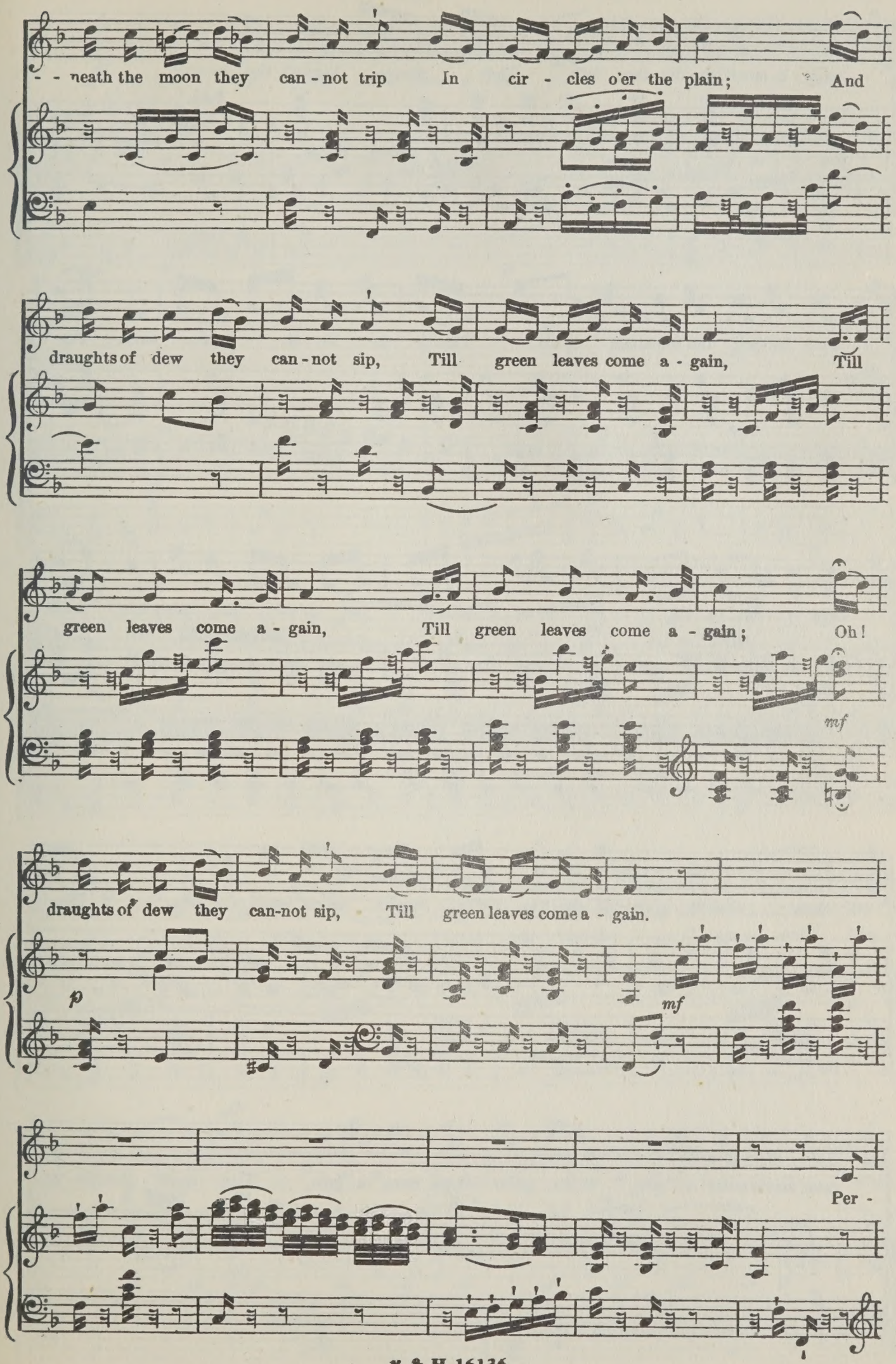
mf leggiero.

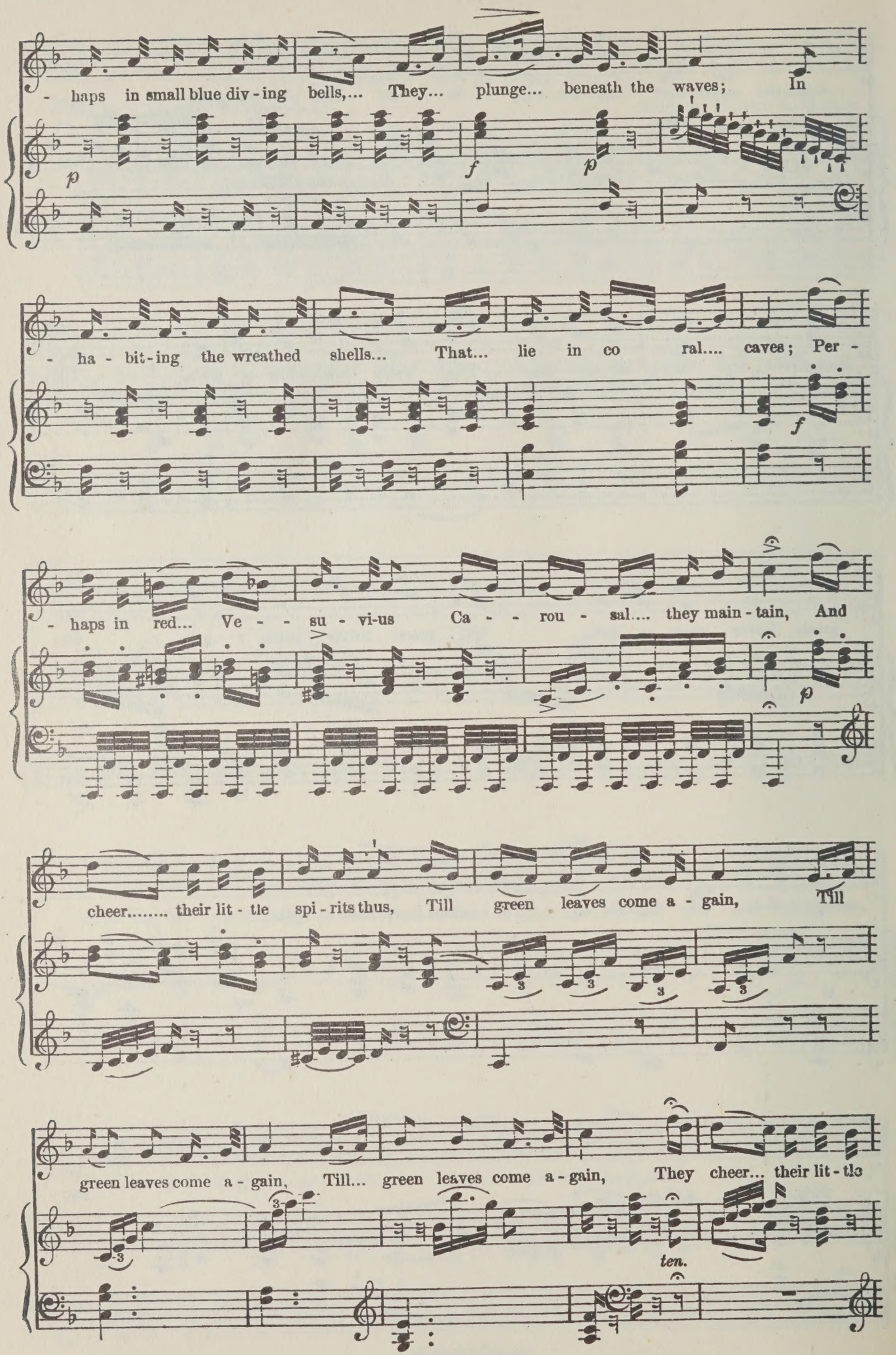
Oh!

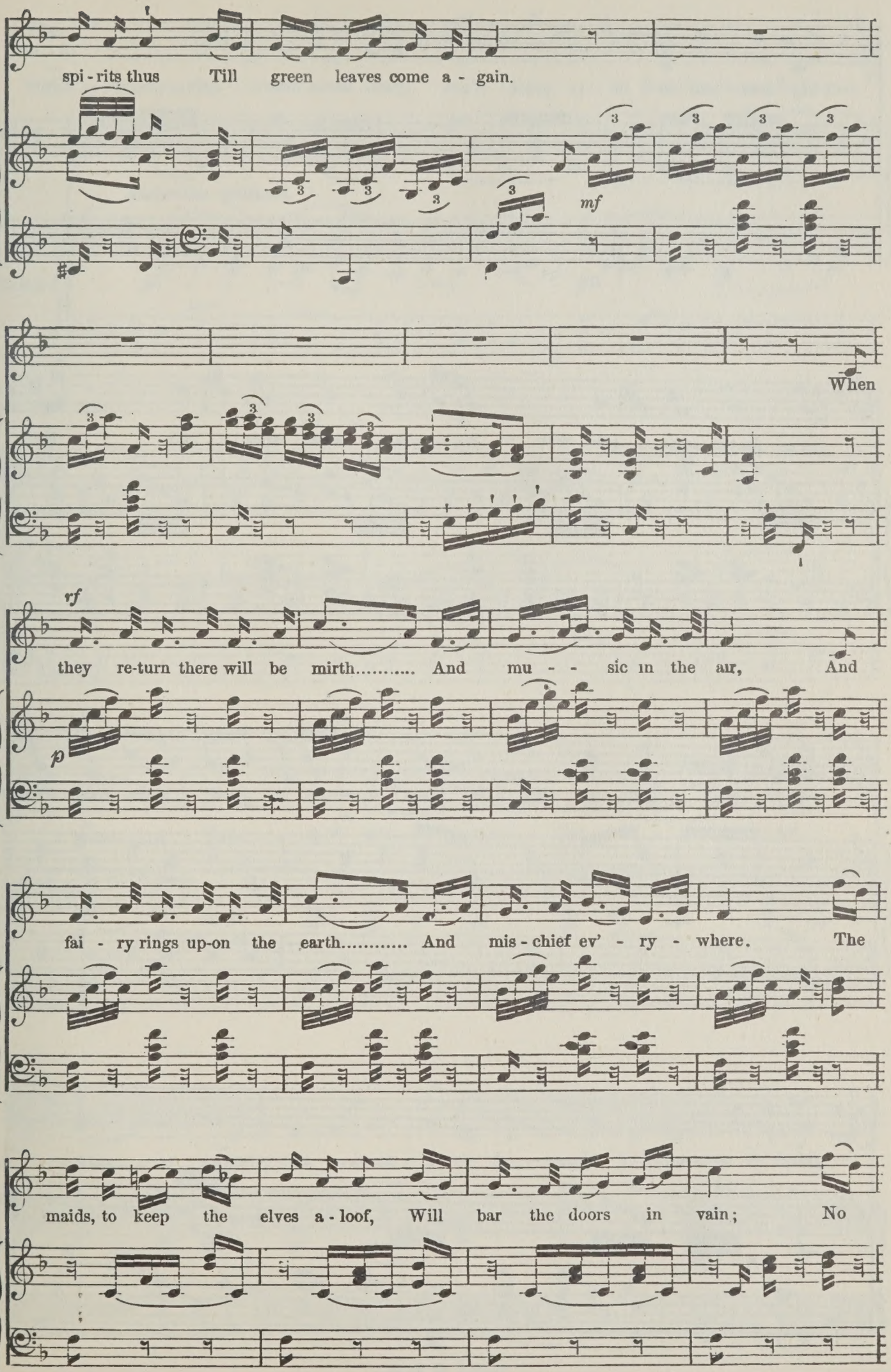
where do fai - ries hide their heads,..... When snow.... lies on the hills?.... When

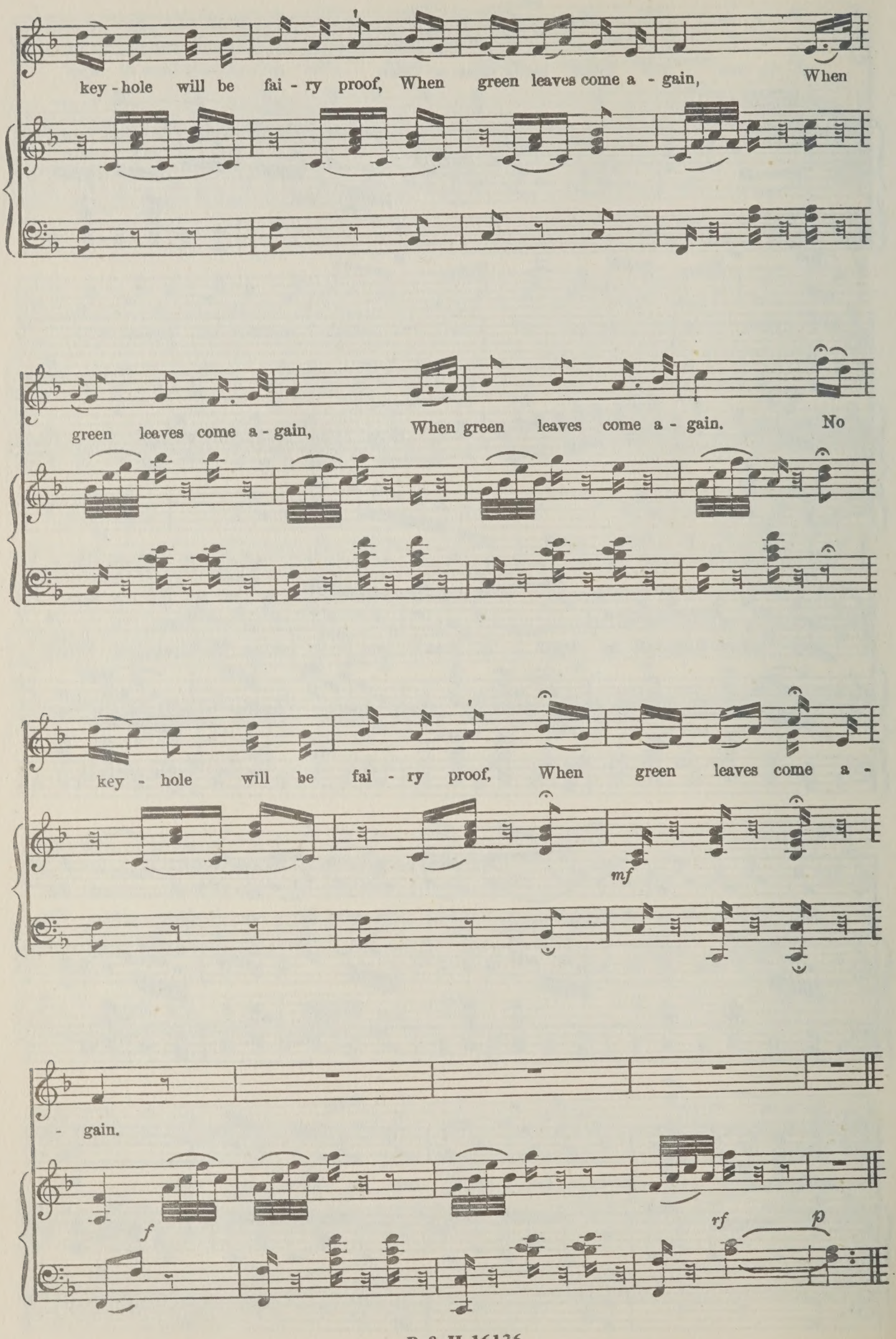
p

frost has spoil'd their mos - sy beds..... And... crys - tal - lized their... rills? Be...


- - neath the moon they can - not trip In cir - cles o'er the plain; And
draughts of dew they can - not sip, Till green leaves come a - gain, Till
green leaves come a - gain, Till green leaves come a - gain; Oh!
mf
draughts of dew they can-not sip, Till green leaves come a - gain.
p
mf
Per -

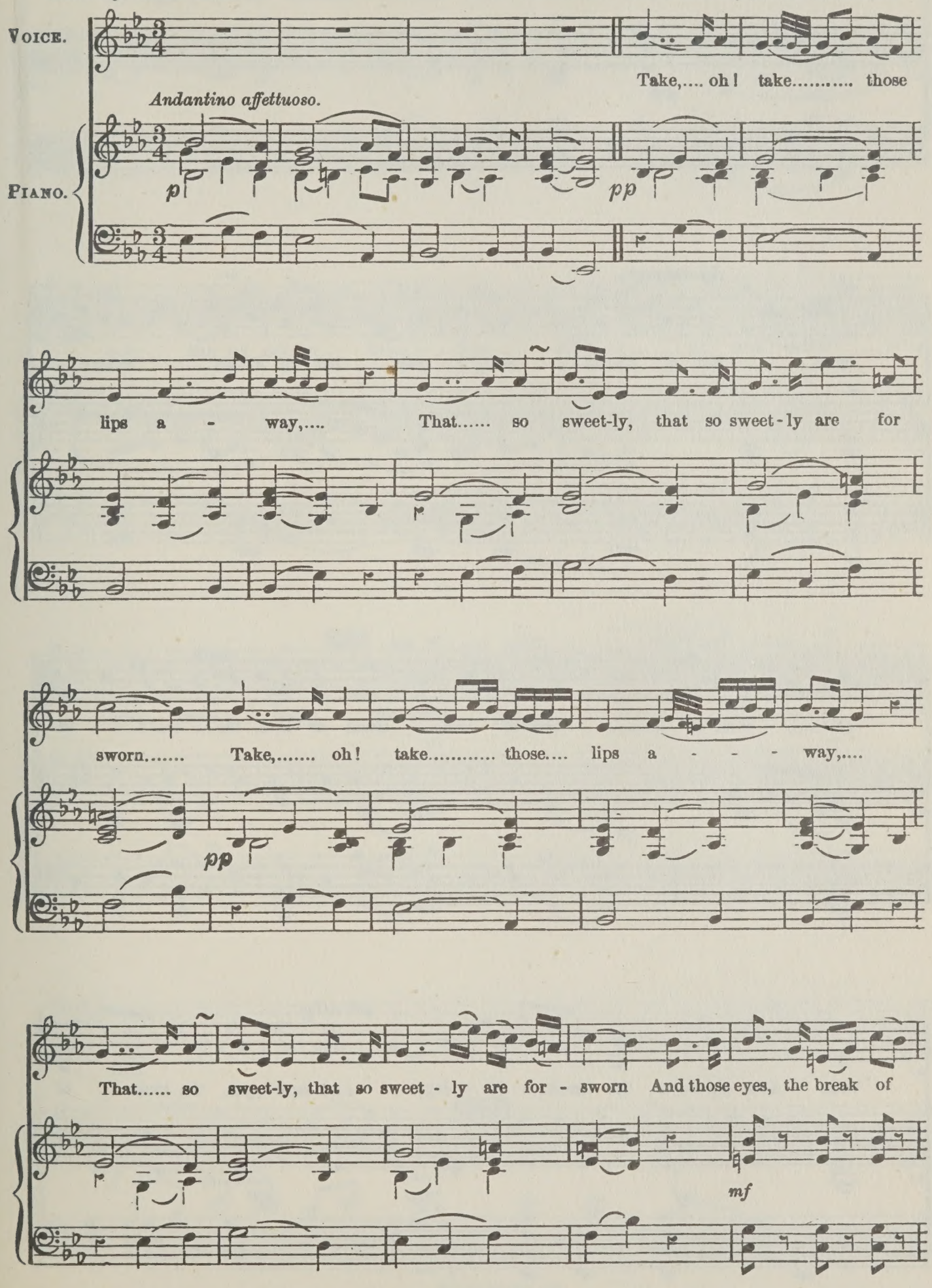

- haps in small blue div - ing bells,... They... plunge... beneath the waves; In
- ha - bit - ing the wreathed shells... That... lie in co ral.... caves; Per -
- haps in red... Ve - - su - vi - us Ca - - rou - sal.... they main - tain, And
cheer..... their lit - tle spi - rits thus, Till green leaves come a - gain, Till
green leaves come a - gain, Till... green leaves come a - gain, They cheer... their lit - tle
ten.

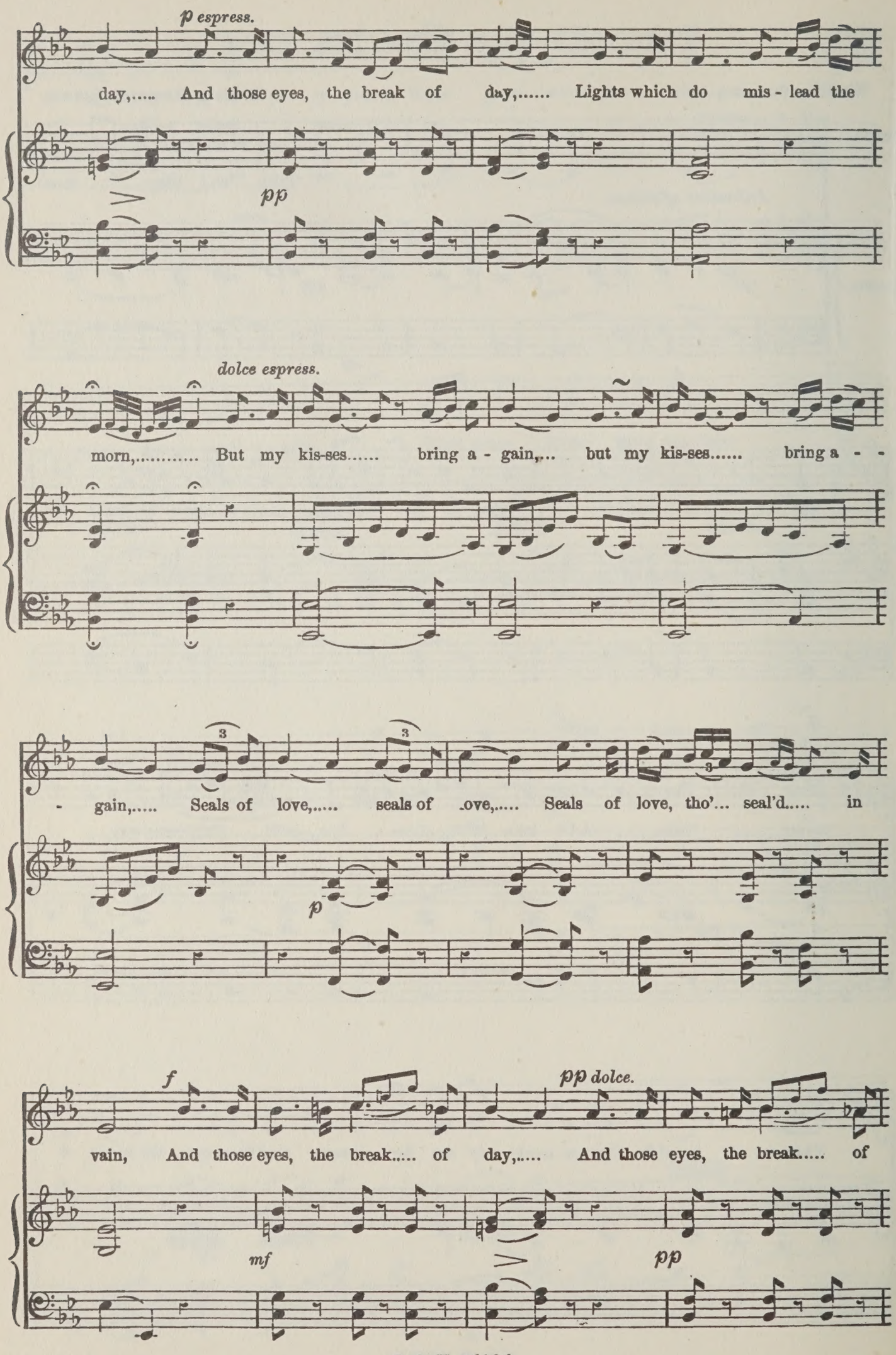

spi - rits thus Till green leaves come a - gain.
mf
When
rf
they re-turn there will be mirth..... And mu - - sic in the air, And
p
fai - ry rings up-on the earth..... And mis - chief ev' - ry - where. The
maids, to keep the elves a - loof, Will bar the doors in vain; No

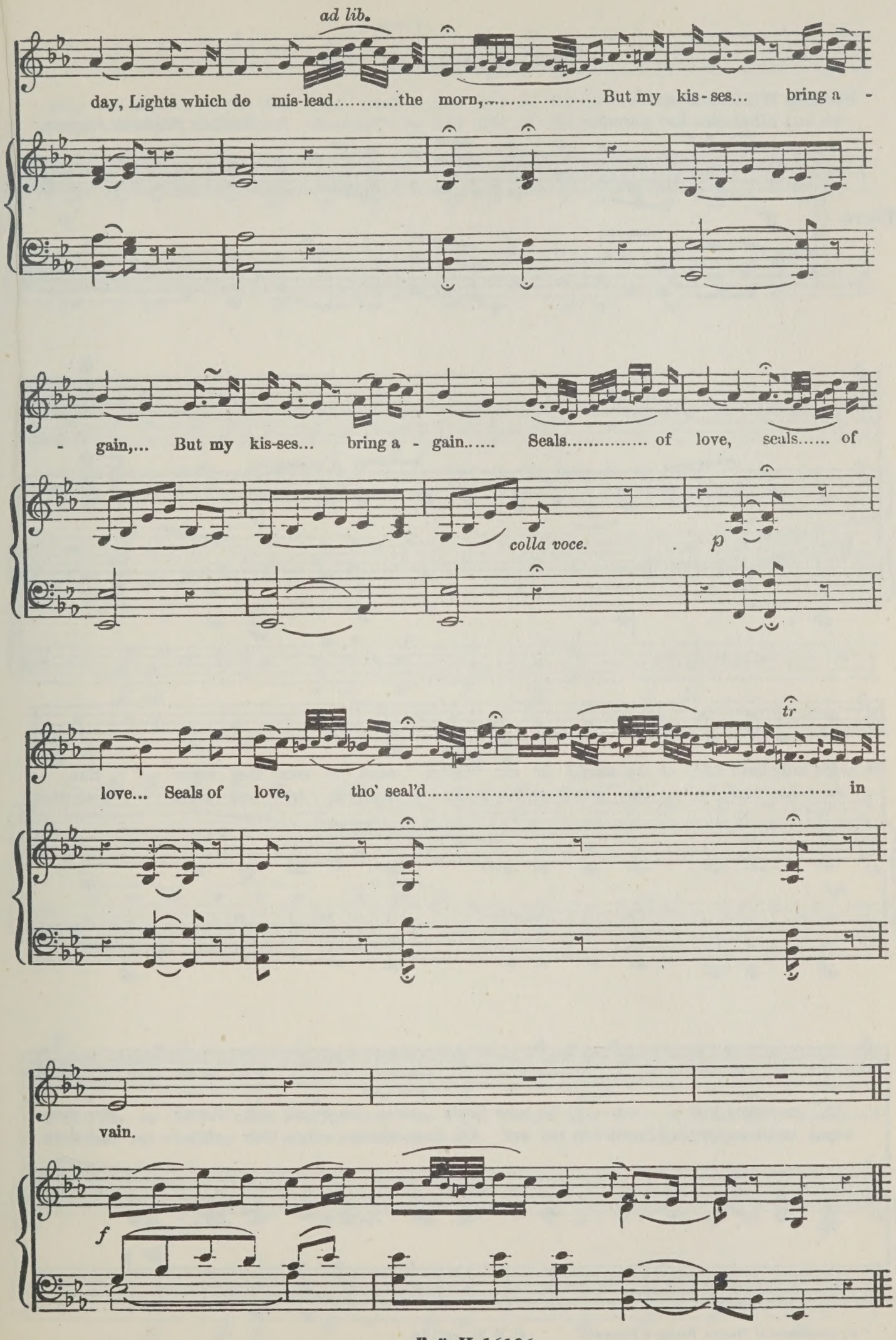

key - hole will be fai - ry proof, When green leaves come a - gain, When
green leaves come a - gain, When green leaves come a - gain. No
key - hole will be fai - ry proof, When green leaves come a -
mf
- gain.
f
rf
p

Take, oh! take those lips away.

Words by SHAKSPEARE. Music by HENRY R. BISHOP.




p espress.
day,..... And those eyes, the break of day,..... Lights which do mis - lead the
pp
dolce espress.
morn,..... But my kis-ses..... bring a - gain,... but my kis-ses..... bring a - -
- gain,..... Seals of love,..... seals of .ove,..... Seals of love, tho'... seal'd..... in
p
f
pp dolce.
vain, And those eyes, the break..... of day,..... And those eyes, the break..... of
mf
pp

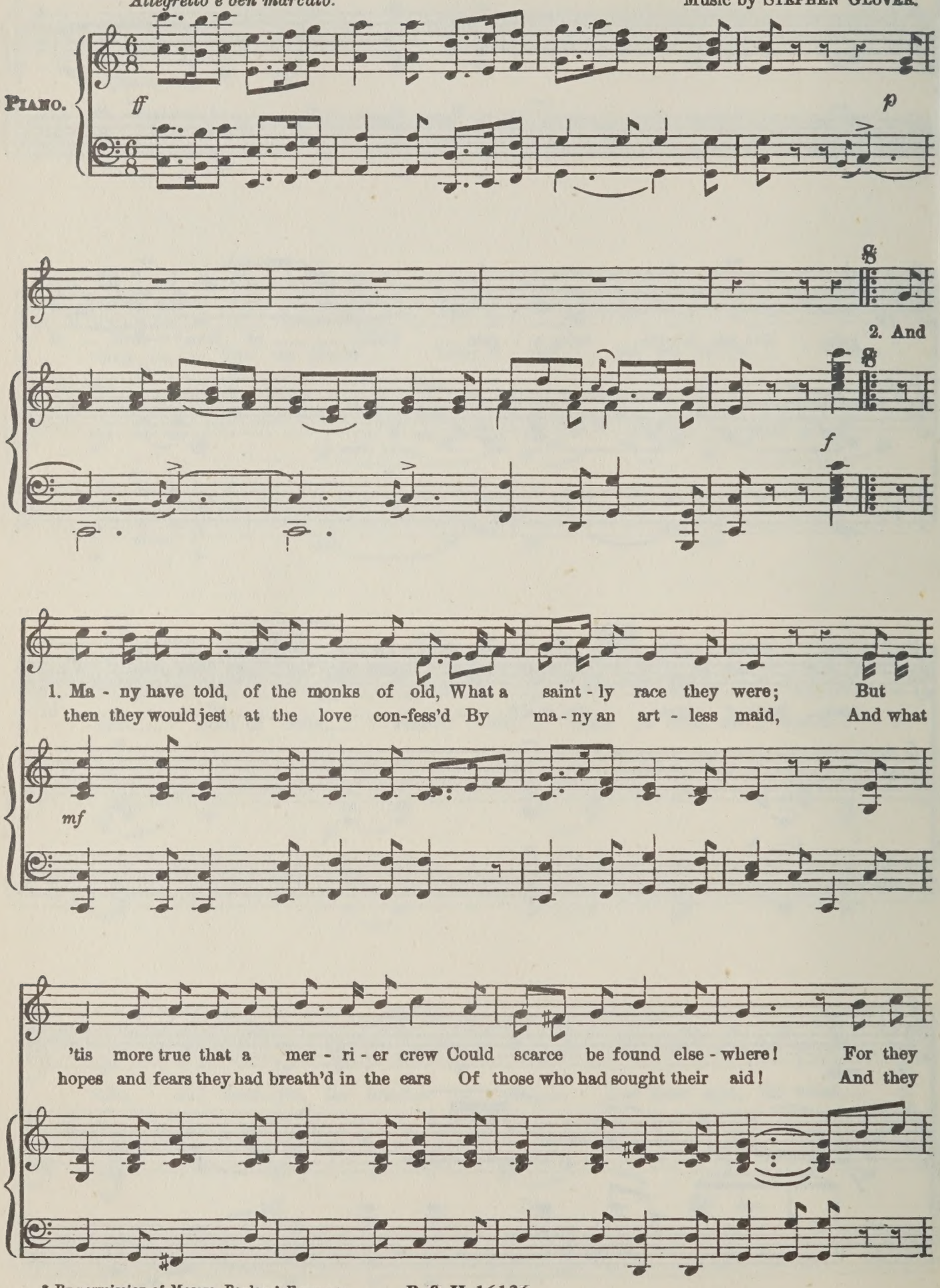

ad lib.
day, Lights which do mis-lead.....the morn,..... But my kis-ses... bring a -
- gain,... But my kis-ses... bring a - gain..... Seals..... of love, seals..... of
colla voce.
p
tr
love... Seals of love, tho' seal'd..... in
vain.
f

The Monks of old.

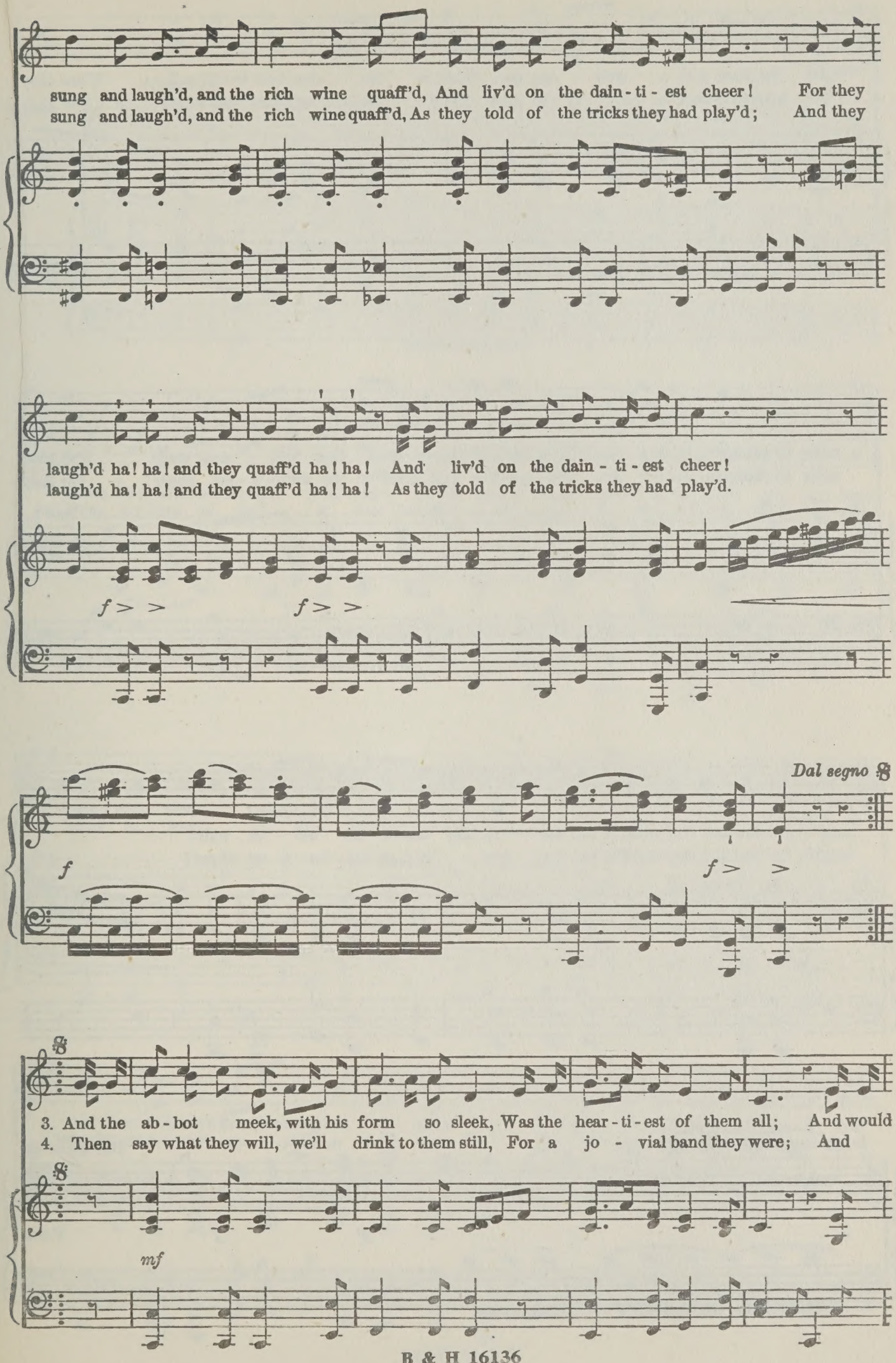
Words by WILLIAM JONES.*

Allegretto e ben marcato.

Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.



* By permission of Messrs. Bayley & Ferguson.


sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, And liv'd on the dain - ti - est cheer! For they
sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, As they told of the tricks they had play'd; And they
laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! And liv'd on the dain - ti - est cheer!
laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! As they told of the tricks they had play'd.
f > > f > >
Dal segno 𝄋
f
f > >
3. And the ab - bot meek, with his form so sleek, Was the hear - ti - est of them all; And would
4. Then say what they will, we'll drink to them still, For a jo - vial band they were; And
mf

take his place with a smil - ing face, When re - fec - tion bell would call; When they
'tis most true that a mer - ri - er crew Could not... be found else-where; For they

sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, Till they shook the old - en wall! And they
sung and laugh'd, and the rich wine quaff'd, And liv'd on the dain - ti - est cheer! For they

laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! Till they shook the old - en wall!
laugh'd ha! ha! and they quaff'd ha! ha! And liv'd on the dan - ti - est cheer!

f *f*

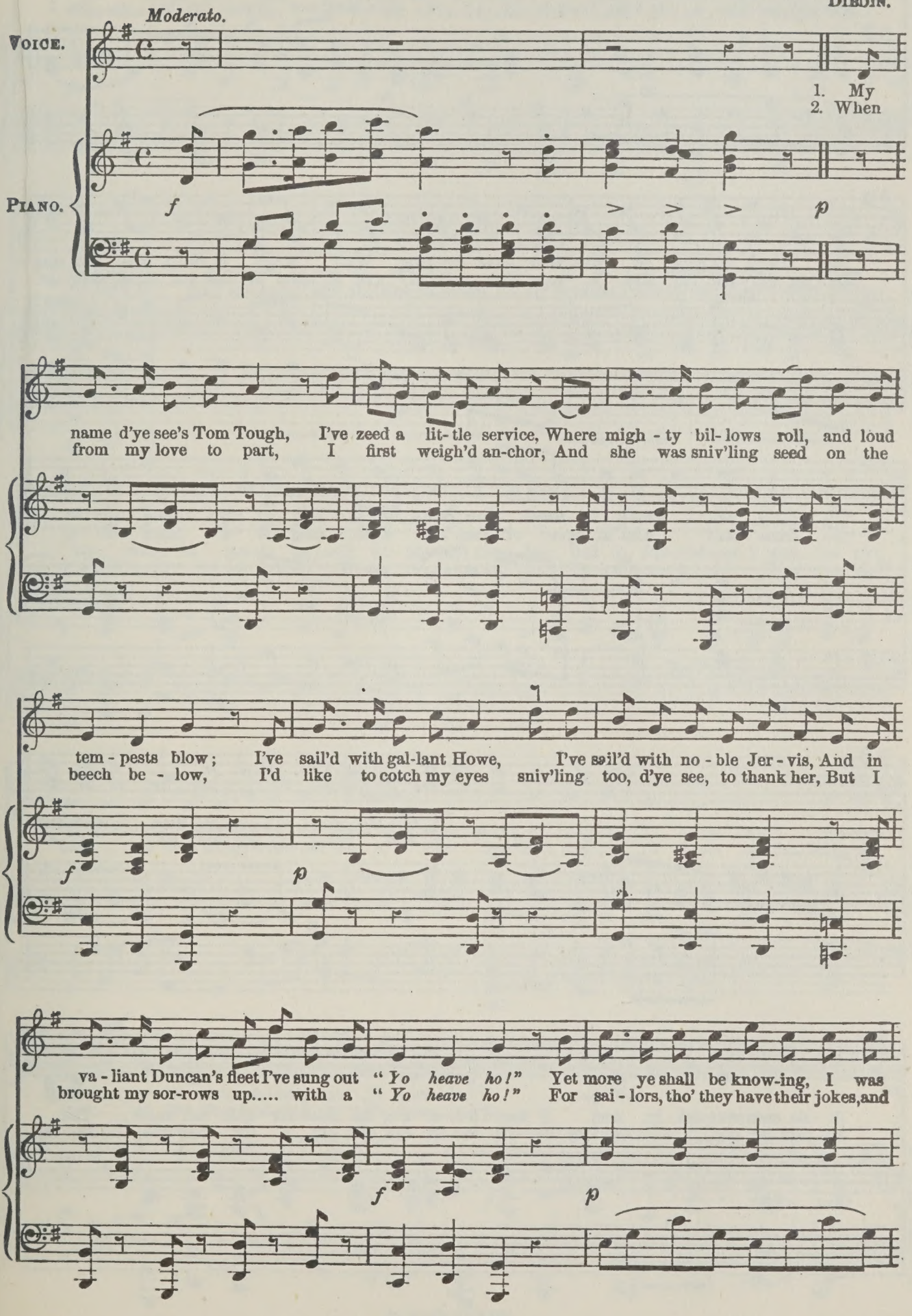
Dal segno 𝄋

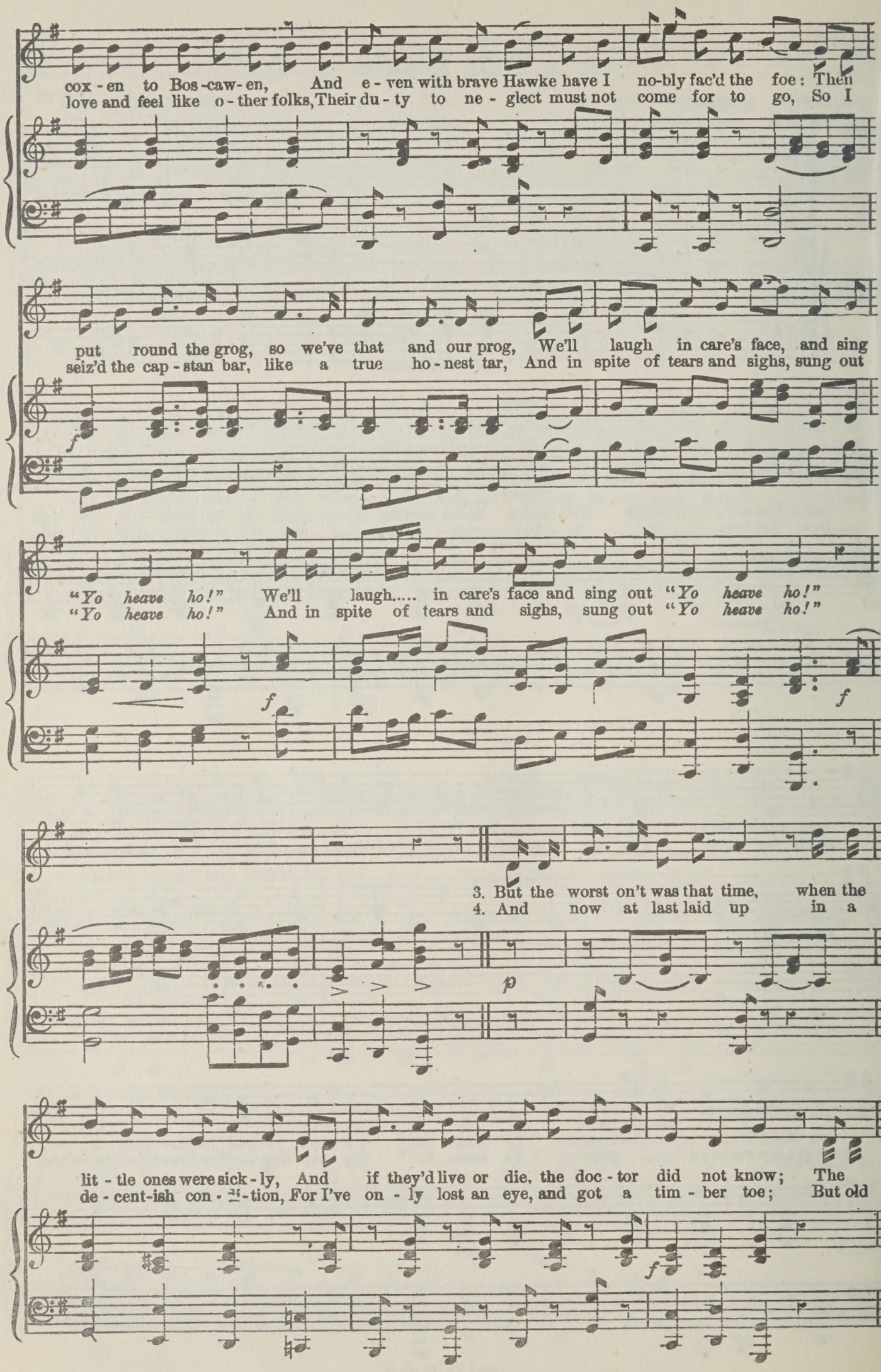
f *p* *f* FINE

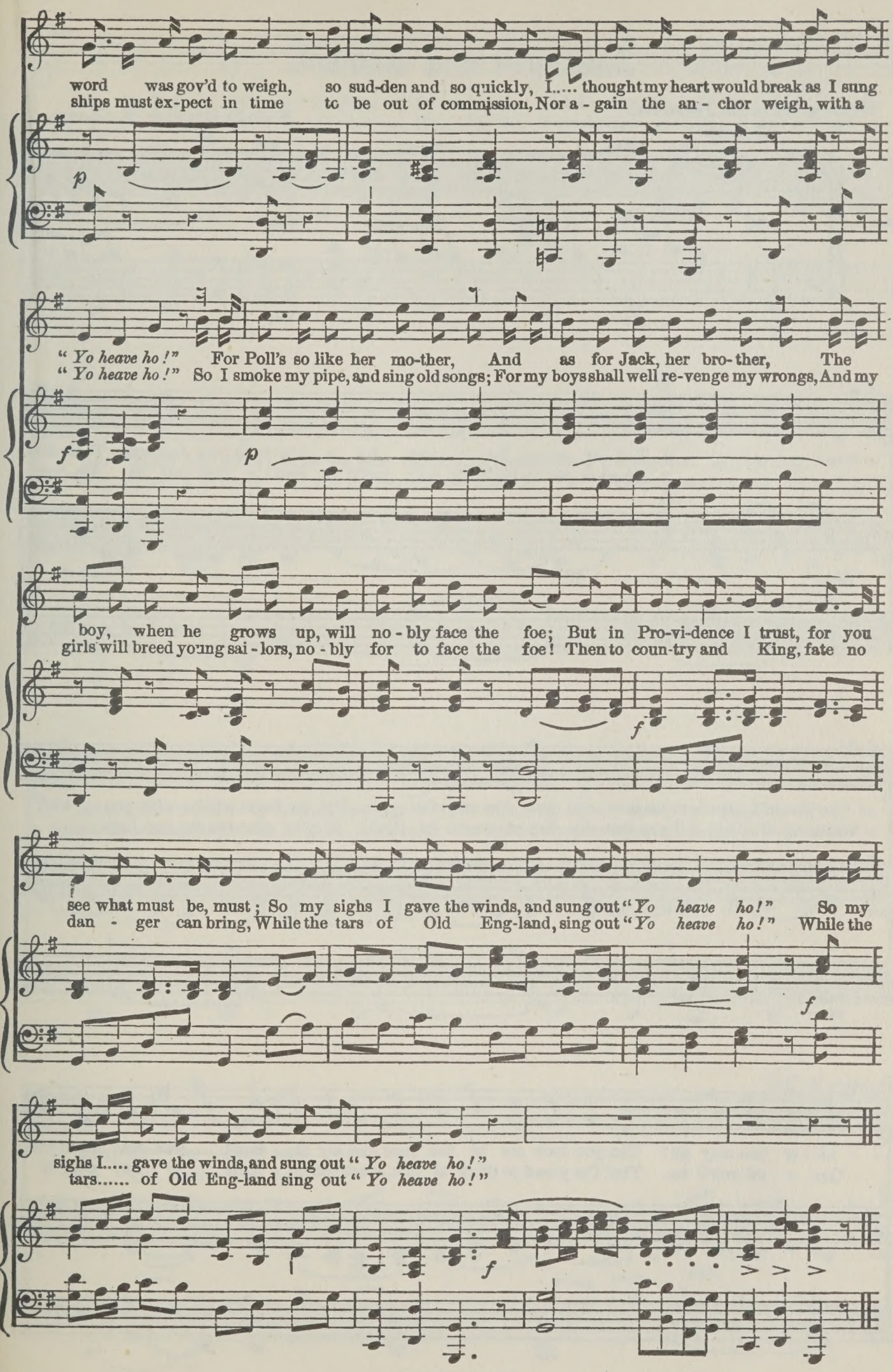
Tom Tough.

DIBDIN.

Moderato.




cox - en to Bos - caw - en, And e - ven with brave Hawke have I no-bly fac'd the foe: Then
love and feel like o - ther folks, Their du - ty to ne - glect must not come for to go, So I
put round the grog, so we've that and our prog, We'll laugh in care's face, and sing
seiz'd the cap - stan bar, like a true ho - nest tar, And in spite of tears and sighs, sung out
"Yo heave ho!" We'll laugh..... in care's face and sing out "Yo heave ho!"
"Yo heave ho!" And in spite of tears and sighs, sung out "Yo heave ho!"
3. But the worst on't was that time, when the
4. And now at last laid up in a
lit - tle ones were sick - ly, And if they'd live or die, the doc - tor did not know; The
de - cent-ish con - di - tion, For I've on - ly lost an eye, and got a tim - ber toe; But old


word was gov'd to weigh, so sud-den and so quickly, I..... thought my heart would break as I sung
ships must ex-pect in time to be out of commission, Nor a - gain the an - chor weigh, with a
p
"Yo heave ho!" For Poll's so like her mo-ther, And as for Jack, her bro- ther, The
"Yo heave ho!" So I smoke my pipe, and sing old songs; For my boys shall well re-venge my wrongs, And my
f
p
boy, when he grows up, will no - bly face the foe; But in Pro-vi-dence I trust, for you
girls will breed young sai - lors, no - bly for to face the foe! Then to coun-try and King, fate no
f
see what must be, must; So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out "Yo heave ho!" So my
dan - ger can bring, While the tars of Old Eng-land, sing out "Yo heave ho!" While the
f
sighs I..... gave the winds, and sung out "Yo heave ho!"
tars..... of Old Eng-land sing out "Yo heave ho!"
f

Jeannette and Jeannot.

Words by CHARLES JEFFERYS. Music by CHARLES W. GLOVER.

Moderato.

PIANO.

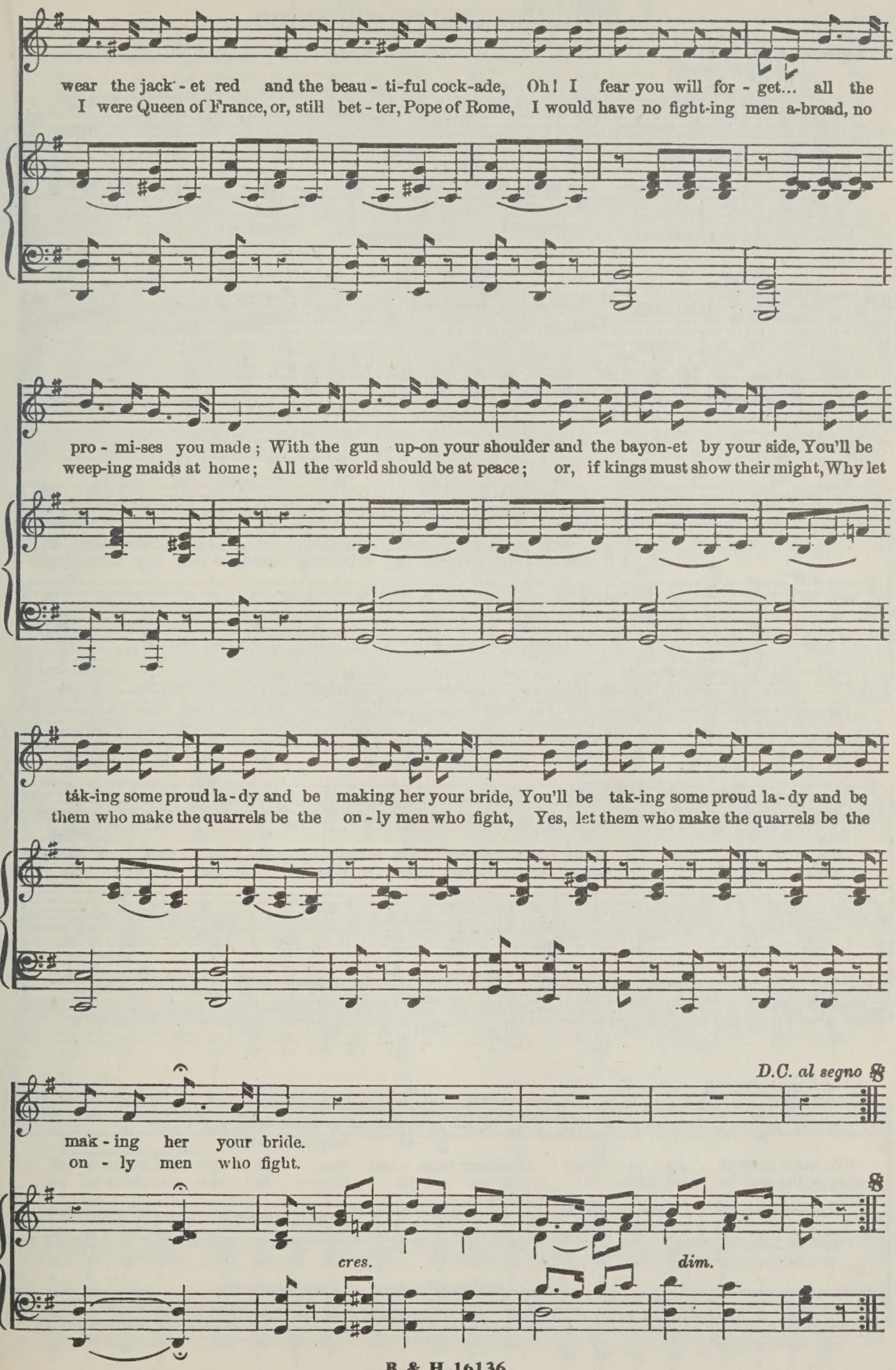
mf *cres.*

1. You are go-ing far a-way, far a-way from poor Jeannette, There is
2. Or when glo-ry leads the way you'll be mad-ly rush-ing on, Ne-ver

dim. *p*

no one left to love me now, and you, too, may for-get; But my heart will be with you wher-
think-ing if they kill you that my hap-pi-ness is gone; If you win the day, per-haps a-

-ev-er you may go! Can you look me in the face and say the same,.... Jean-not? When you
Gen-e-ral you'll be, Tho' I'm proud to think of that, what *will* be-come ... of me? Oh! if


wear the jack - et red and the beau - ti-ful cock-ade, Oh! I fear you will for - get... all the
I were Queen of France, or, still bet - ter, Pope of Rome, I would have no fight-ing men a-broad, no
pro - mi-ses you made; With the gun up-on your shoulder and the bayon-et by your side, You'll be
weep-ing maids at home; All the world should be at peace; or, if kings must show their might, Why let
ták-ing some proud la - dy and be making her your bride, You'll be tak-ing some proud la - dy and be
them who make the quarrels be the on - ly men who fight, Yes, let them who make the quarrels be the
D.C. al segno
mak - ing her your bride.
on - ly men who fight.
cres.
dim.

I love the merry sunshine.

Words by J. W. LAKE.

Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO.

mf *p*

cres - - - cen - - - do.

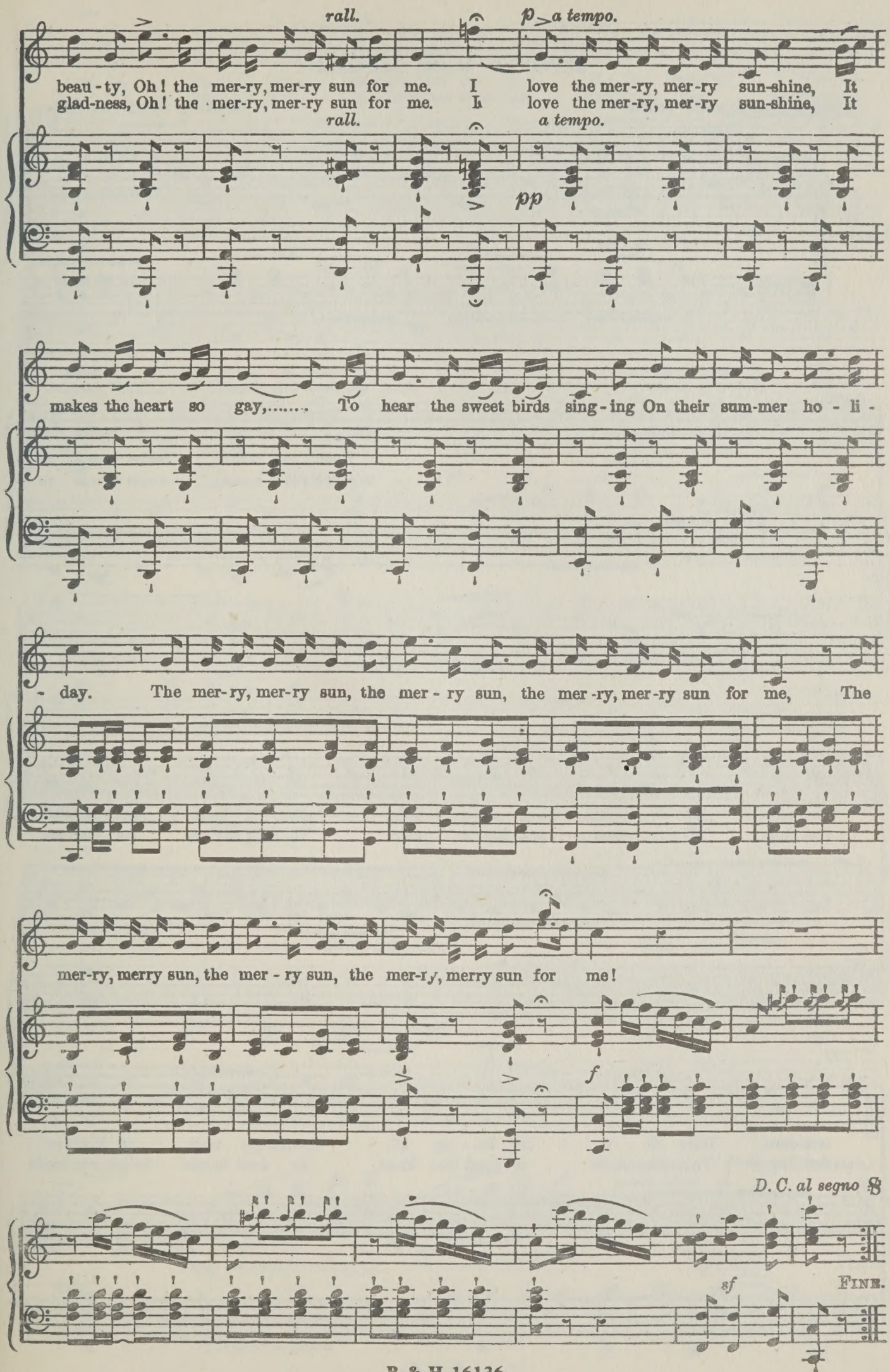
1. I love the merry, mer-ry sun-shine, It..... makes the heart so
2. I love the merry, mer-ry sun-shine, Thro' the dew - y morn-ing's

sf *pp*

gay,..... To..... hear the sweet birds sing-ing On their sum-mer ho - li - day, With their
show'r, With its ro - sy smiles ad - vancing Like a beau-ty from her bow'r! It

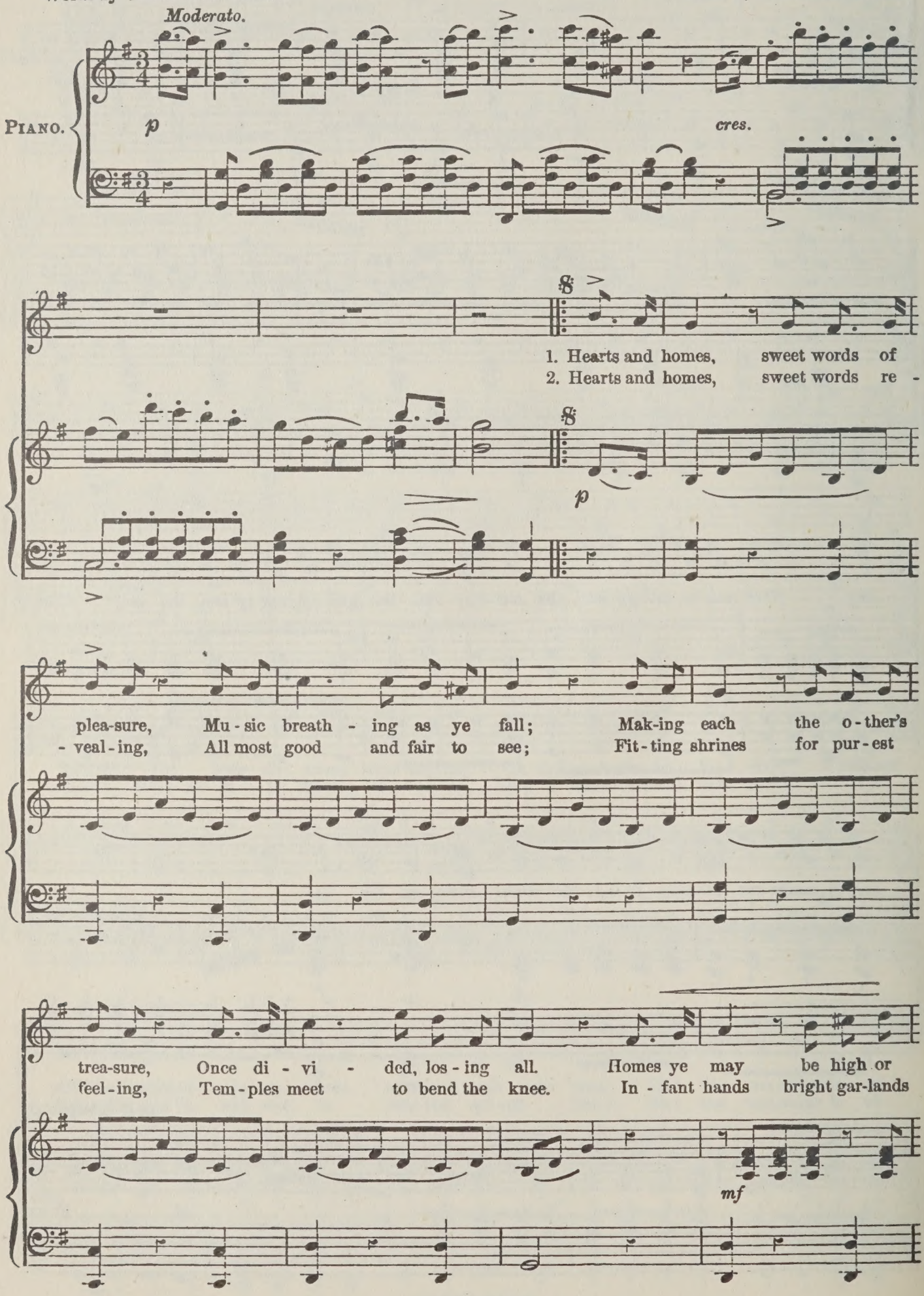
wild wood notes of du - ty, From hawthorn bush and tree, Oh! the sun-shine is all
charms the soul in sad-ness, It sets the spi - rit free;— Oh! the sun-shine is all

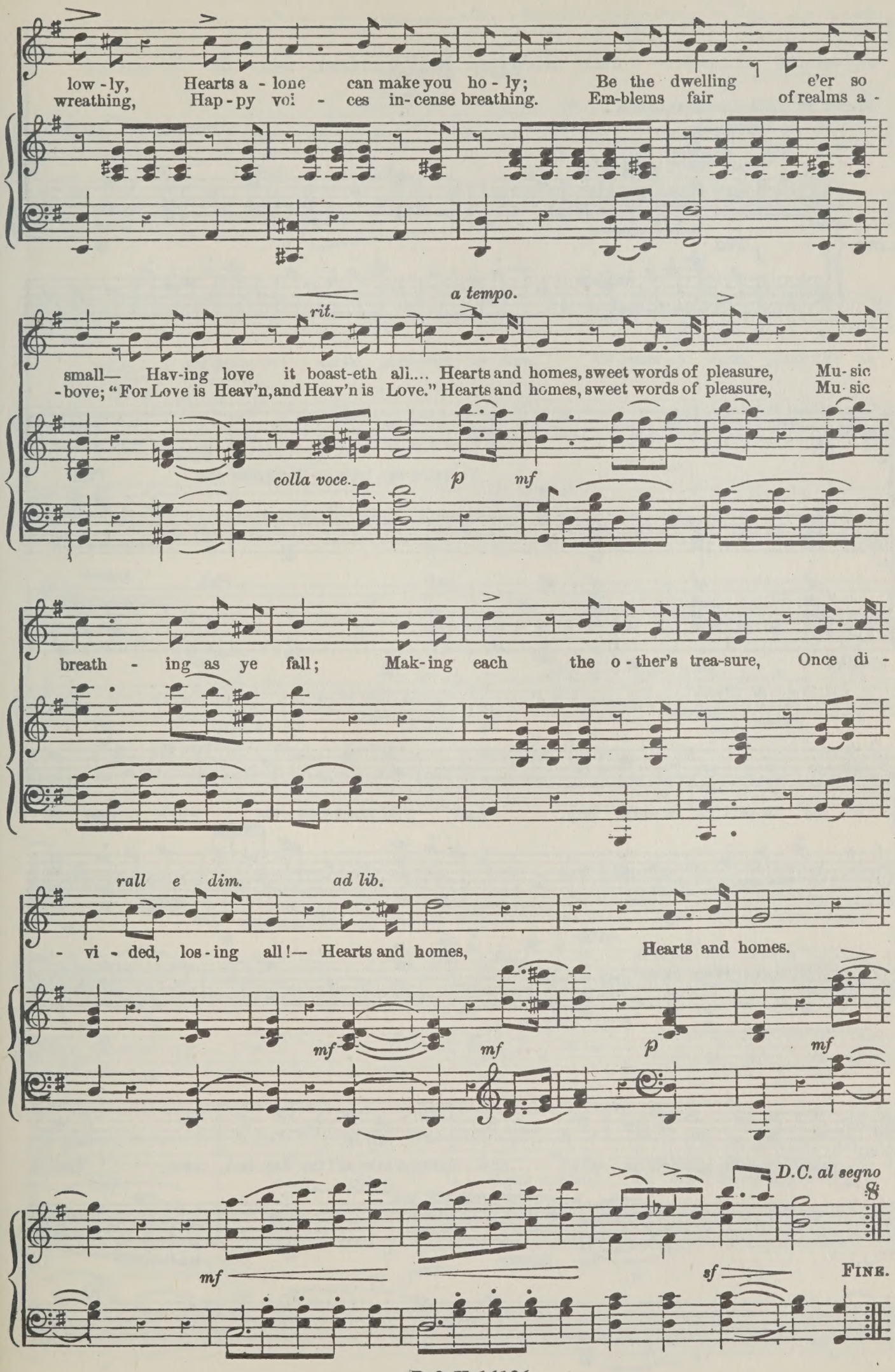
cres.


rall.
p a tempo.
beau-ty, Oh! the mer-ry, mer-ry sun for me. I love the mer-ry, mer-ry sun-shine, It
glad-ness, Oh! the mer-ry, mer-ry sun for me. I love the mer-ry, mer-ry sun-shine, It
rall.
a tempo.
pp
makes the heart so gay,..... To hear the sweet birds sing-ing On their sum-mer ho-li-
-day. The mer-ry, mer-ry sun, the mer-ry sun, the mer-ry, mer-ry sun for me, The
mer-ry, merry sun, the mer-ry sun, the mer-ry, merry sun for me!
f
D. C. al segno 𝄋
sf
FINE.

Hearts and Homes.

Words by CHARLOTTE YOUNG. Music by JOHN BLOCKLEY.



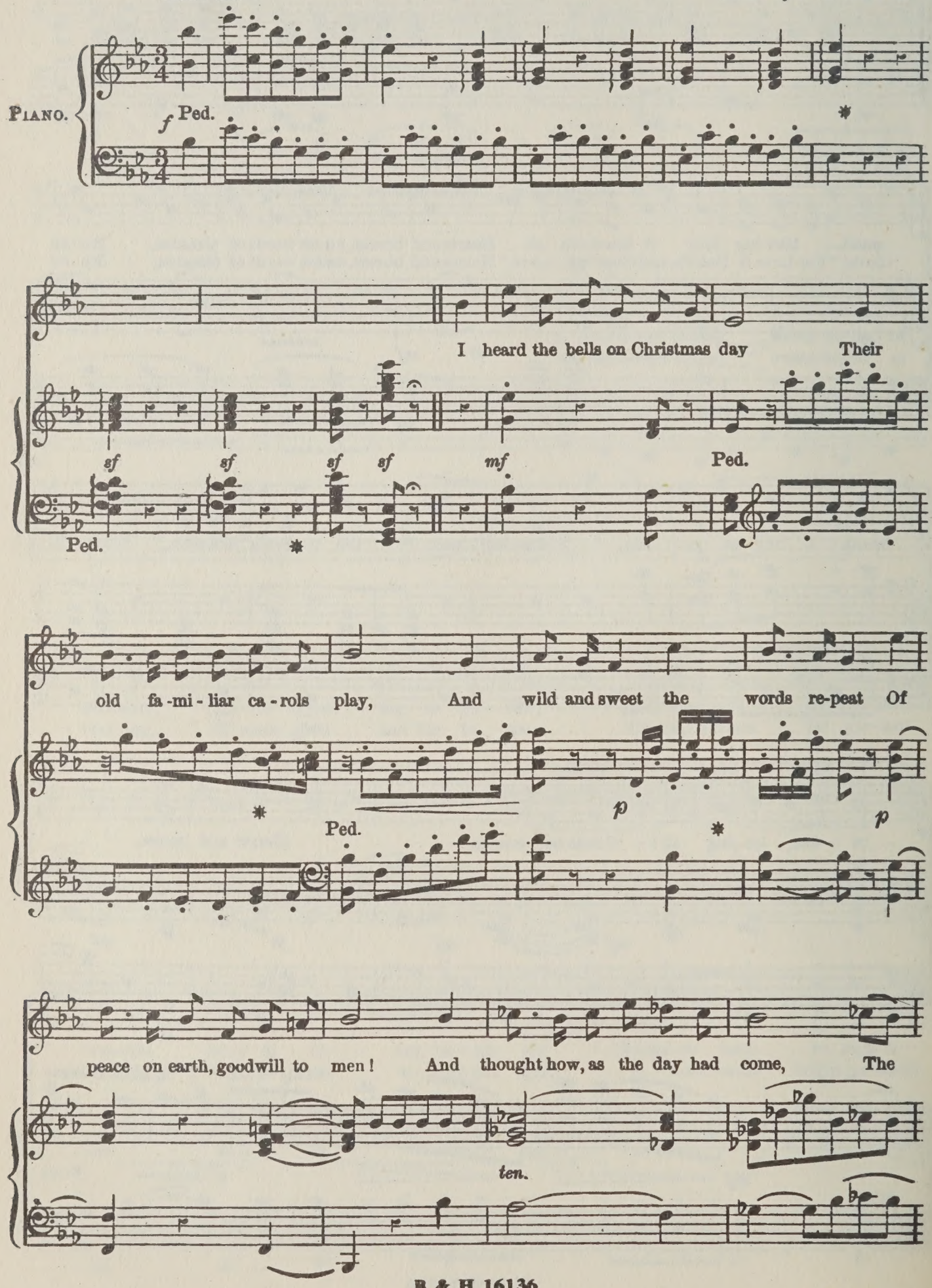

low-ly, Hearts a-lone can make you ho-ly; Be the dwelling e'er so
wreathing, Hap-py voi-ces in-cense breathing. Em-blems fair of realms a-
rit.
a tempo.
small— Hav-ing love it boast-eth all.... Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure, Mu-sic
-bove; "For Love is Heav'n, and Heav'n is Love." Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure, Mu-sic
colla voce.
p
mf
breath-ing as ye fall; Mak-ing each the o-ther's trea-sure, Once di-
rall e dim.
ad lib.
-vi-ded, los-ing all!— Hearts and homes, Hearts and homes.
mf
mf
p
mf
D.C. al segno
mf
sf
FINE.

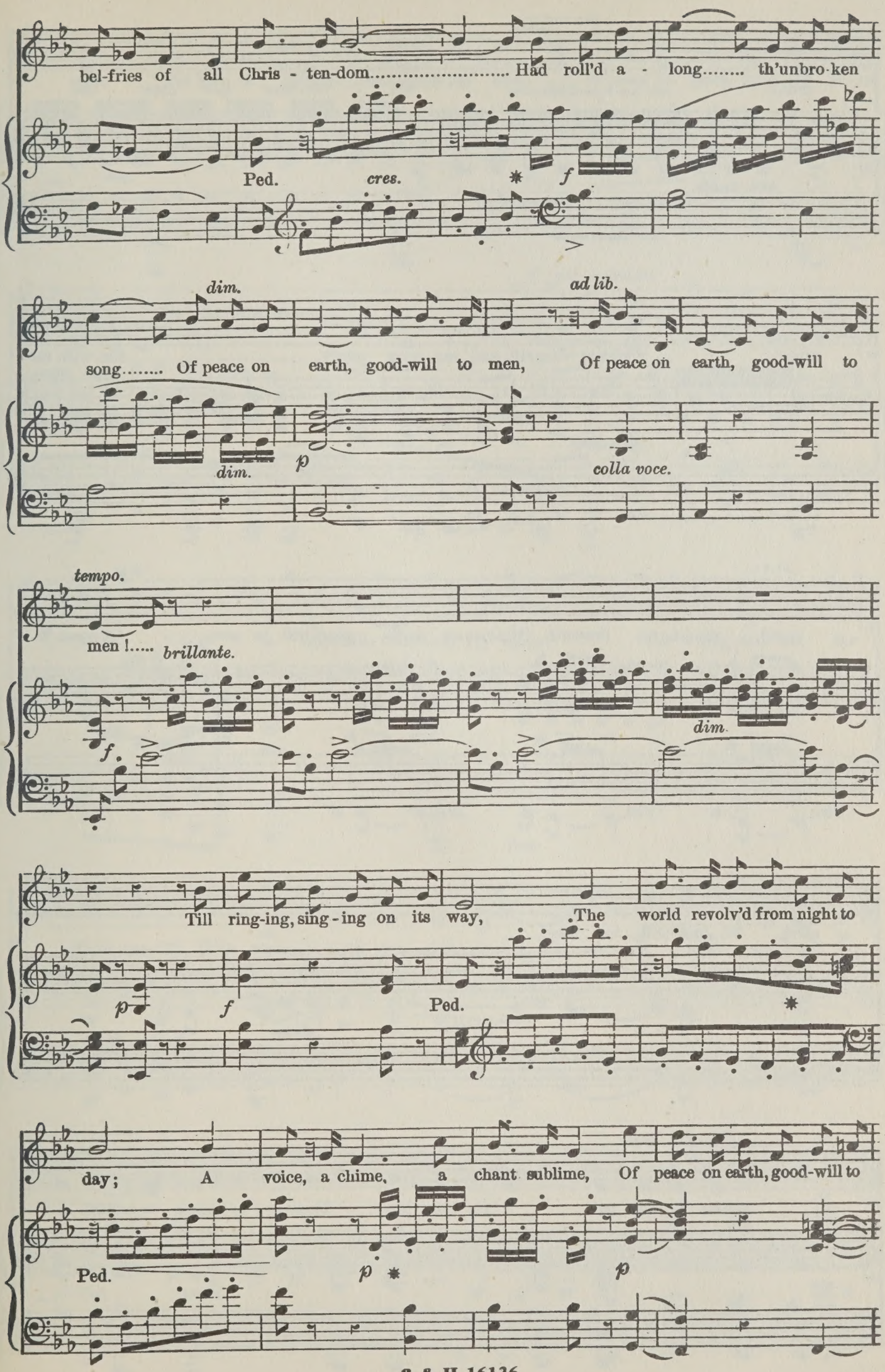
The Bells.

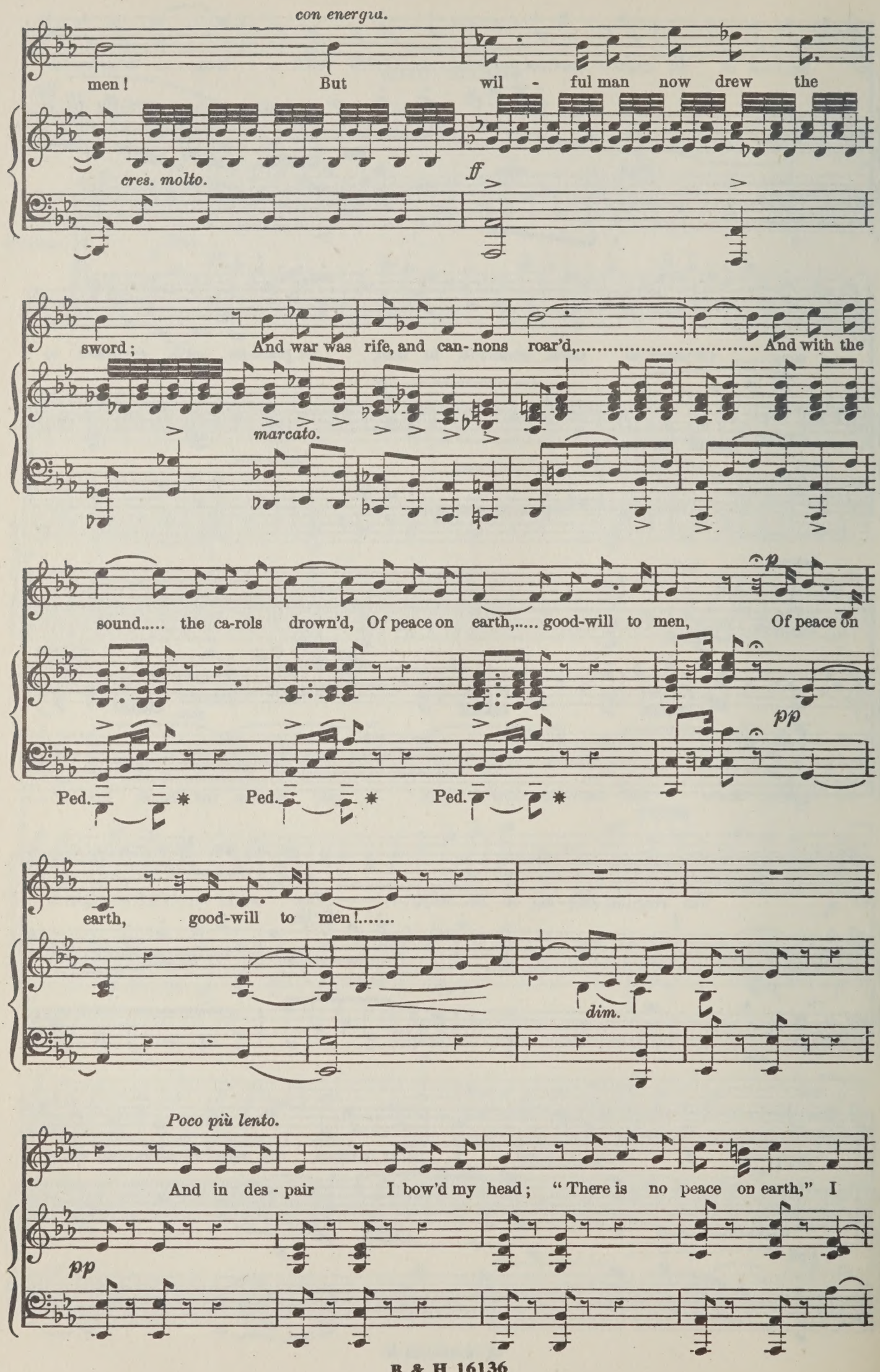
Words by H. W. Longfellow.

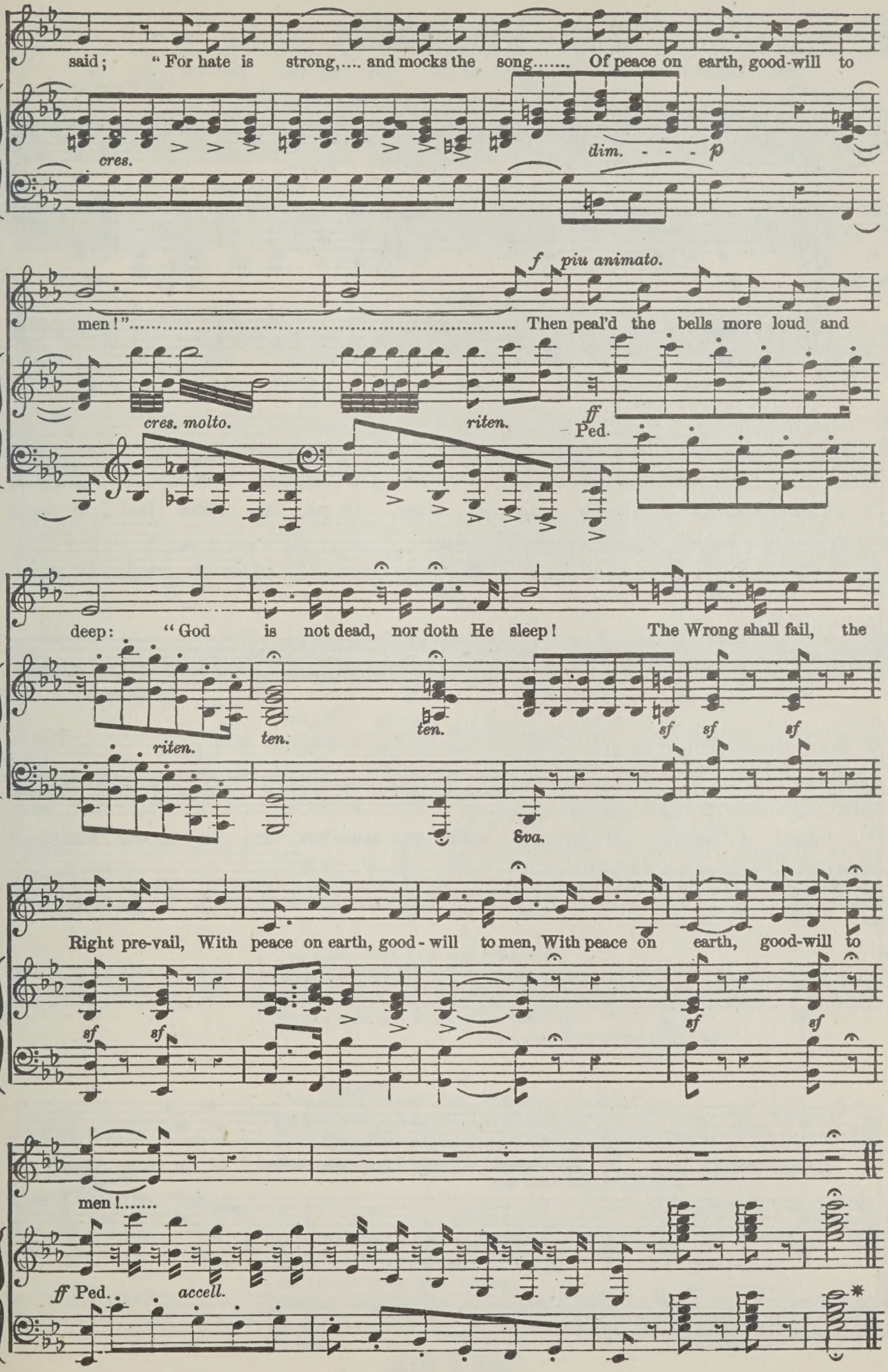
Moderato.

Music by J. L. Hatton.




bel-fries of all Chris - ten-dom..... Had roll'd a - long..... th'unbro-ken
Ped.
cres.
f
dim.
ad lib.
song..... Of peace on earth, good-will to men, Of peace on earth, good-will to
dim.
p
colla voce.
tempo.
men !..... brillante.
f
dim.
Till ring-ing, sing - ing on its way, The world revolv'd from night to
p
f
Ped.
day; A voice, a chime, a chant sublime, Of peace on earth, good-will to
Ped.
p
p


con energia.
men! But wil - ful man now drew the
cres. molto.
ff
sword; And war was rife, and can- nons roar'd,..... And with the
marcato.
sound..... the ca-rols drown'd, Of peace on earth,..... good-will to men, Of peace on
p
pp
Ped. Ped. Ped.
earth, good-will to men!.....
dim.
Poco più lento.
And in des - pair I bow'd my head; "There is no peace on earth," I
pp


said; "For hate is strong,.... and mocks the song..... Of peace on earth, good-will to
cres.
dim.
p
f piu animato.
men!"..... Then peal'd the bells more loud and
cres. molto.
riten.
ff
Ped.
deep: "God is not dead, nor doth He sleep! The Wrong shall fail, the
riten.
ten.
ten.
sf sf sf
8va.
Right pre-vail, With peace on earth, good-will to men, With peace on earth, good-will to
sf sf
sf sf
men!.....
ff Ped.
accell.

John Peel.

Old Hunting Song.

Allegro con spirito.

VOICE.

PIANO.

ff

D' ye

mf

ken John Peel with his coat so gay, D' ye ken John Peel at the

break o' the day, D' ye ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way With his

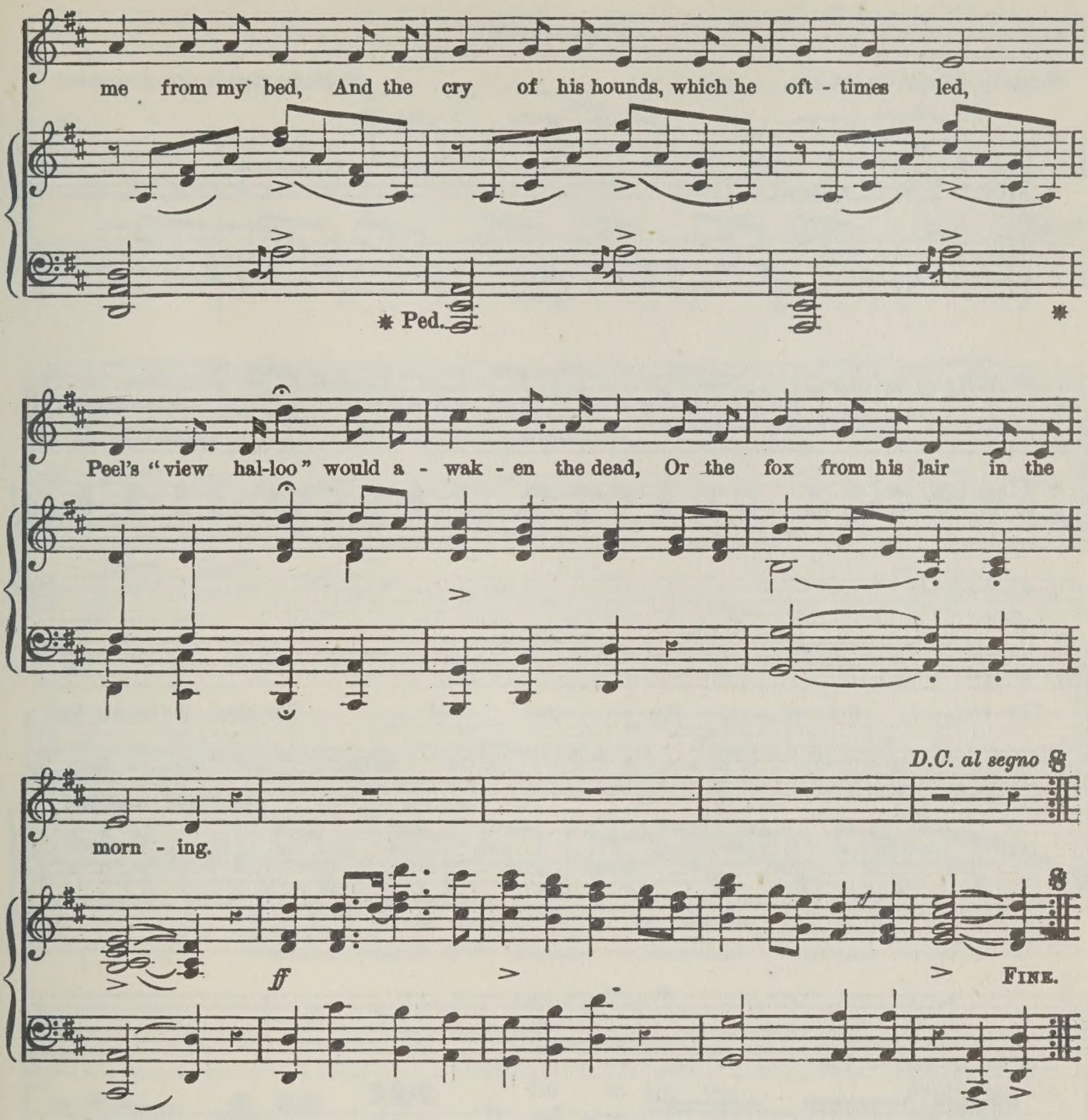
f

CHORUS.

hounds and his horn in the morn - ing? For the sound of his horn brought

ff

Ped.



2.

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True;
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.
For the sound of his horn, &c.

3.

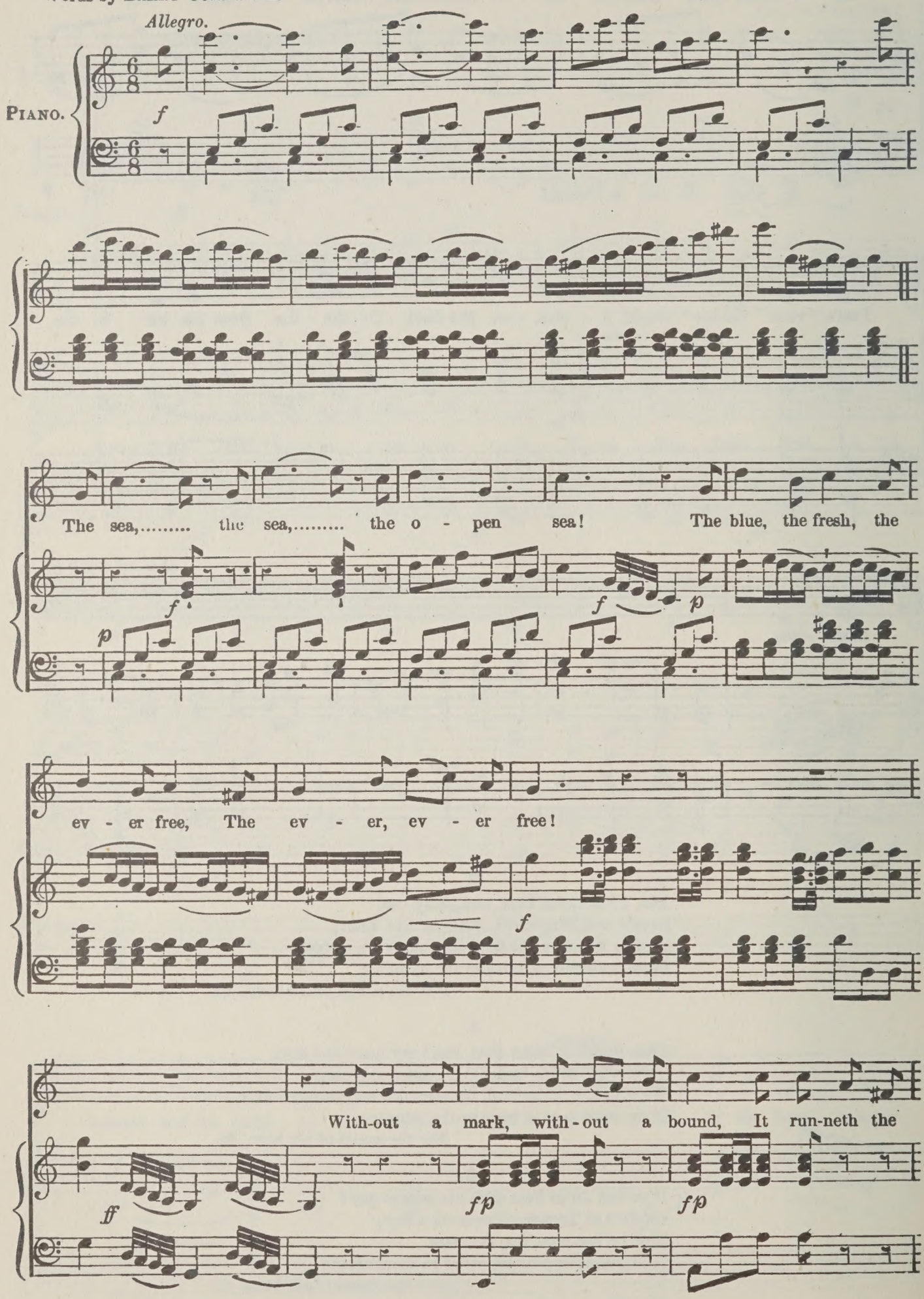
Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl;
We'll follow John Peel, through fair and through foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.
For the sound of his horn, &c.

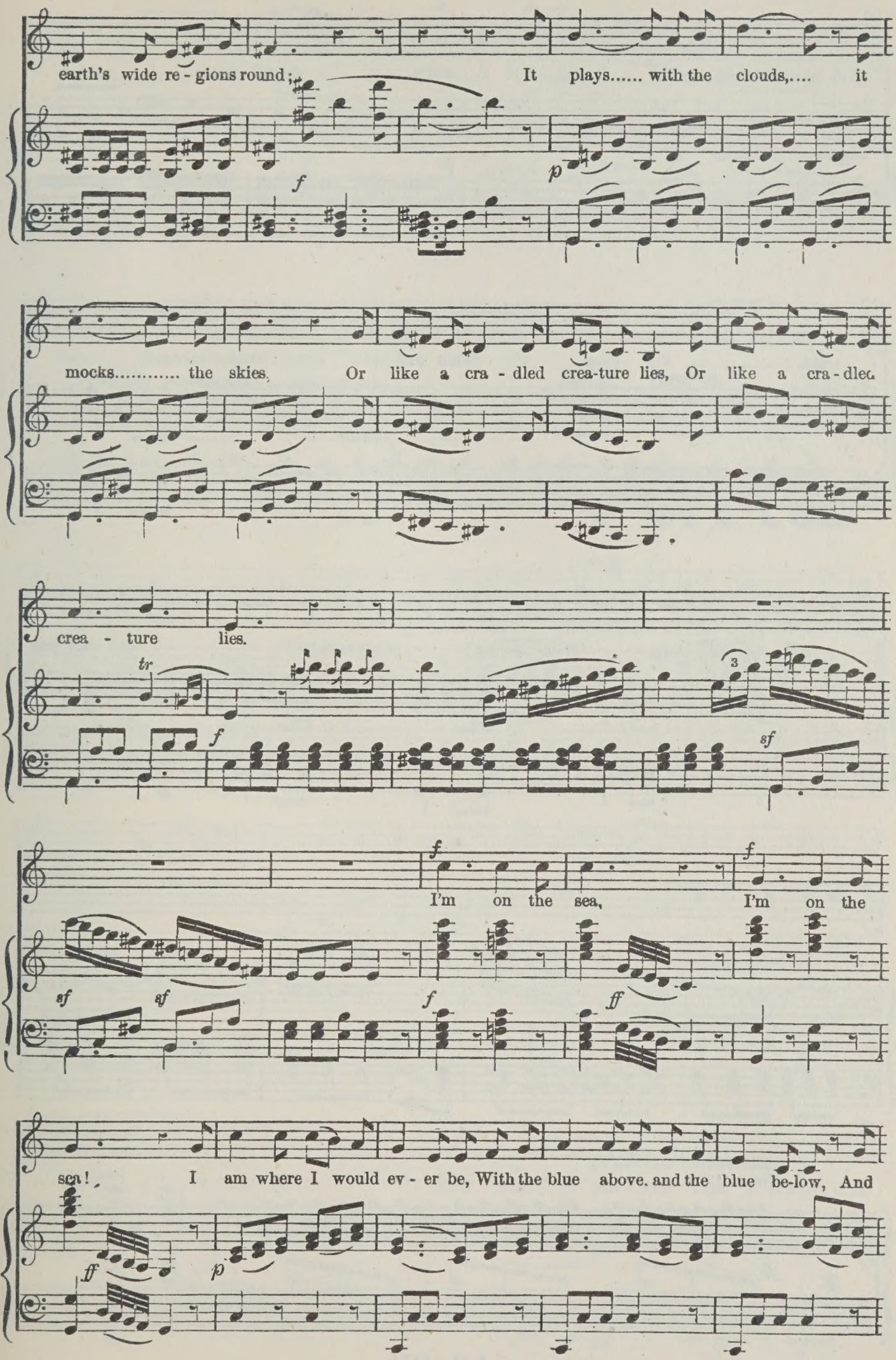
3.

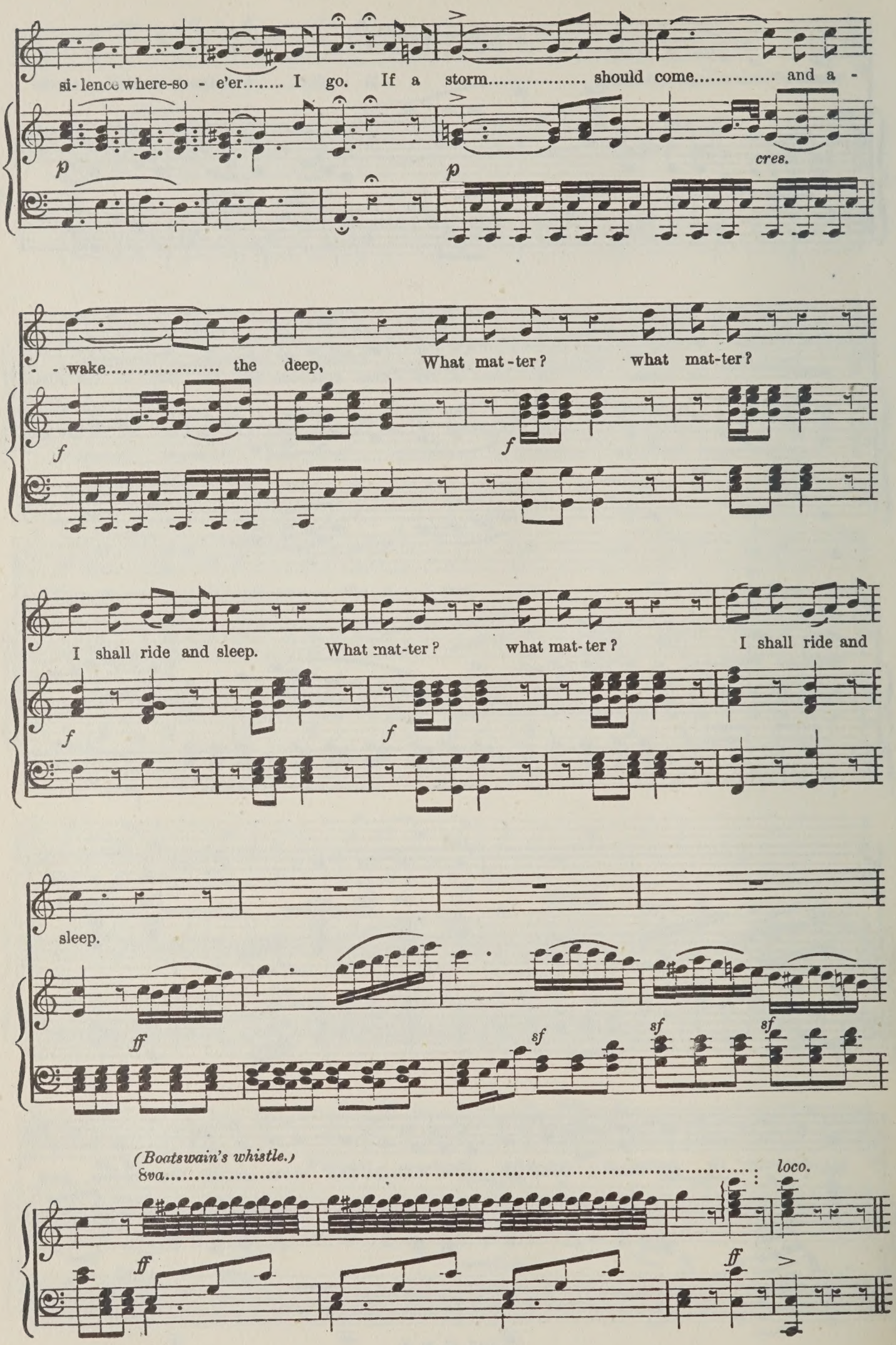
D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
He liv'd at Troutbeck once on a day;
Now he has gone far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.
For the sound of his horn, &c.

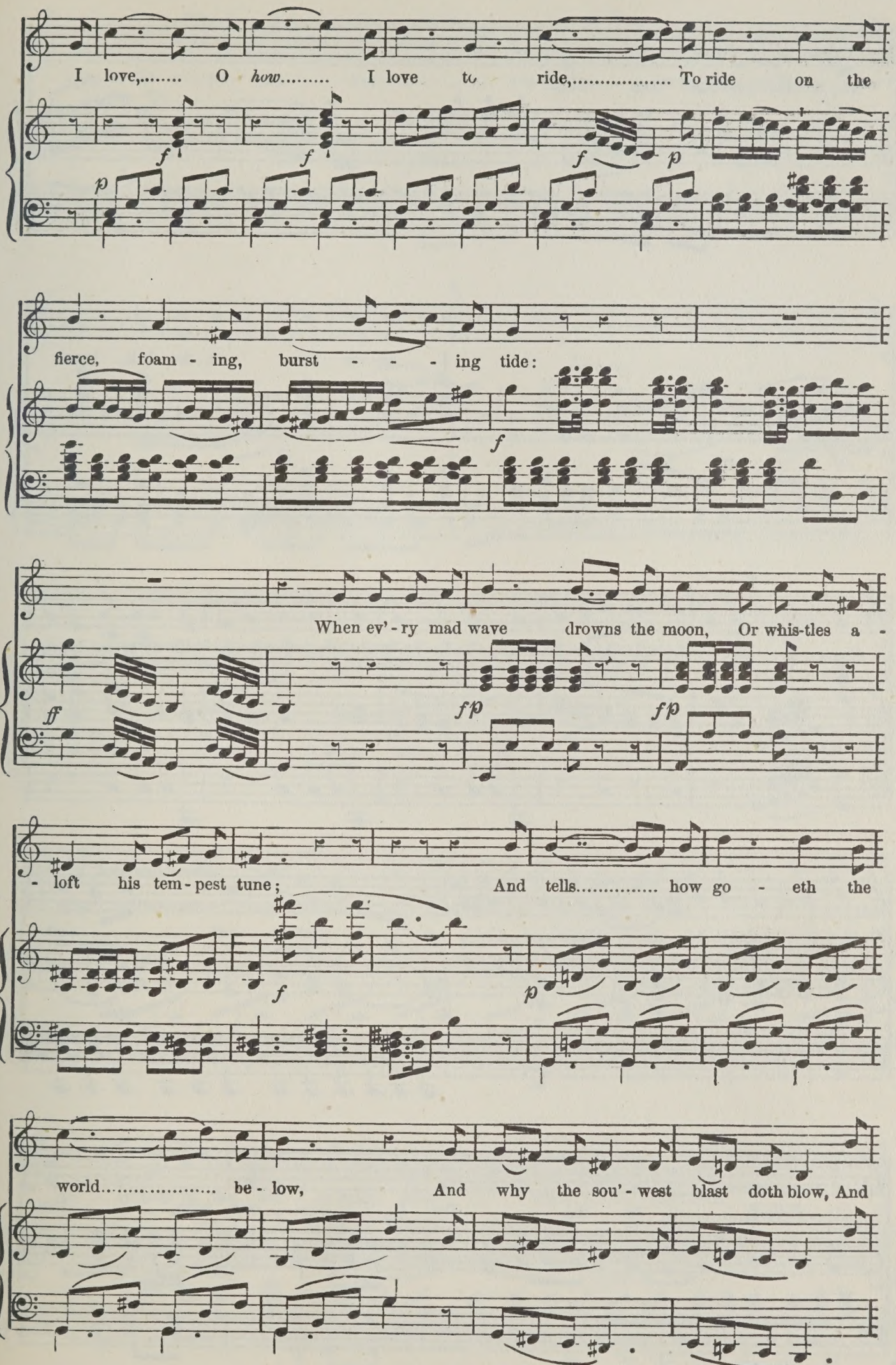
The Sea.

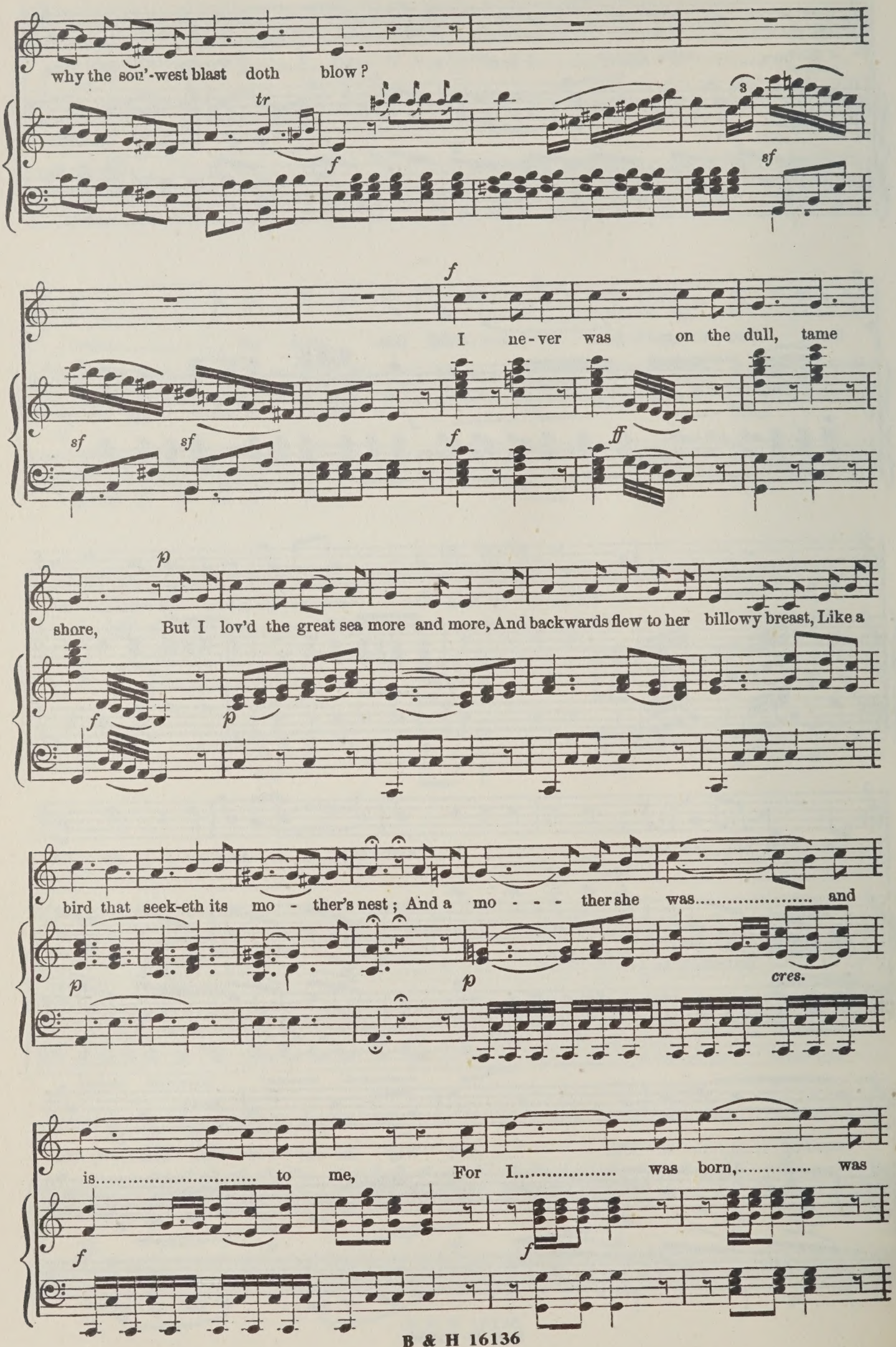
Words by BARRY CORNWALL. Music by SIGISMUND NEUKOMM.

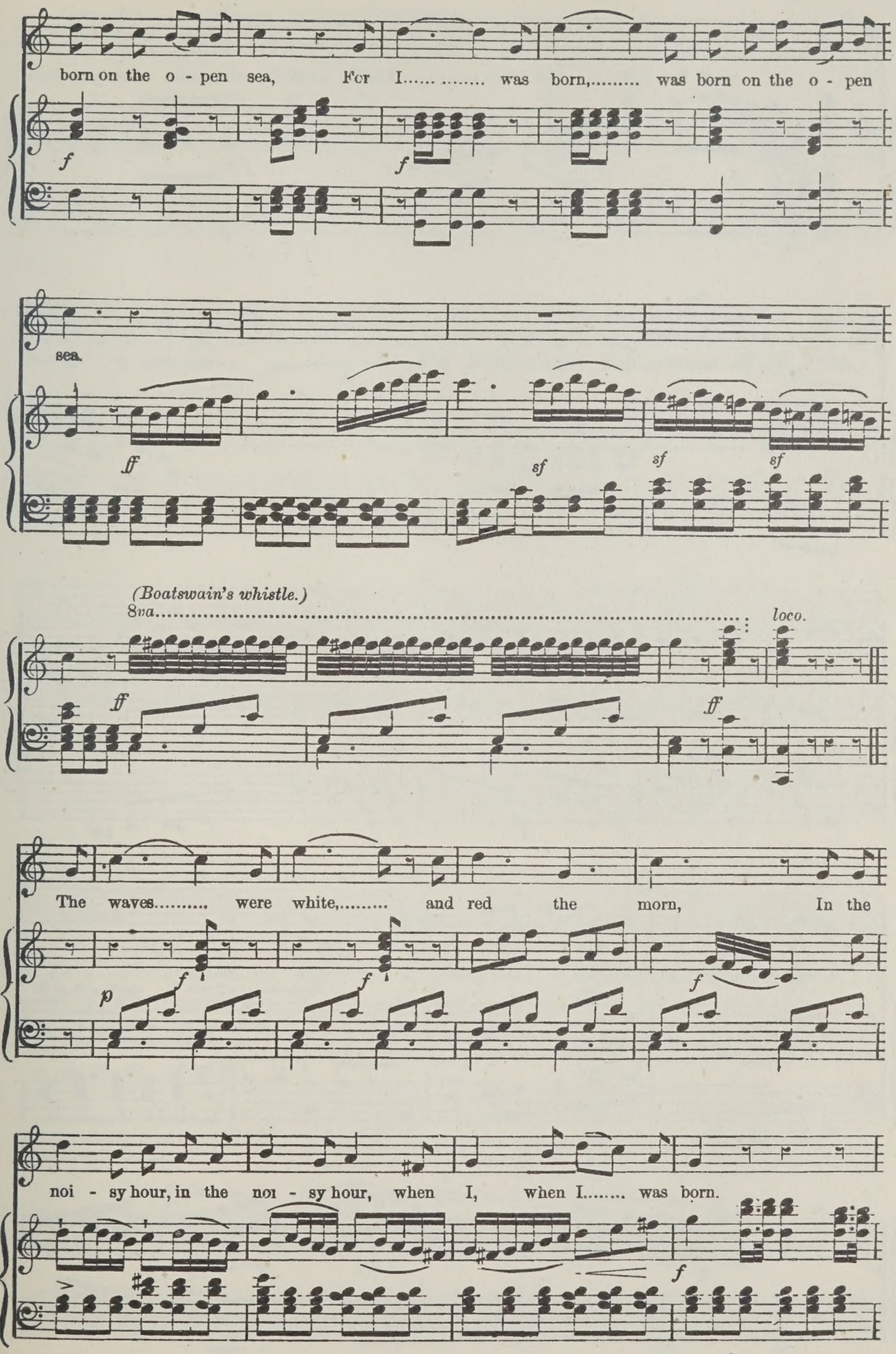


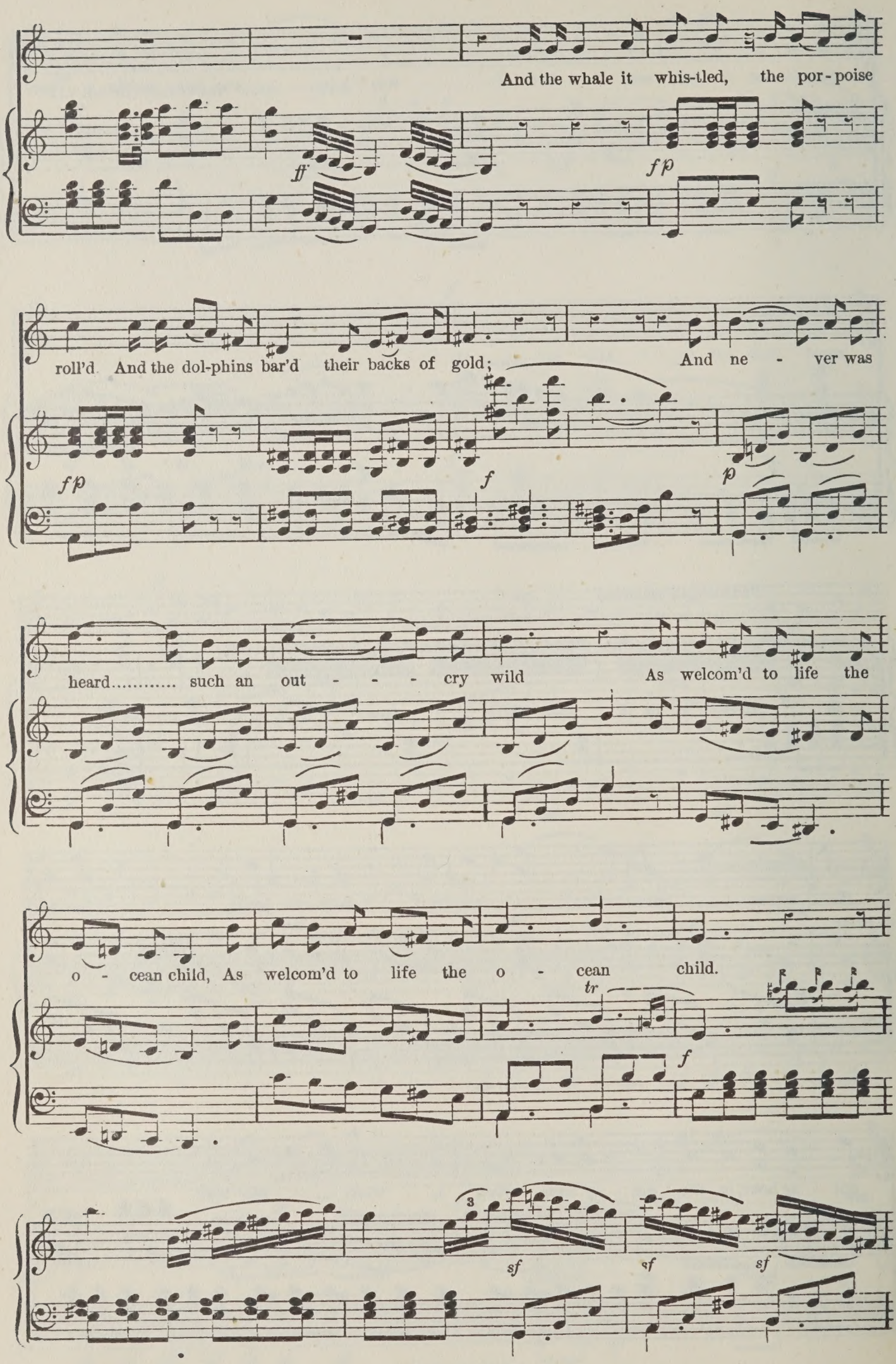

earth's wide re - gions round;
It plays..... with the clouds,.... it
mocks..... the skies,
Or like a cra - dled crea-ture lies, Or like a cra - dled
crea - ture lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the
sea! I am where I would ev - er be, With the blue above, and the blue be-low, And

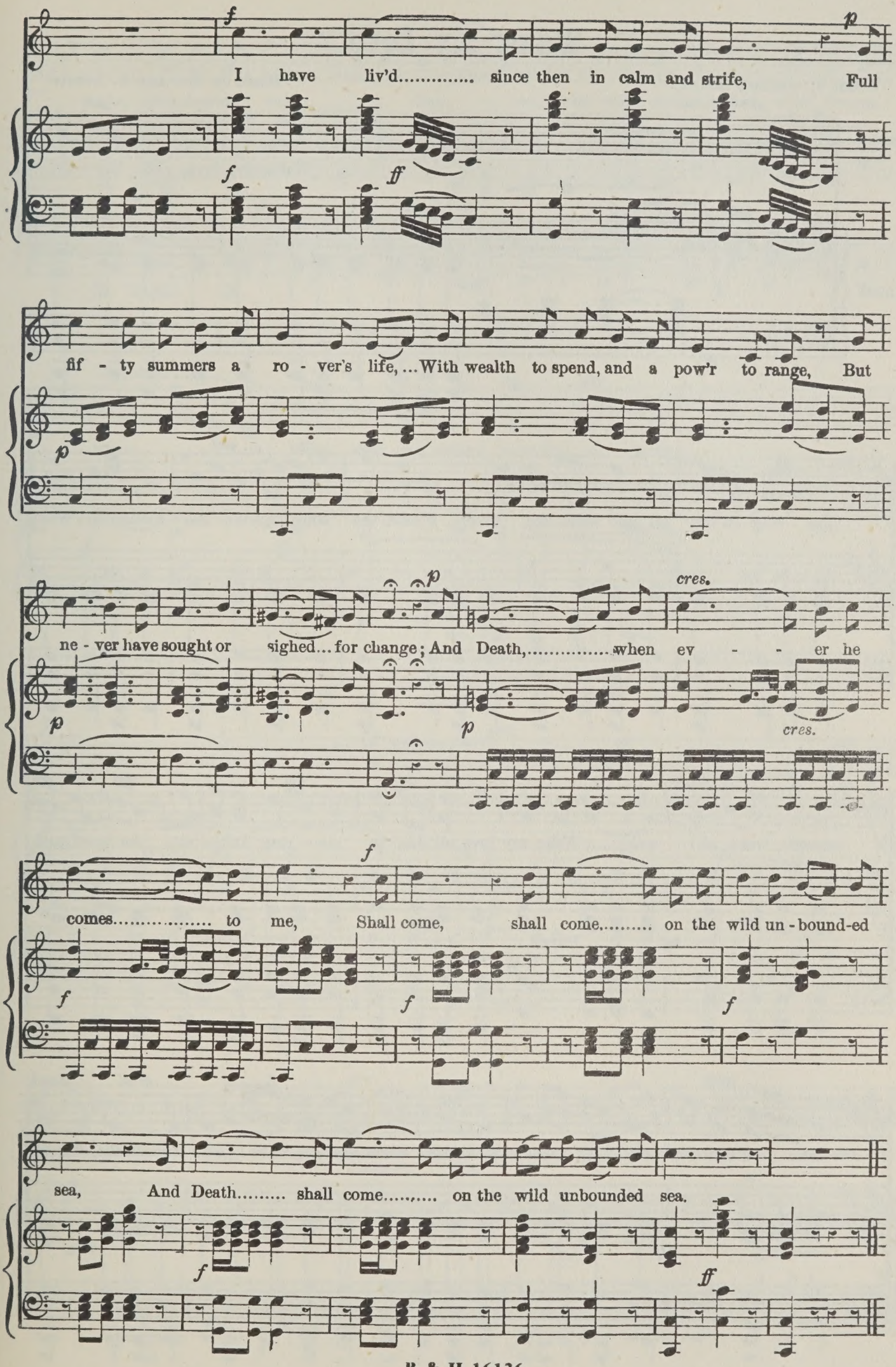

si- lence where-so - e'er..... I go. If a storm..... should come..... and a -
p
p
cres.
- - wake..... the deep, What mat-ter? what mat-ter?
f
f
I shall ride and sleep. What mat-ter? what mat-ter? I shall ride and
f
f
sleep.
ff
sf
sf
sf
(Boatswain's whistle.)
8va.....
loco.
ff
ff


I love,..... O how..... I love to ride,..... To ride on the
fierce, foam - ing, burst - - - ing tide:
When ev'-ry mad wave drowns the moon, Or whis-tles a -
- loft his tem-pest tune; And tells..... how go - eth the
world..... be - low, And why the sou'-west blast doth blow, And


why the sou'-west blast doth blow?
I ne-ver was on the dull, tame
shore, But I lov'd the great sea more and more, And backwards flew to her billowy breast, Like a
bird that seek-eth its mo - ther's nest; And a mo - - - ther she was..... and
is..... to me, For I..... was born,..... was
cres.


born on the o - pen sea, For I..... was born,..... was born on the o - pen
f
f
sea.
ff
sf
sf
sf
(Boatswain's whistle.)
8va
loco.
ff
ff
The waves..... were white,..... and red the morn, In the
p
f
f
f
noi - sy hour, in the noi - sy hour, when I, when I..... was born.
f

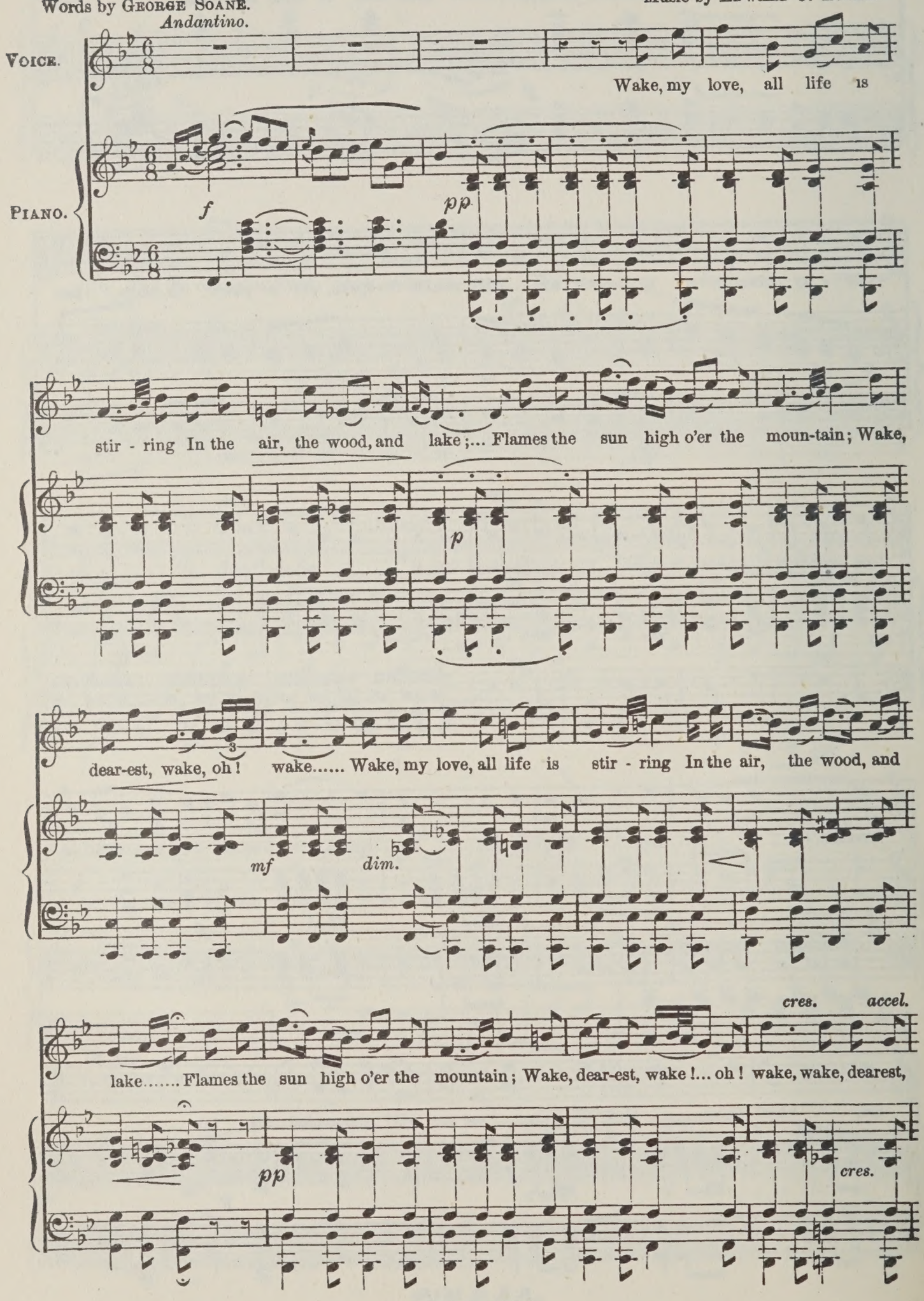

And the whale it whis-tled, the por-poise
ff
fp
roll'd And the dol-phins bar'd their backs of gold; And ne - ver was
fp
f
p
heard..... such an out - - - cry wild As welcom'd to life the
o - cean child, As welcom'd to life the o - cean child.
tr
f
3
sf
sf
sf

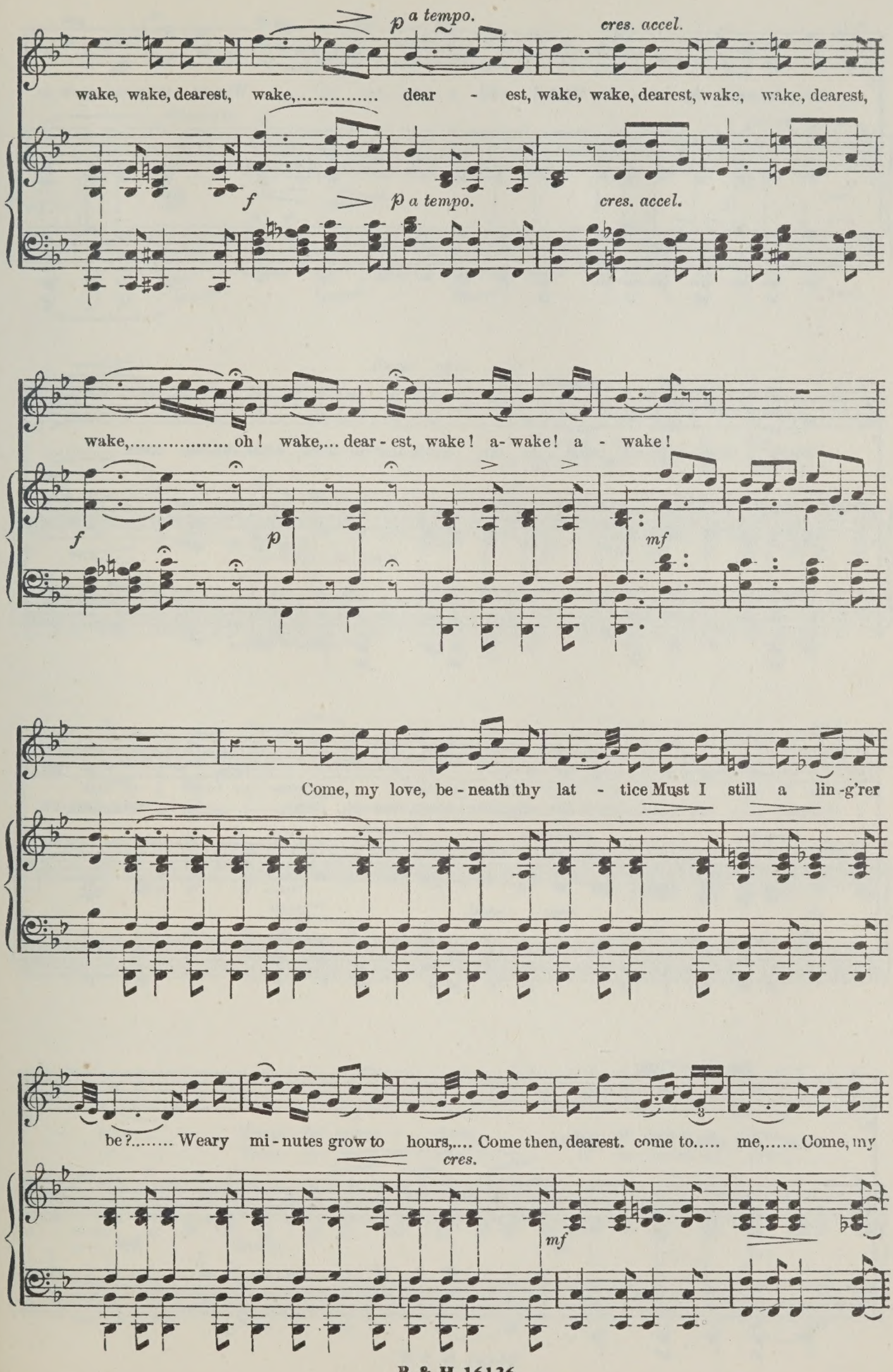

I have liv'd..... since then in calm and strife, Full
fif - ty summers a ro - ver's life, ...With wealth to spend, and a pow'r to range, But
ne - ver have sought or sighed... for change; And Death,..... when ev - - - er he
comes..... to me, Shall come, shall come..... on the wild un - bound-ed
sea, And Death..... shall come..... on the wild unbounded sea.
cres.
cres.

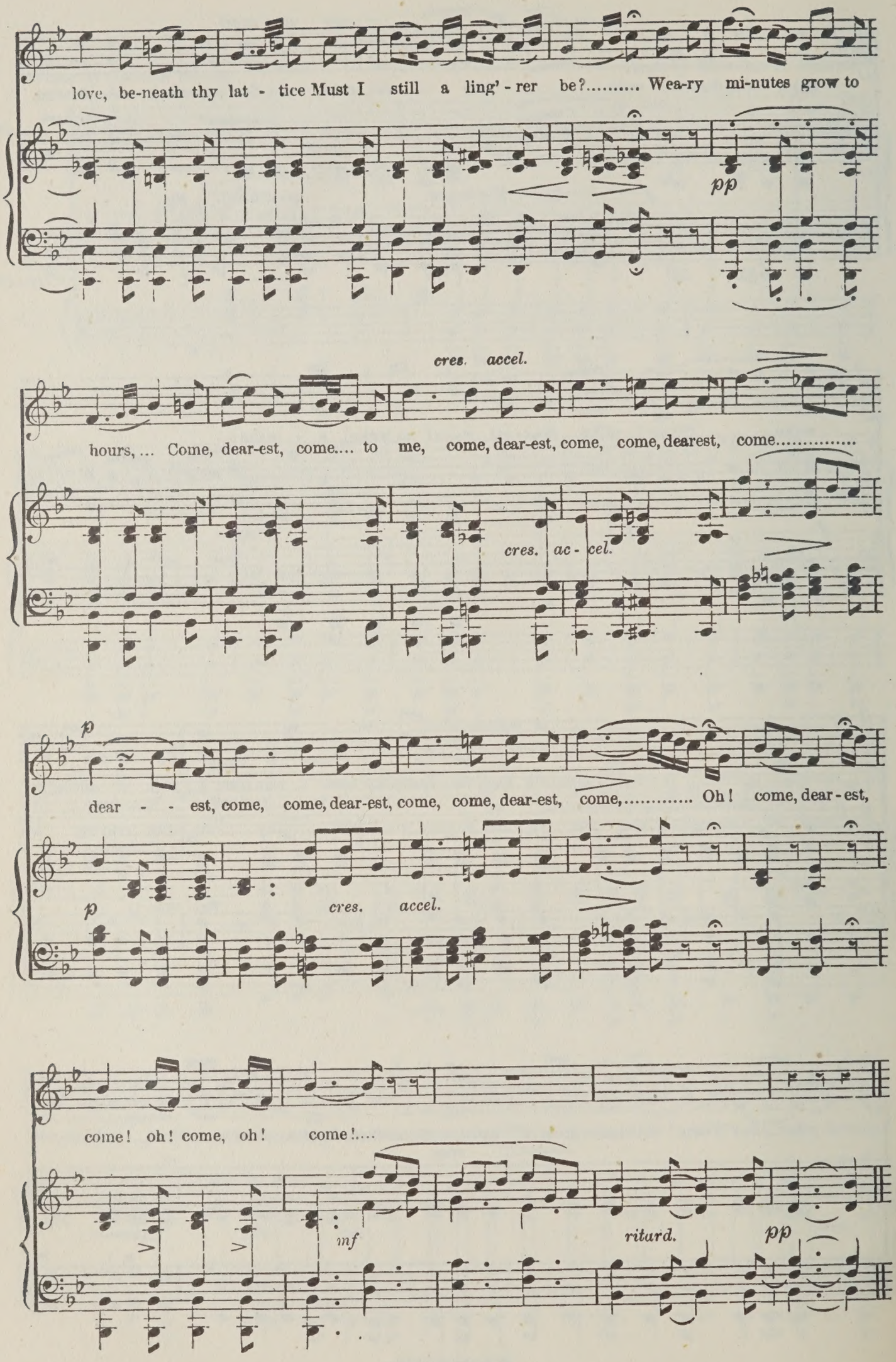
Wake, my Love.

Words by GEORGE SOANE. Music by EDWARD J. LODER.

Andantino.

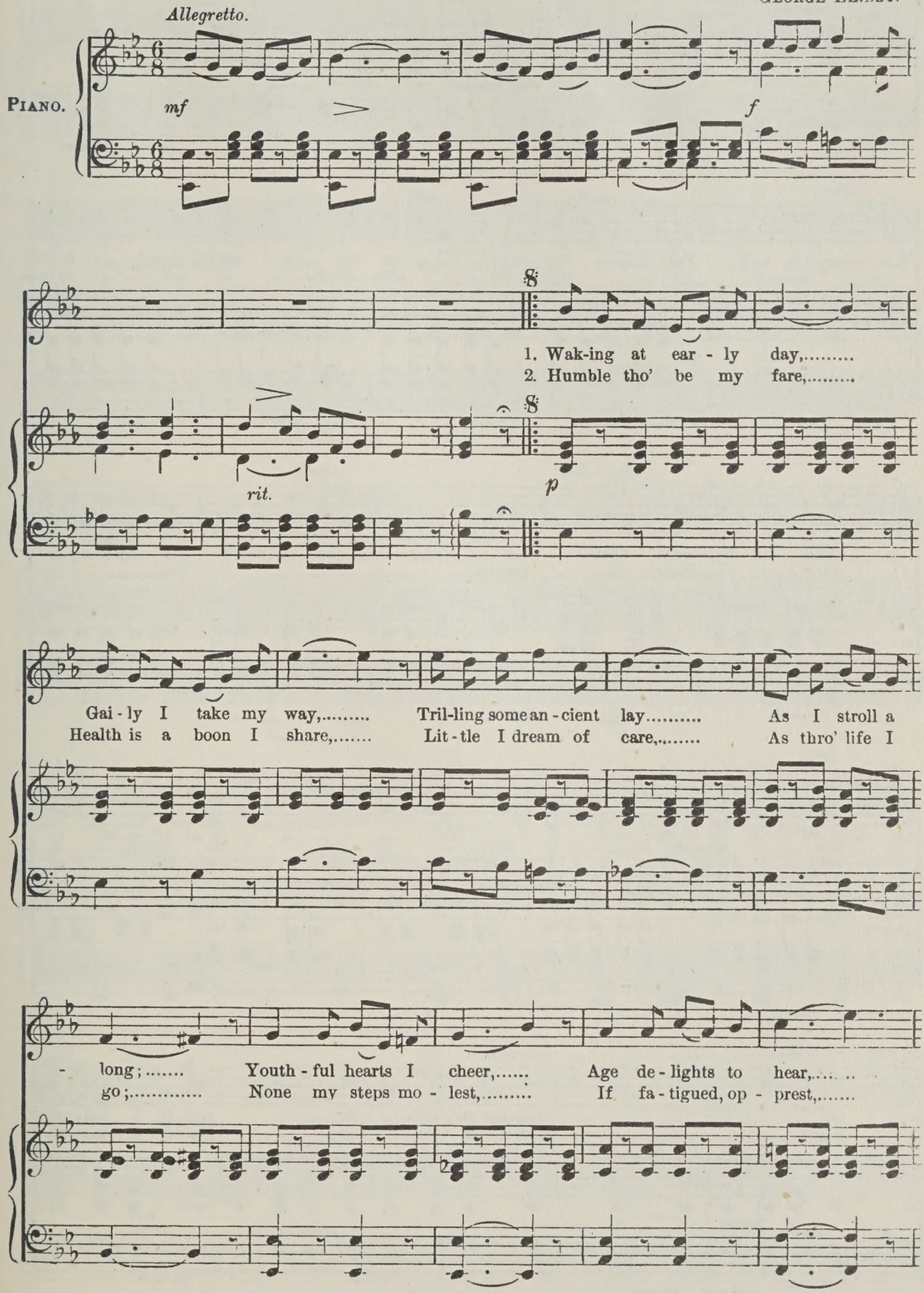


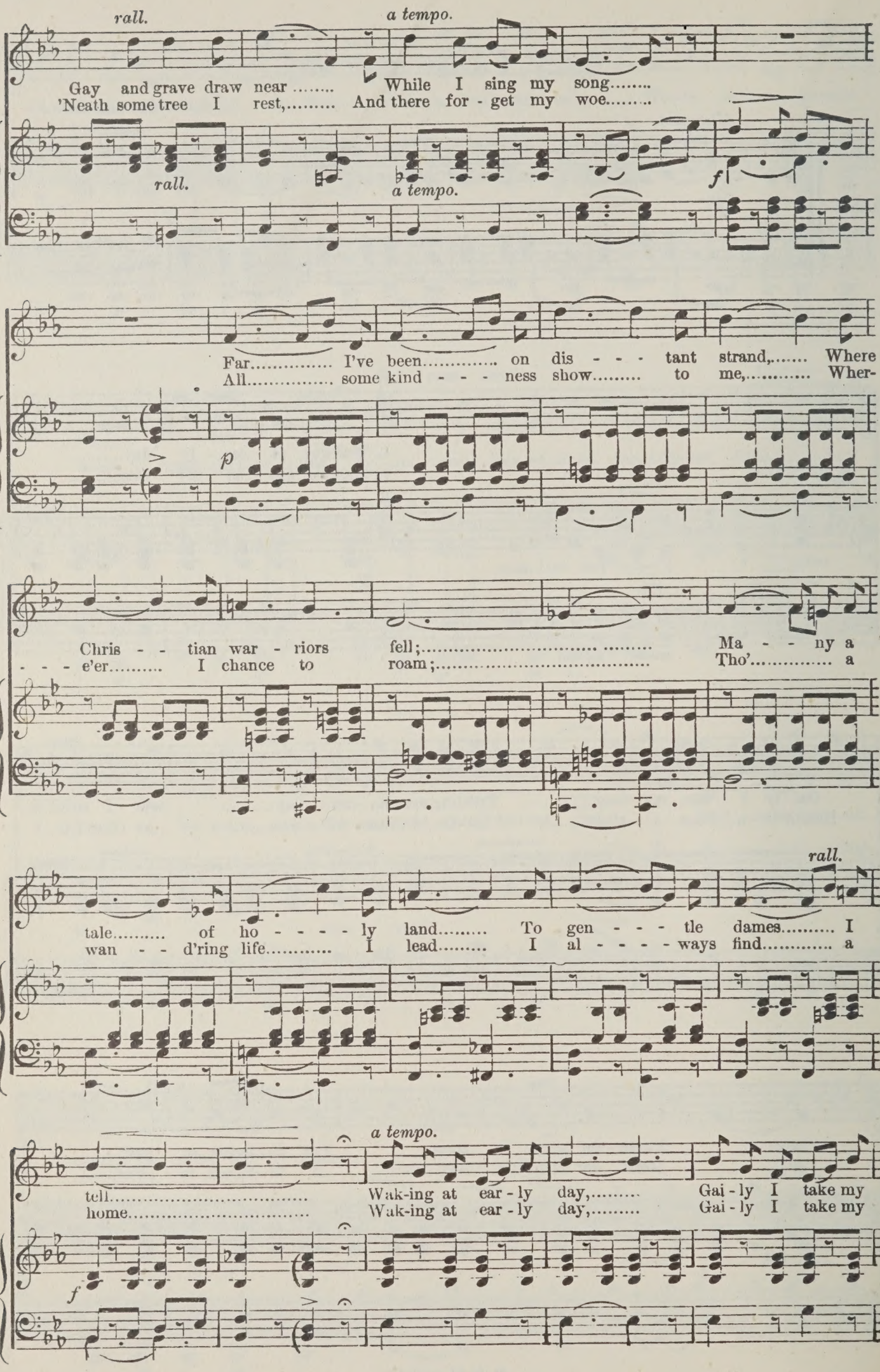

p a tempo.
cres. accel.
wake, wake, dearest, wake,..... dear - est, wake, wake, dearest, wake, wake, dearest,
f
p a tempo.
cres. accel.
wake,..... oh! wake,... dear - est, wake! a- wake! a - wake!
f
p
mf
Come, my love, be - neath thy lat - tice Must I still a lin - g'rer
be?..... Weary mi - nutes grow to hours,.... Come then, dearest. come to..... me,..... Come, my
cres.
mf

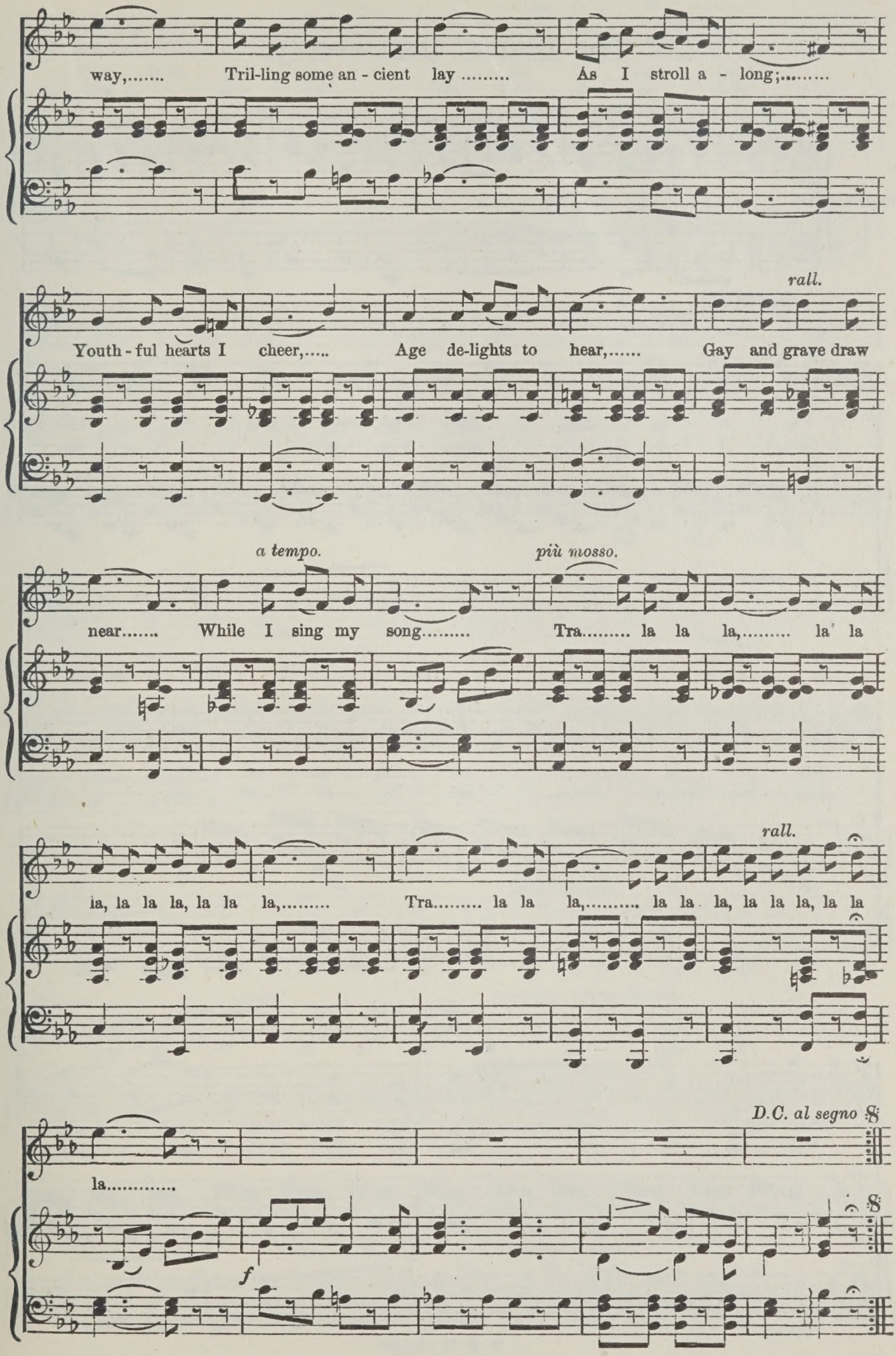

love, be-neath thy lat - tice Must I still a ling' - rer be?..... Wea-ry mi-nutes grow to
pp
cres. accel.
hours, ... Come, dear-est, come.... to me, come, dear-est, come, come, dearest, come.....
cres. ac - cel.
p
dear - - est, come, come, dear-est, come, come, dear-est, come,..... Oh! come, dear - est,
p
cres. accel.
come! oh! come, oh! come!....
mf
ritard.
pp

Gaily I take my way.

GEORGE LINLEY.



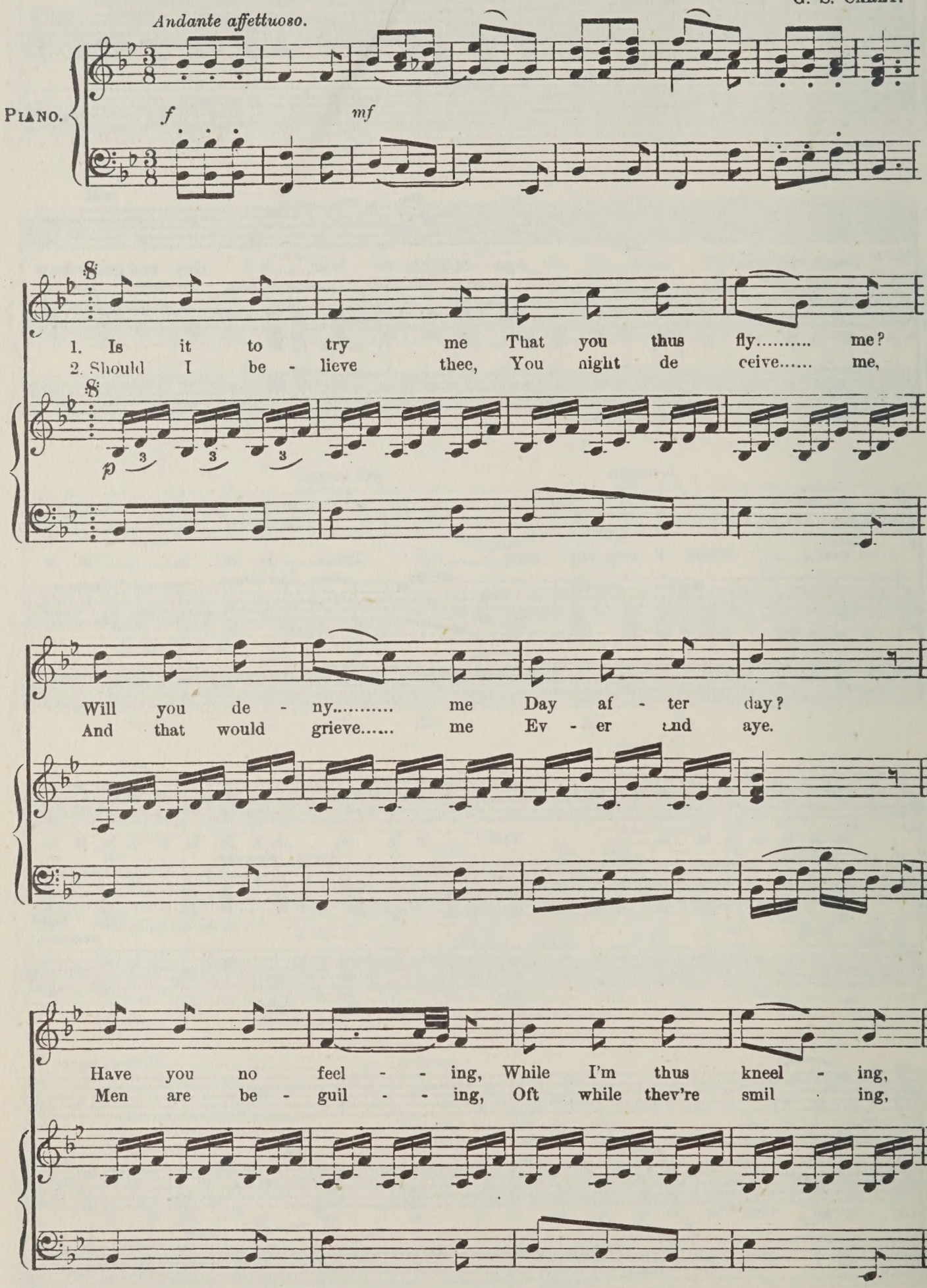

rall.
a tempo.
Gay and grave draw near ..... While I sing my song.....
'Neath some tree I rest,..... And there for - get my woe.....
rall.
a tempo.
f
Far..... I've been..... on dis - - - tant strand,..... Where
All..... some kind - - - ness show..... to me,..... Wher-
p
Chris - - tian war - riors fell;..... Ma - - ny a
- - - e'er..... I chance to roam;..... Tho'..... a
rall.
tale..... of ho - - - - ly land..... To gen - - - tle dames..... I
wan - - d'ring life..... I lead..... I al - - - - ways find..... a
a tempo.
tell.....
home.....
Wak-ing at ear - ly day,..... Gai - ly I take my
Wak-ing at ear - ly day,..... Gai - ly I take my
f

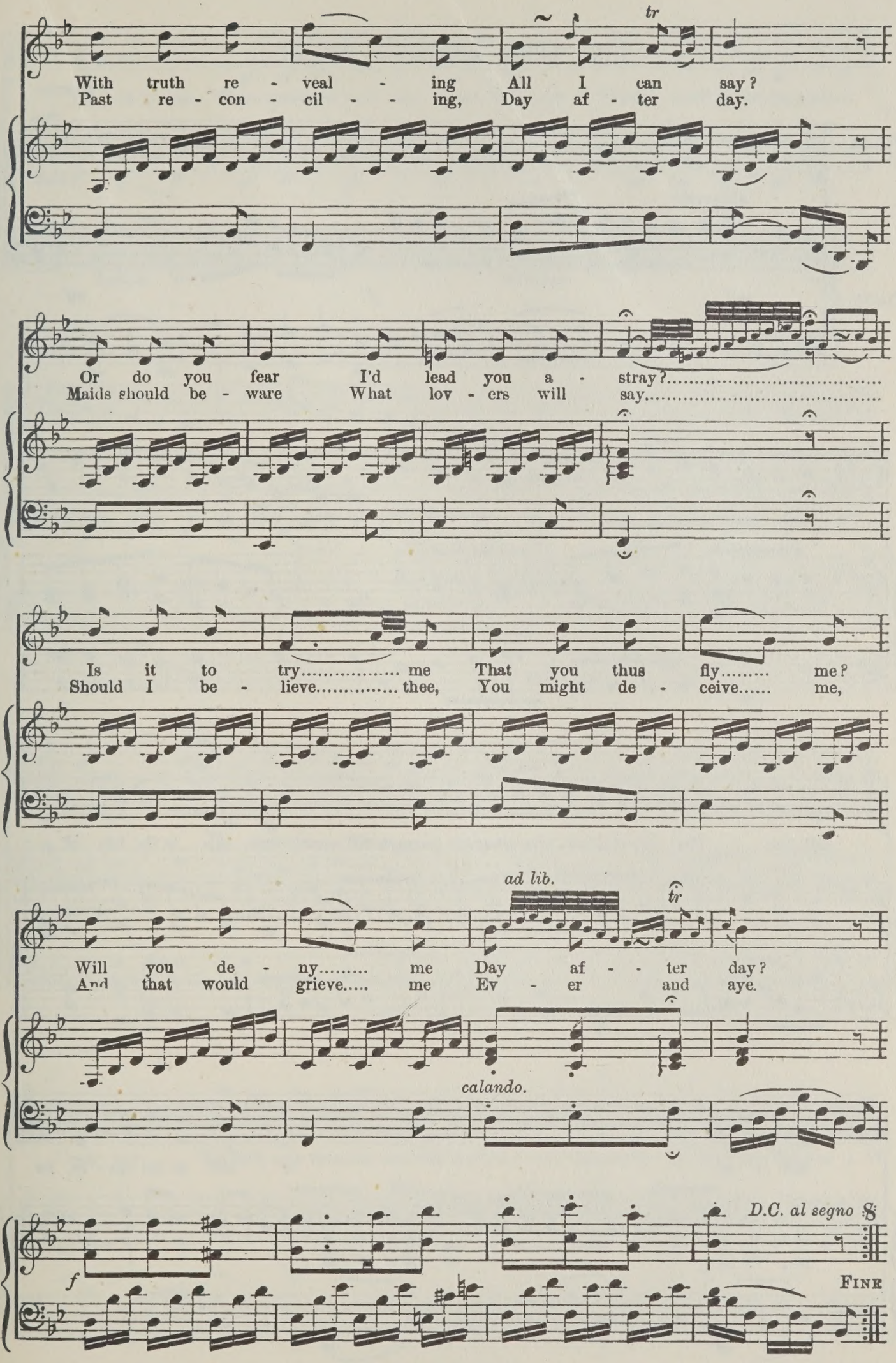

way,..... Tril-ling some an - cient lay ..... As I stroll a - long;.....
rall.
Youth - ful hearts I cheer,..... Age de-lights to hear,..... Gay and grave draw
a tempo.
più mosso.
near..... While I sing my song..... Tra..... la la la,..... la' la
rall.
la, la la la, la la la,..... Tra..... la la la,..... la la la, la la la, la la
D.C. al segno 𝄋
la.....
f

The Lovers' Controversy.

G. S. Carey.

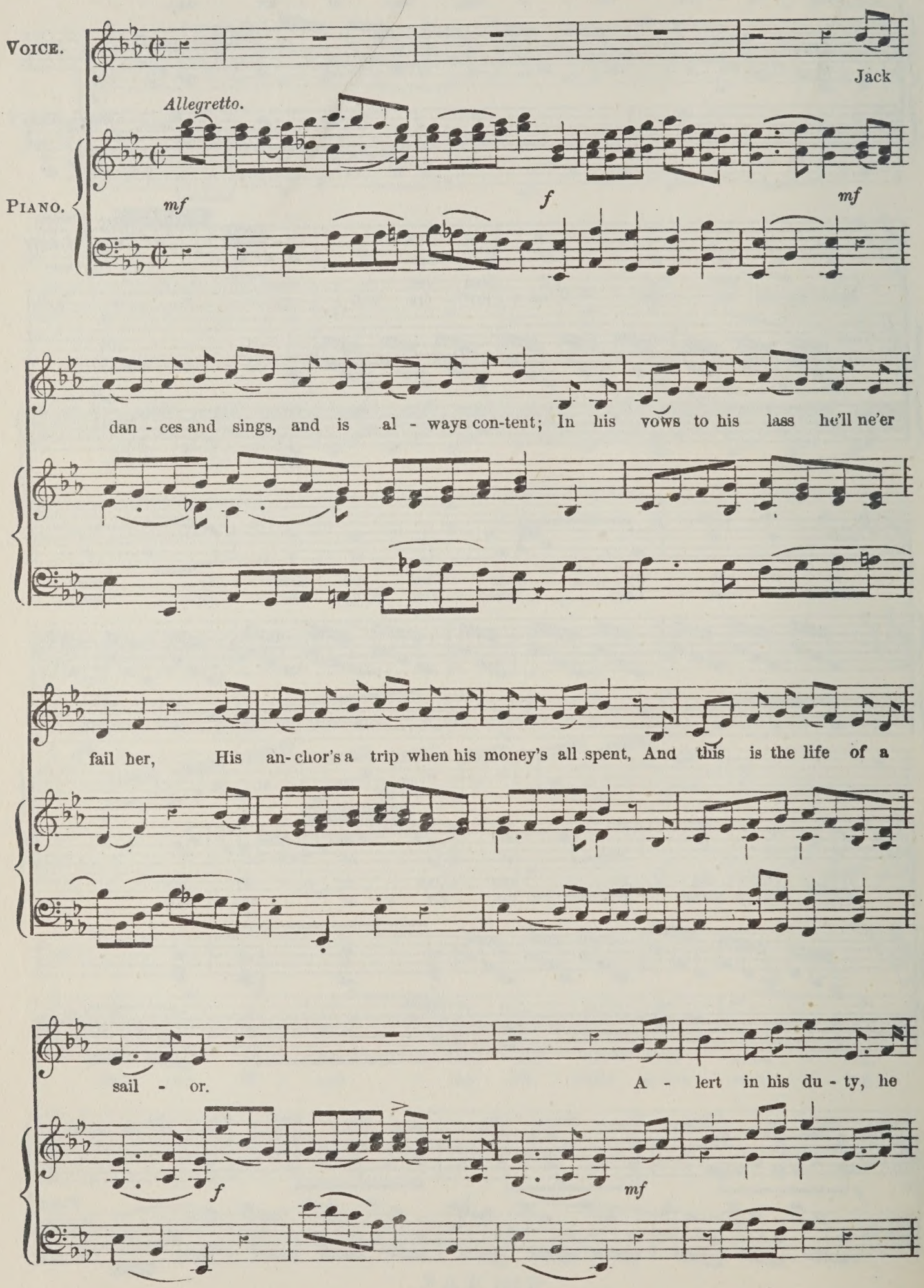
Andante affettuoso.

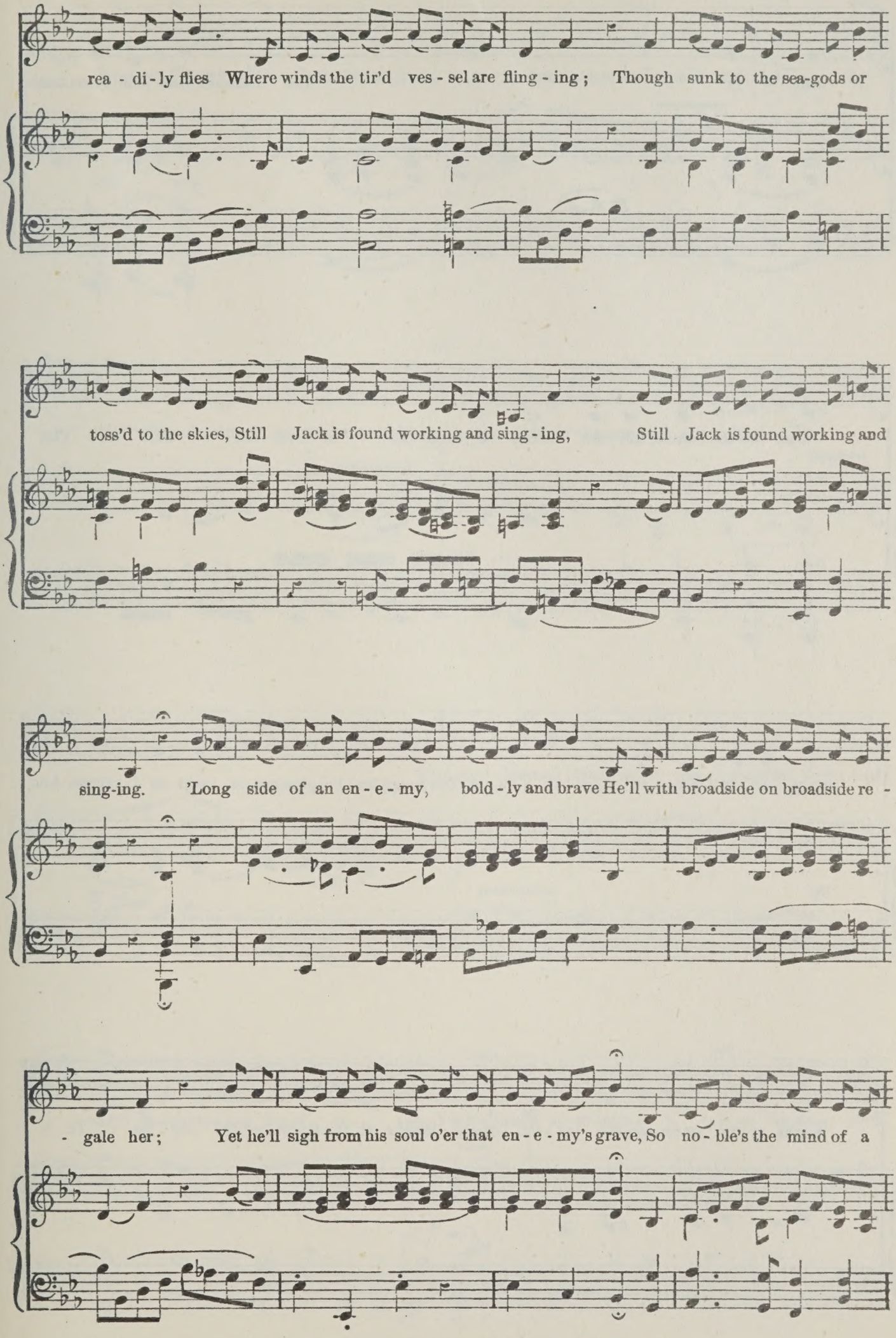


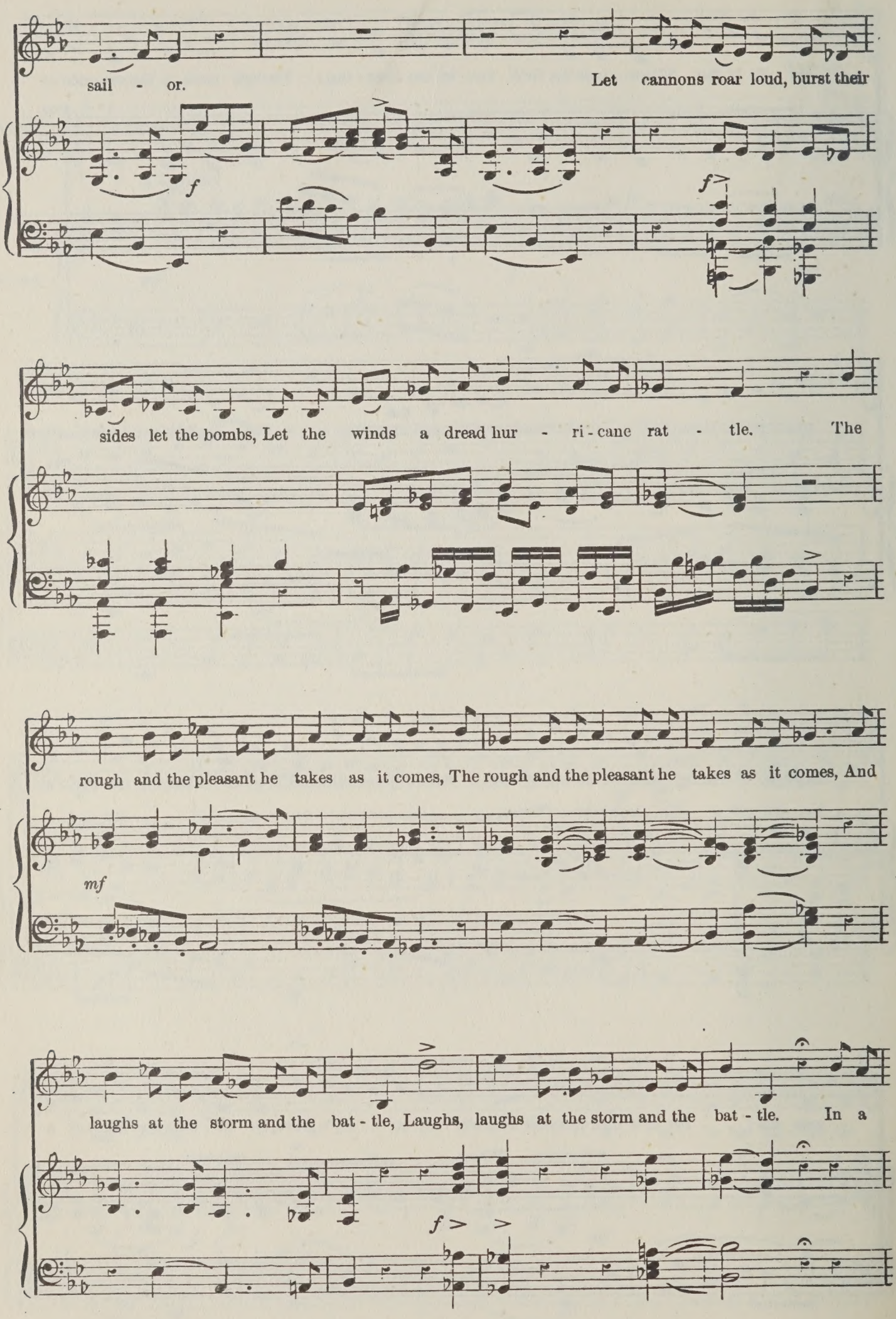

With truth re - veal - ing All I can say?
Past re - con - cil - - ing, Day af - ter day.
tr
Or do you fear I'd lead you a - stray?.....
Maids should be - ware What lov - ers will say.....
Is it to try..... me That you thus fly..... me?
Should I be - lieve..... thee, You might de - ceive..... me,
ad lib.
tr
Will you de - ny..... me Day af - - ter day?
And that would grieve..... me Ev - er and aye.
calando.
f
D.C. al segno 𝄋
FINE

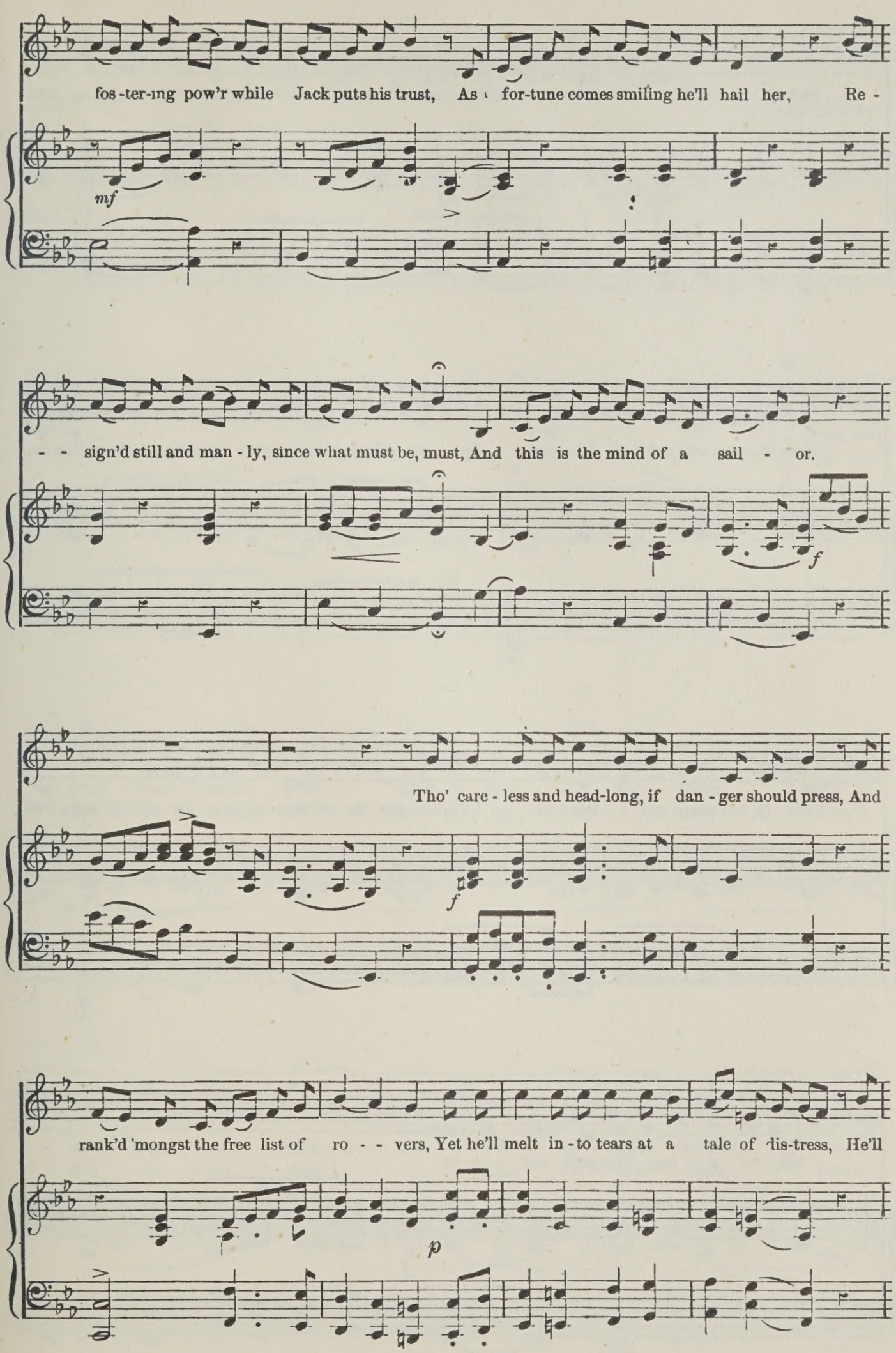
The true English Sailor.

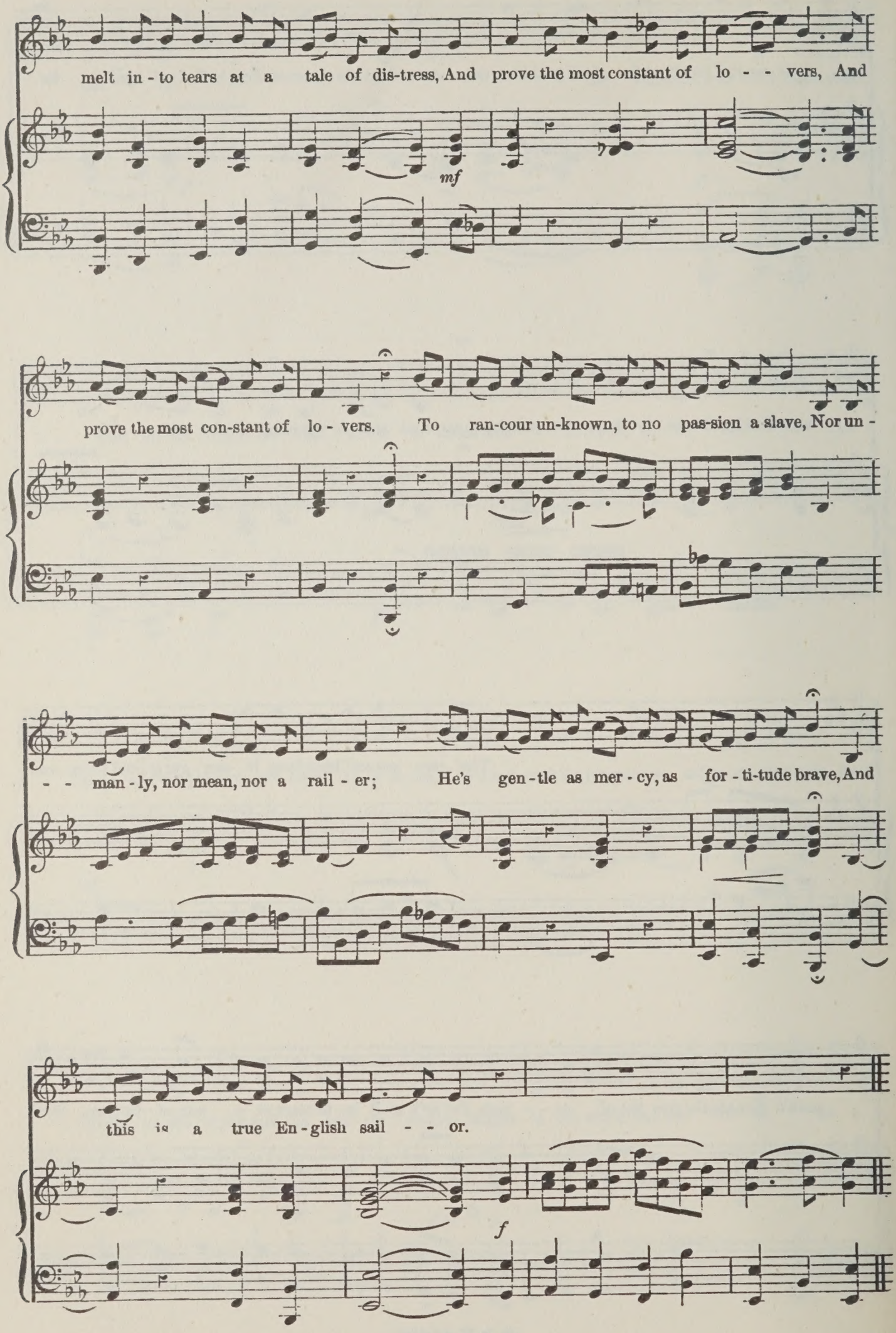
DIBDIN.




rea - di - ly flies Where winds the tir'd ves - sel are fling - ing; Though sunk to the sea-gods or
toss'd to the skies, Still Jack is found working and sing - ing, Still Jack is found working and
sing-ing. 'Long side of an en - e - my, bold - ly and brave He'll with broadside on broadside re -
- gale her; Yet he'll sigh from his soul o'er that en - e - my's grave, So no - ble's the mind of a

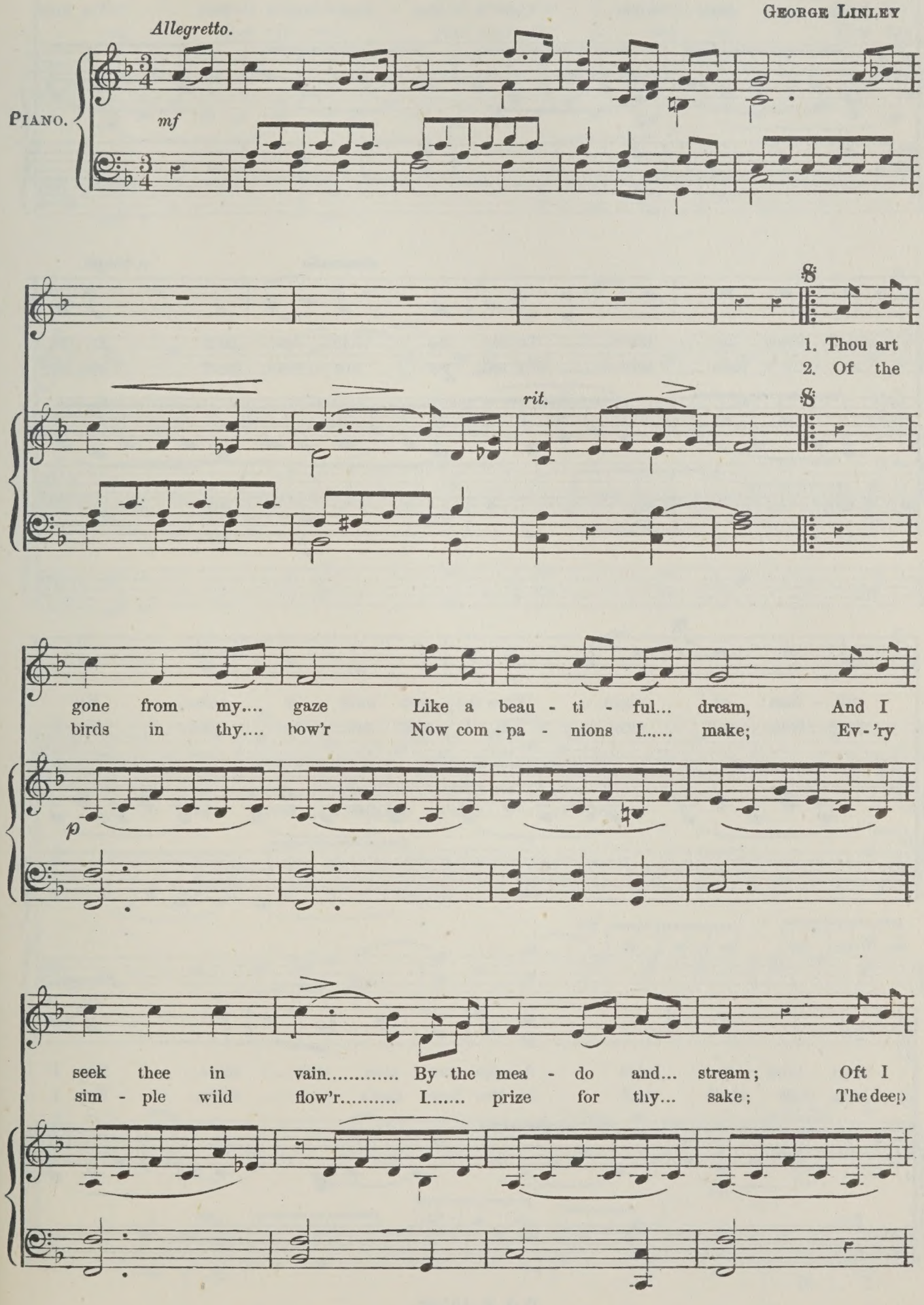

sail - or.
Let cannons roar loud, burst their
f
f
sides let the bombs, Let the winds a dread hur - ri - cane rat - tle. The
rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes, The rough and the pleasant he takes as it comes, And
mf
laughs at the storm and the bat - tle, Laughs, laughs at the storm and the bat - tle. In a
f

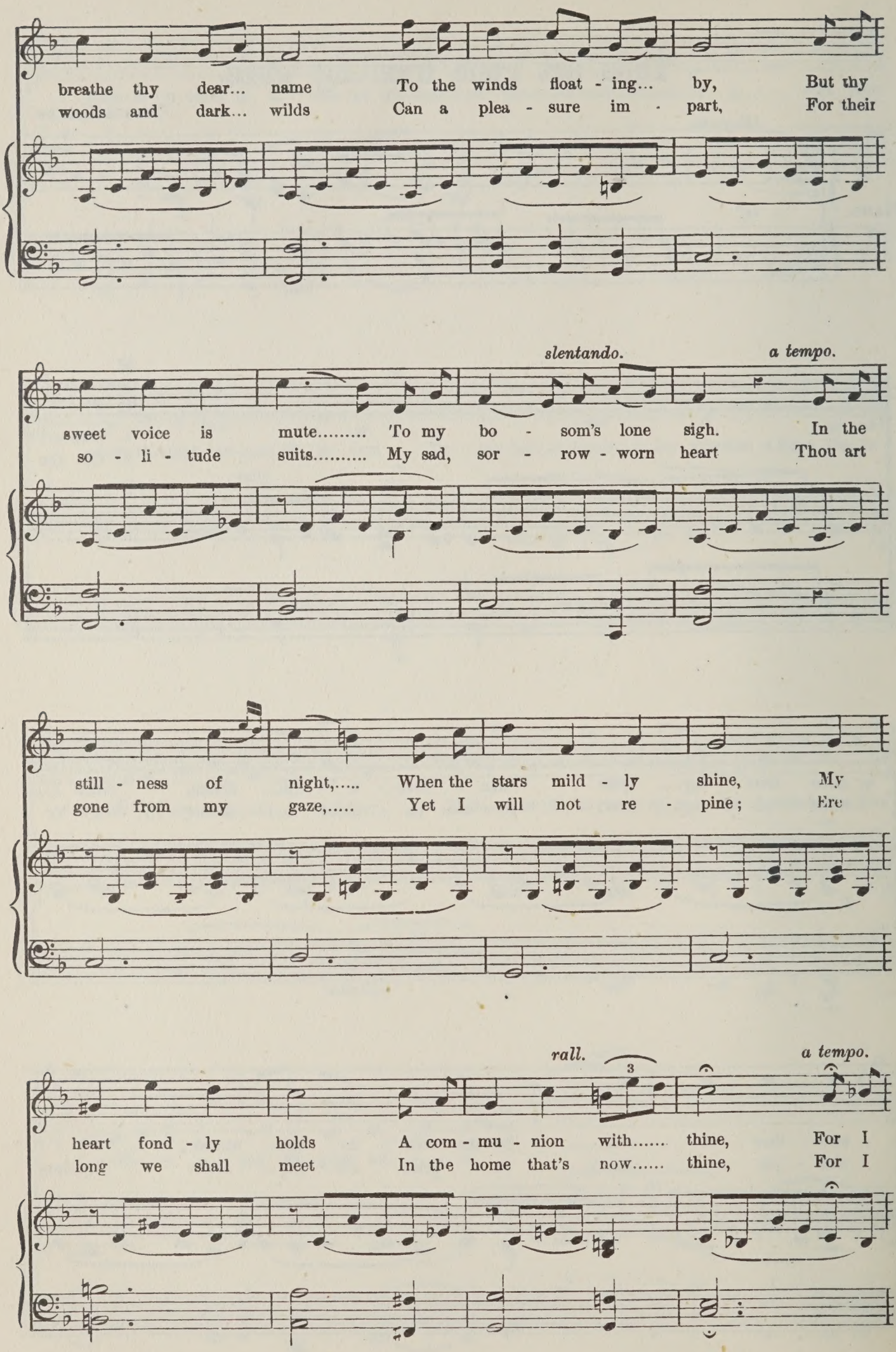

fos-ter-ing pow'r while Jack puts his trust, As for-tune comes smiling he'll hail her, Re-
mf
- - sign'd still and man-ly, since what must be, must, And this is the mind of a sail - or.
f
Tho' care-less and head-long, if dan-ger should press, And
f
rank'd 'mongst the free list of ro - - vers, Yet he'll melt in-to tears at a tale of dis-tress, He'll
p

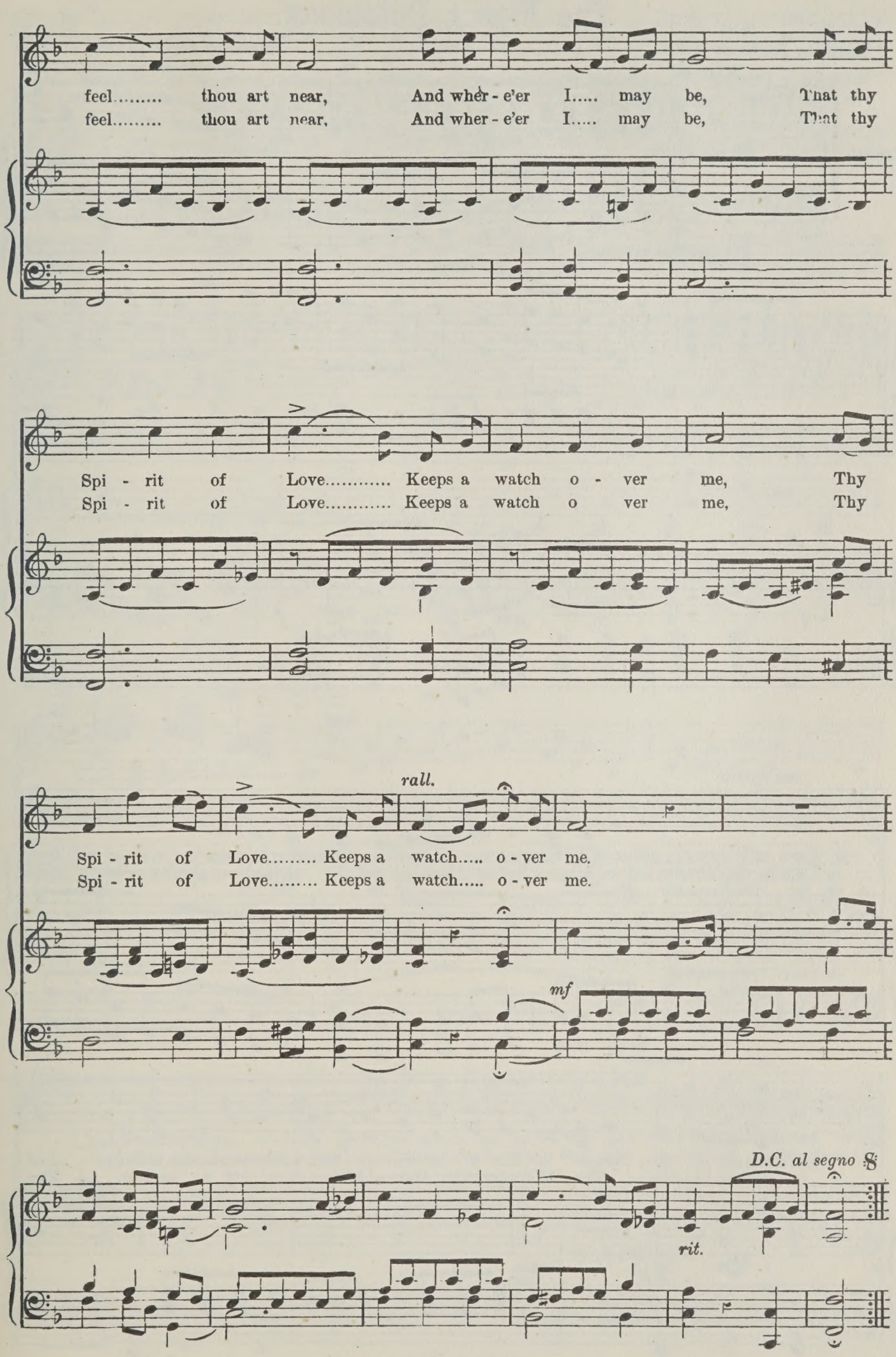

melt in - to tears at a tale of dis-tress, And prove the most constant of lo - - vers, And
mf
prove the most con-stant of lo - vers. To ran-cour un-known, to no pas-sion a slave, Nor un -
- - man - ly, nor mean, nor a rail - er; He's gen - tle as mer - cy, as for - ti-tude brave, And
this is a true En - glish sail - - or.
f

Thou art gone from my gaze.

GEORGE LINLEY




breathe thy dear... name To the winds float - ing... by, But thy
woods and dark... wilds Can a plea - sure im - part, For their
slentando.
a tempo.
sweet voice is mute..... To my bo - som's lone sigh. In the
so - li - tude suits..... My sad, sor - row - worn heart Thou art
still - ness of night,..... When the stars mild - ly shine, My
gone from my gaze,..... Yet I will not re - pine; Ere
rall.
3
a tempo.
heart fond - ly holds A com - mu - nion with..... thine, For I
long we shall meet In the home that's now..... thine, For I


feel..... thou art near, And wher - e'er I..... may be, That thy
feel..... thou art near, And wher - e'er I..... may be, That thy
Spi - rit of Love..... Keeps a watch o - ver me, Thy
Spi - rit of Love..... Keeps a watch o ver me, Thy
rall.
Spi - rit of Love..... Keeps a watch..... o - ver me.
Spi - rit of Love..... Keeps a watch..... o - ver me.
mf
D.C. al segno 𝄋
rit.

The Flying Dutchman.

Words by RICHARD RYAN. Music by JOHN PARRY, JUNR.

Maestoso.

PIANO. *ff con spirito.* *cres.*

Il basso ben marcato.

mf *f*

f *cres.* *f* *decres-* *-cen-* *-do.* *f* *p* *pp* *fff trem.*

con spirito.

1. 'Twas on a ve-ry stor-my day, far s'uthward of the Cape, When from a huge nor'west-er we had
2. Take in your flowing canvas, lads, our watchful mas-ter cried, To us and our ship's com-pa-ny great

f

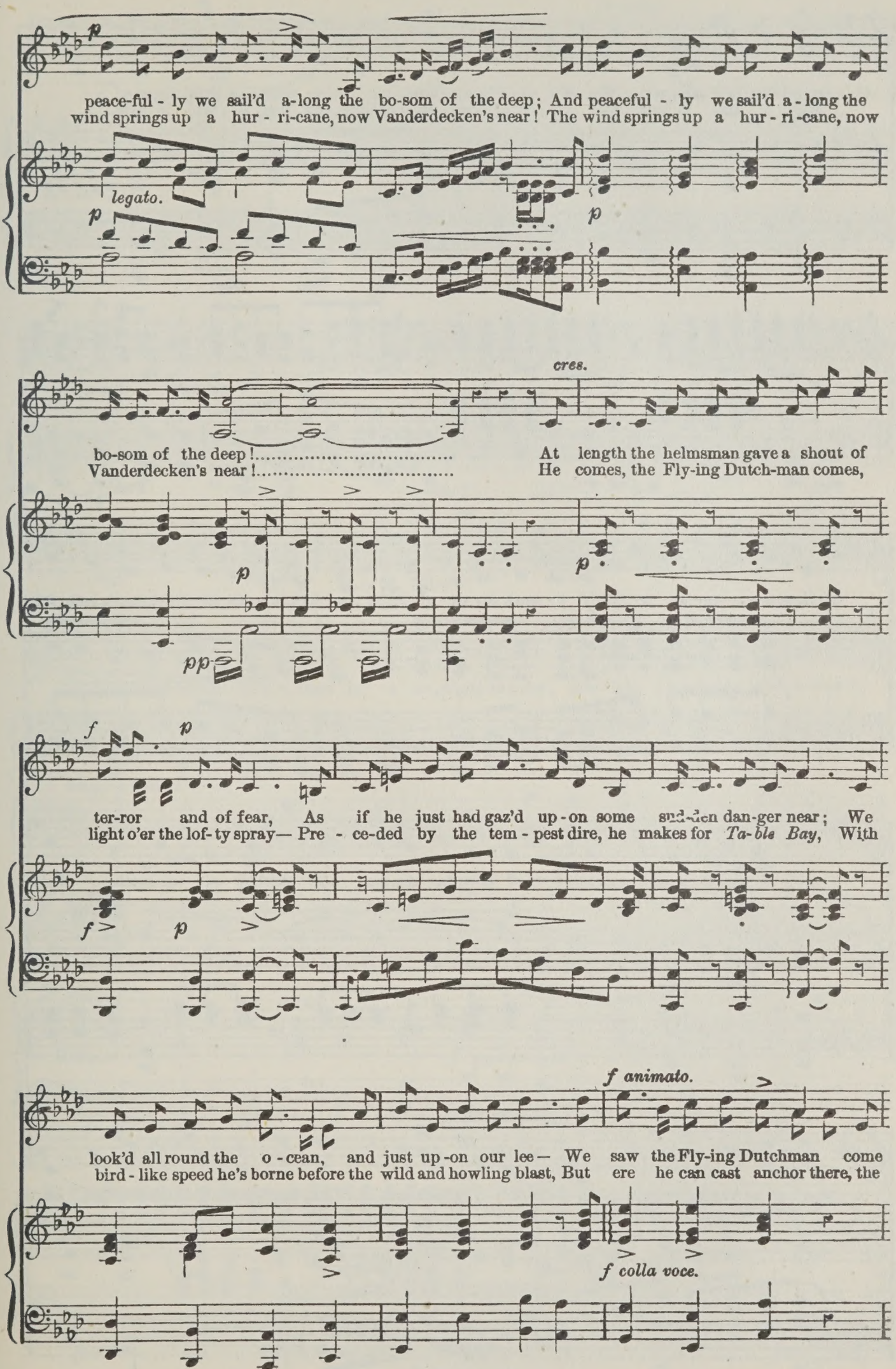
dolce. *p*

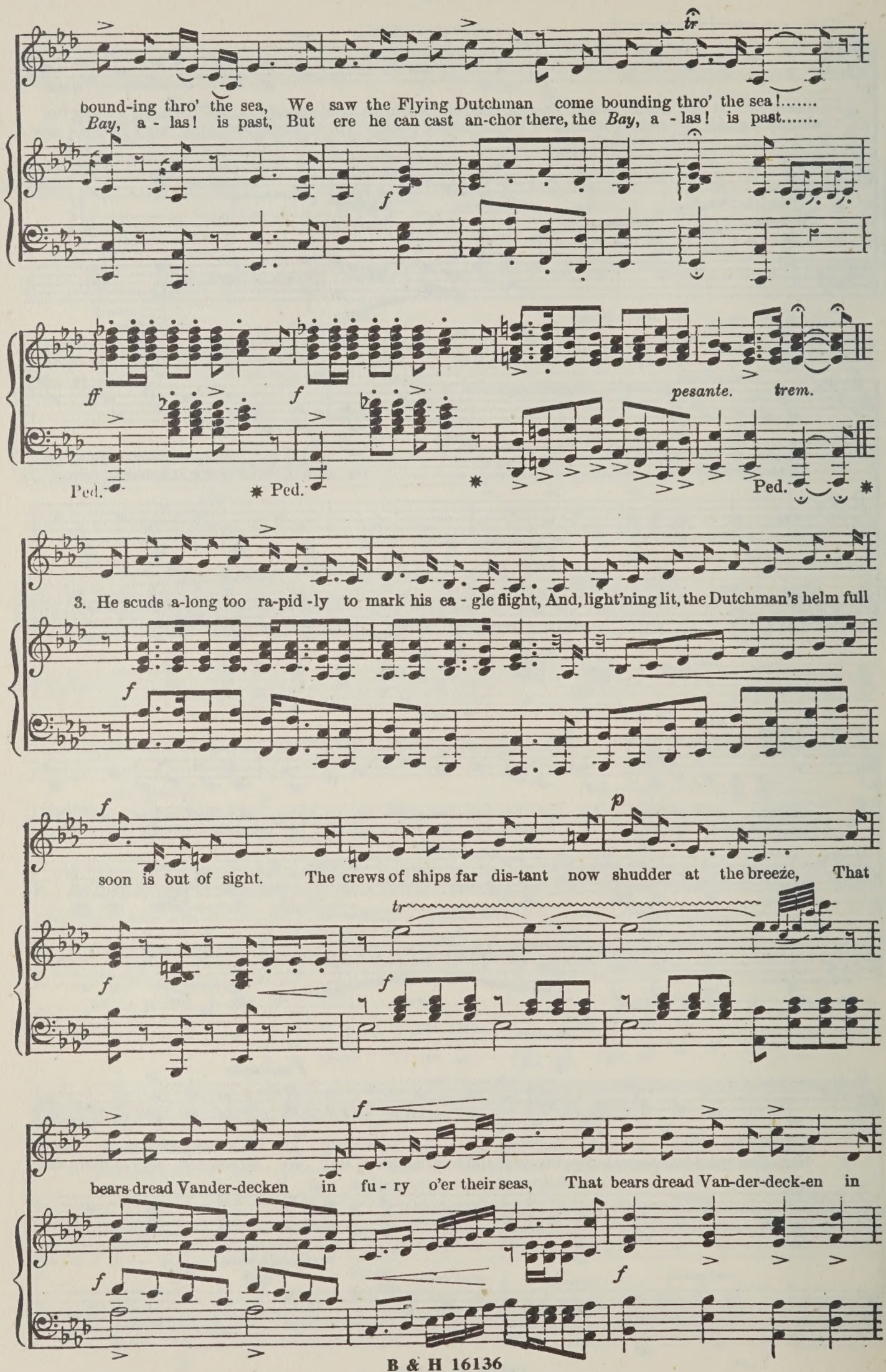
just made our es-cape; Like an in-fant in its cra-dle each breeze was hush'd to sleep, And
pe-ril doth be-tide. The billows cresting white with foam all an-gry do ap-pear, The

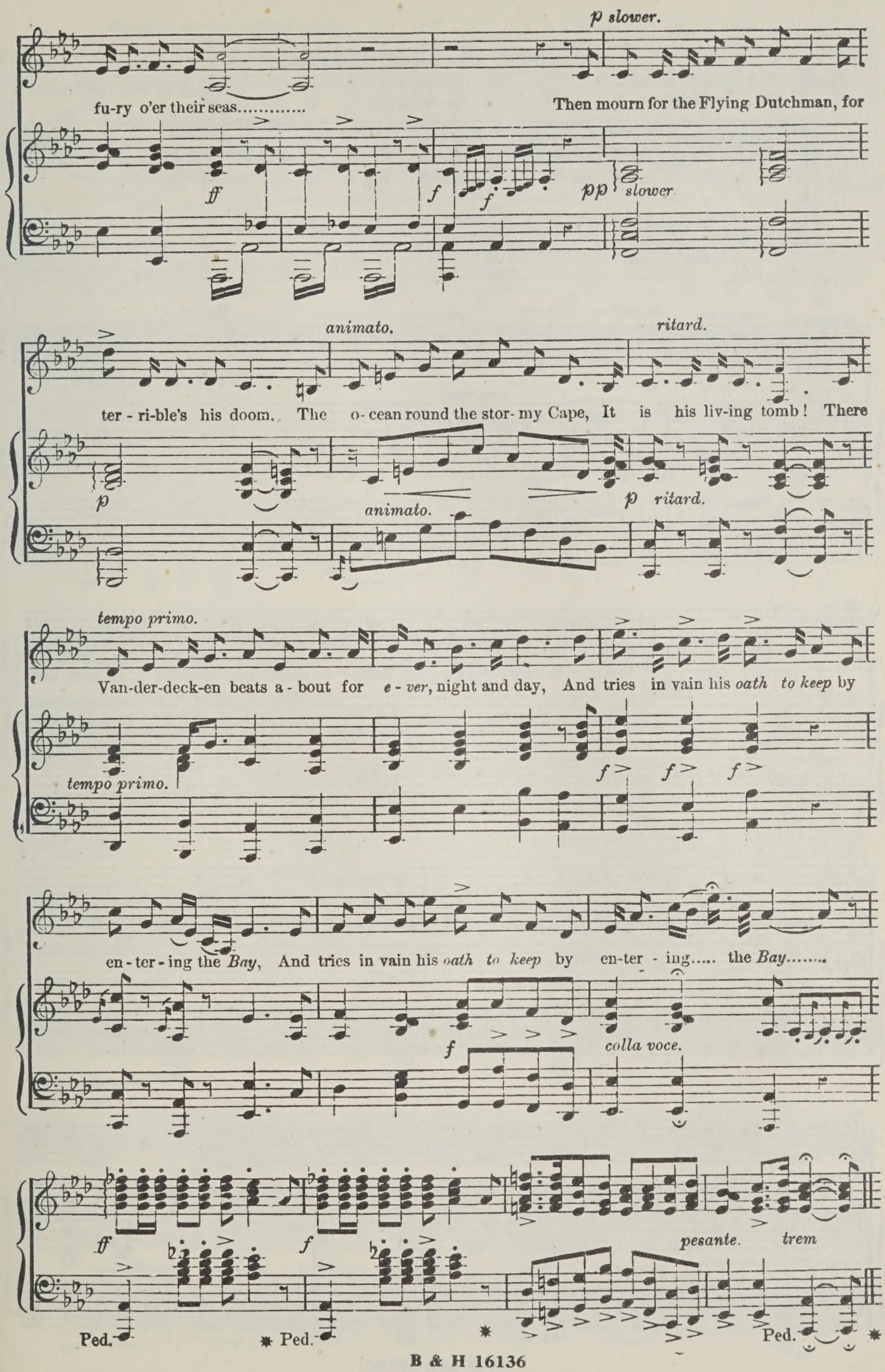
tr

p *legato.* *pp*

Ped.


peace-ful - ly we sail'd a-long the bo-som of the deep; And peaceful - ly we sail'd a - long the
wind springs up a hur - ri-cane, now Vanderdecken's near! The wind springs up a hur - ri - cane, now
legato.
cres.
bo-som of the deep!..... At length the helmsman gave a shout of
Vanderdecken's near!..... He comes, the Fly-ing Dutch-man comes,
ter-ror and of fear, As if he just had gaz'd up - on some sud-den dan-ger near; We
light o'er the lof- ty spray— Pre - ce-ded by the tem - pest dire, he makes for Ta-ble Bay, With
f animato.
look'd all round the o - cean, and just up - on our lee— We saw the Fly-ing Dutchman come
bird - like speed he's borne before the wild and howling blast, But ere he can cast anchor there, the
f colla voce.


bound-ing thro' the sea, We saw the Flying Dutchman come bounding thro' the sea!.....
Bay, a - las! is past, But ere he can cast an-chor there, the Bay, a - las! is past.....
ff
f
pesante.
trem.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
3. He scuds a-long too ra-pid -ly to mark his ea - gle flight, And, light'ning lit, the Dutchman's helm full
soon is out of sight. The crews of ships far dis-tant now shudder at the breeze, That
bears dread Vander-decken in fu - ry o'er their seas, That bears dread Van-der-deck-en in

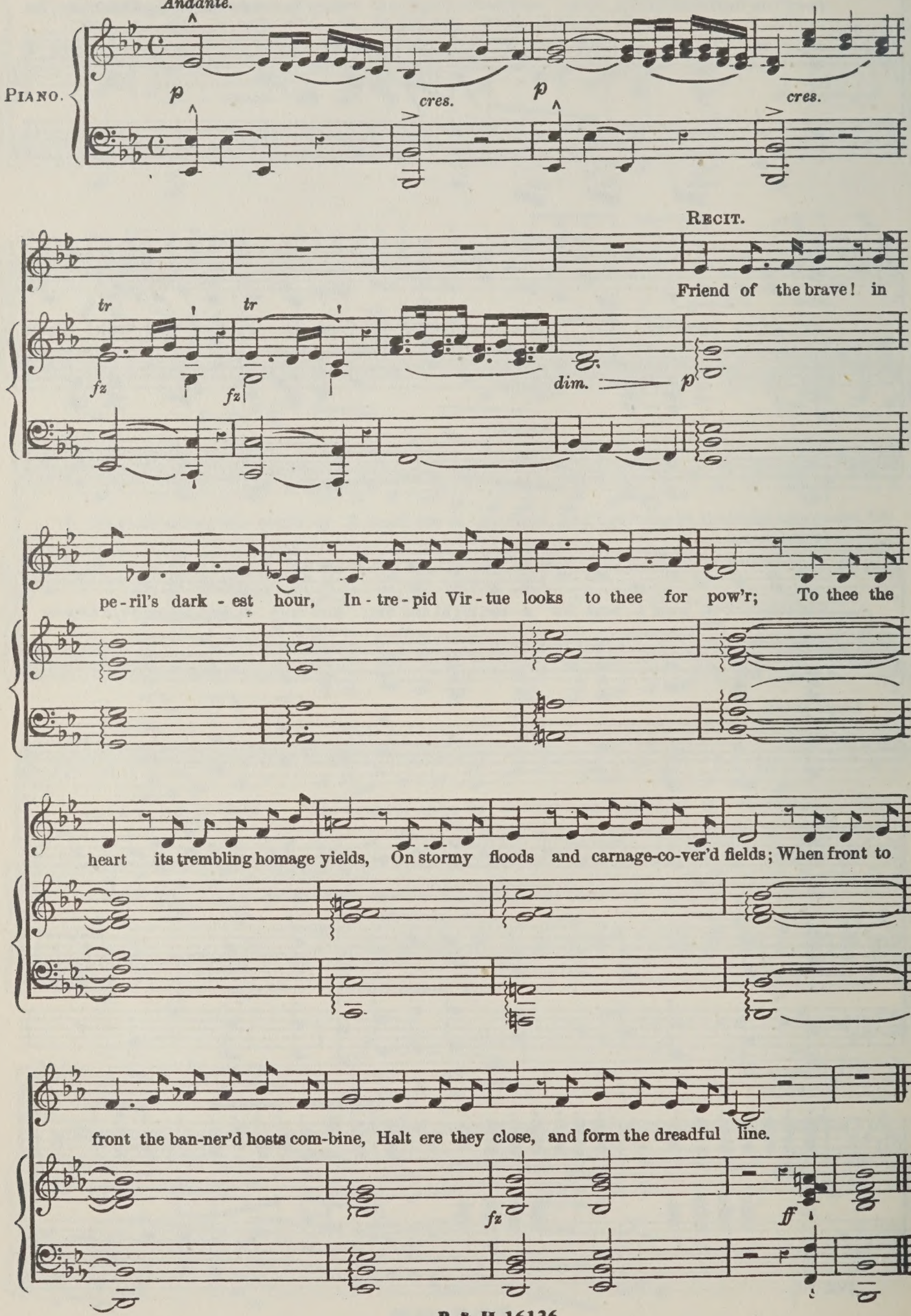

p slower.
fu-ry o'er their seas.....
Then mourn for the Flying Dutchman, for
ff
f
f
pp
slower.
animato.
ritard.
ter - ri-ble's his doom. The o- cean round the stor- my Cape, It is his liv-ing tomb! There
p
animato.
p ritard.
tempo primo.
Van-der-deck-en beats a - bout for e - ver, night and day, And tries in vain his oath to keep by
tempo primo.
f > f > f >
en - ter - ing the Bay, And tries in vain his oath to keep by en-ter - ing..... the Bay.....
f
colla voce.
ff
f
pesante.
trem
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

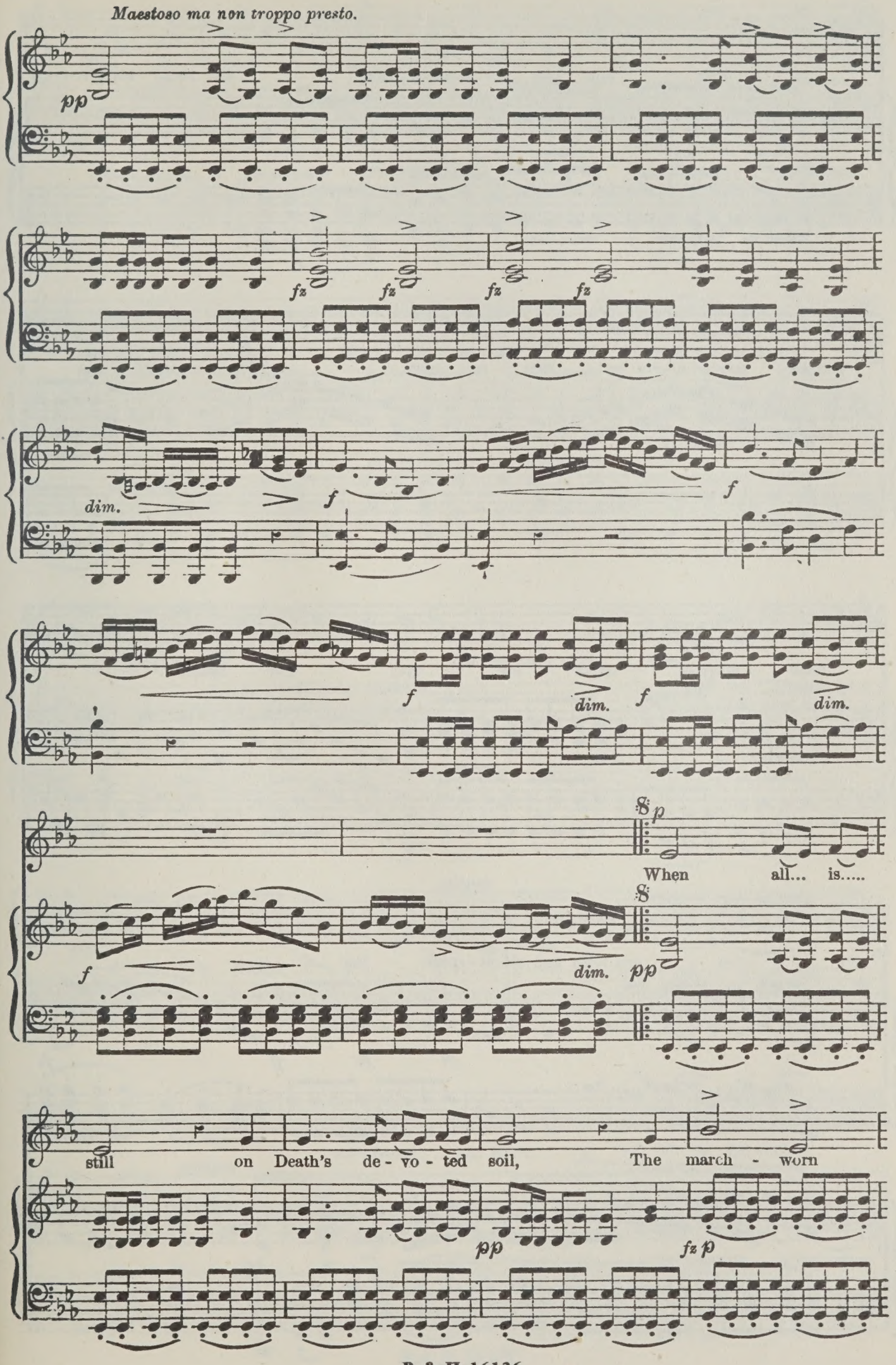
Friend of the brave.

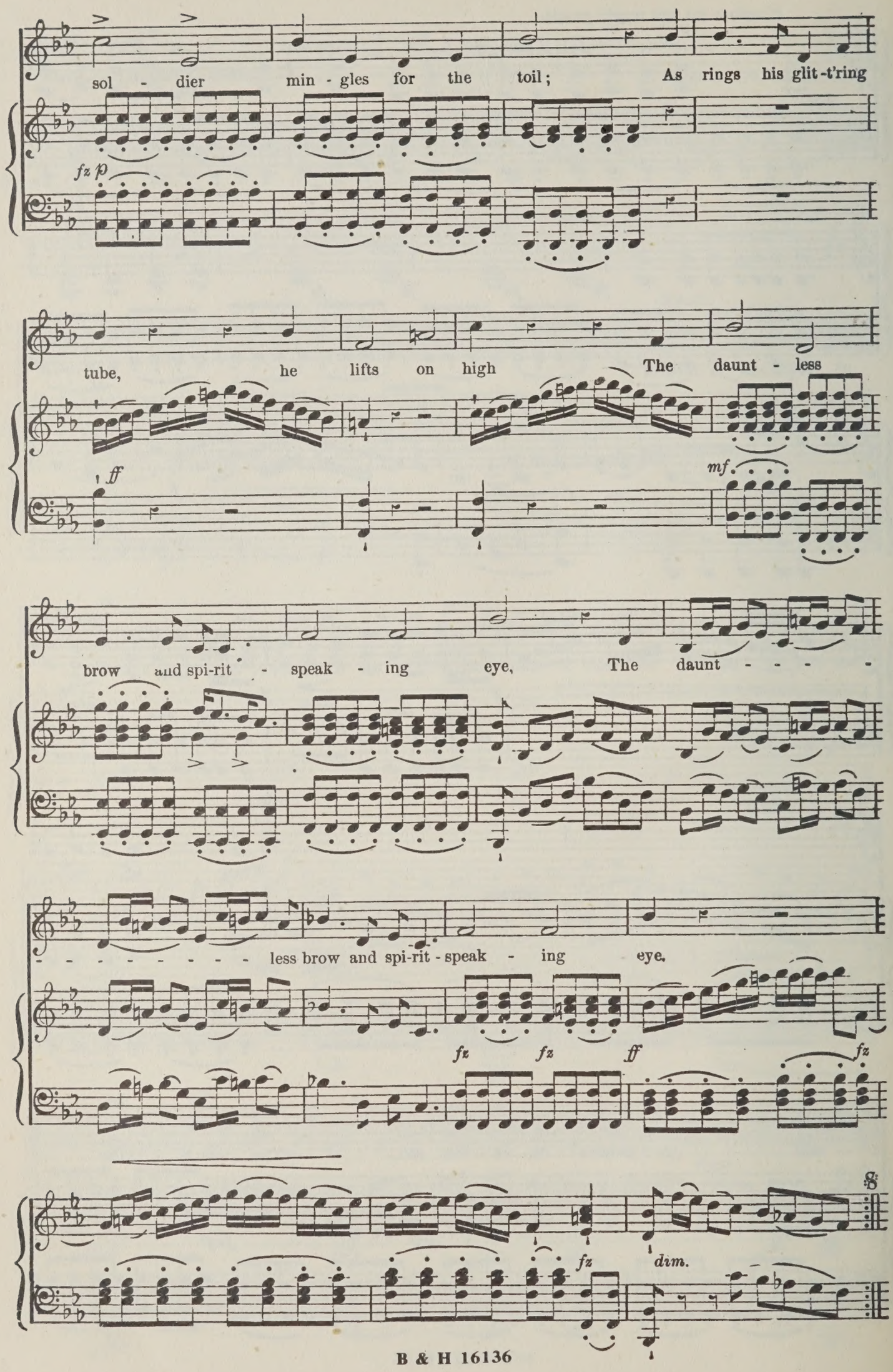
Words by THOMAS CAMPBELL.

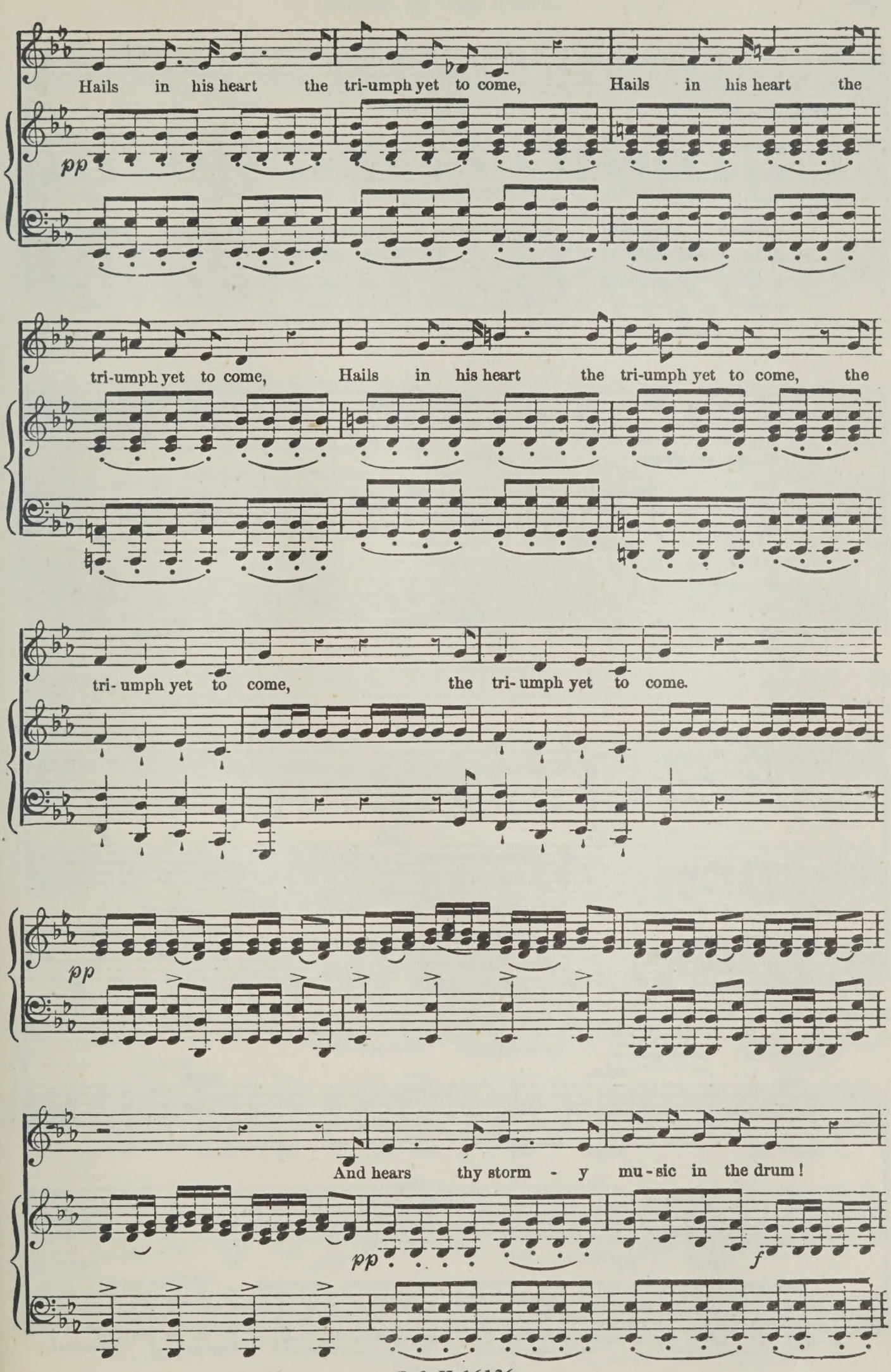
Music by DR. CALLCOTT.

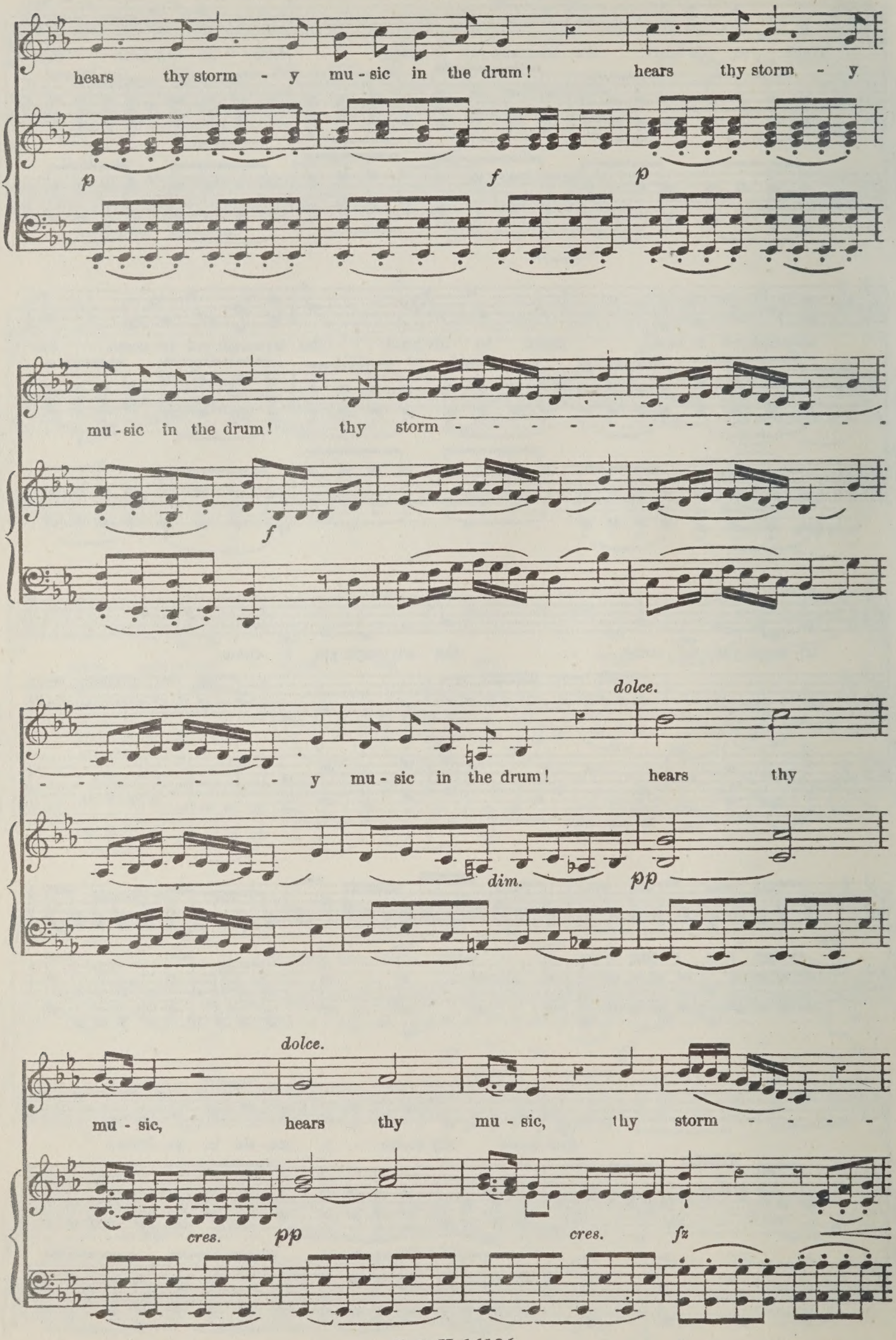
Andante.

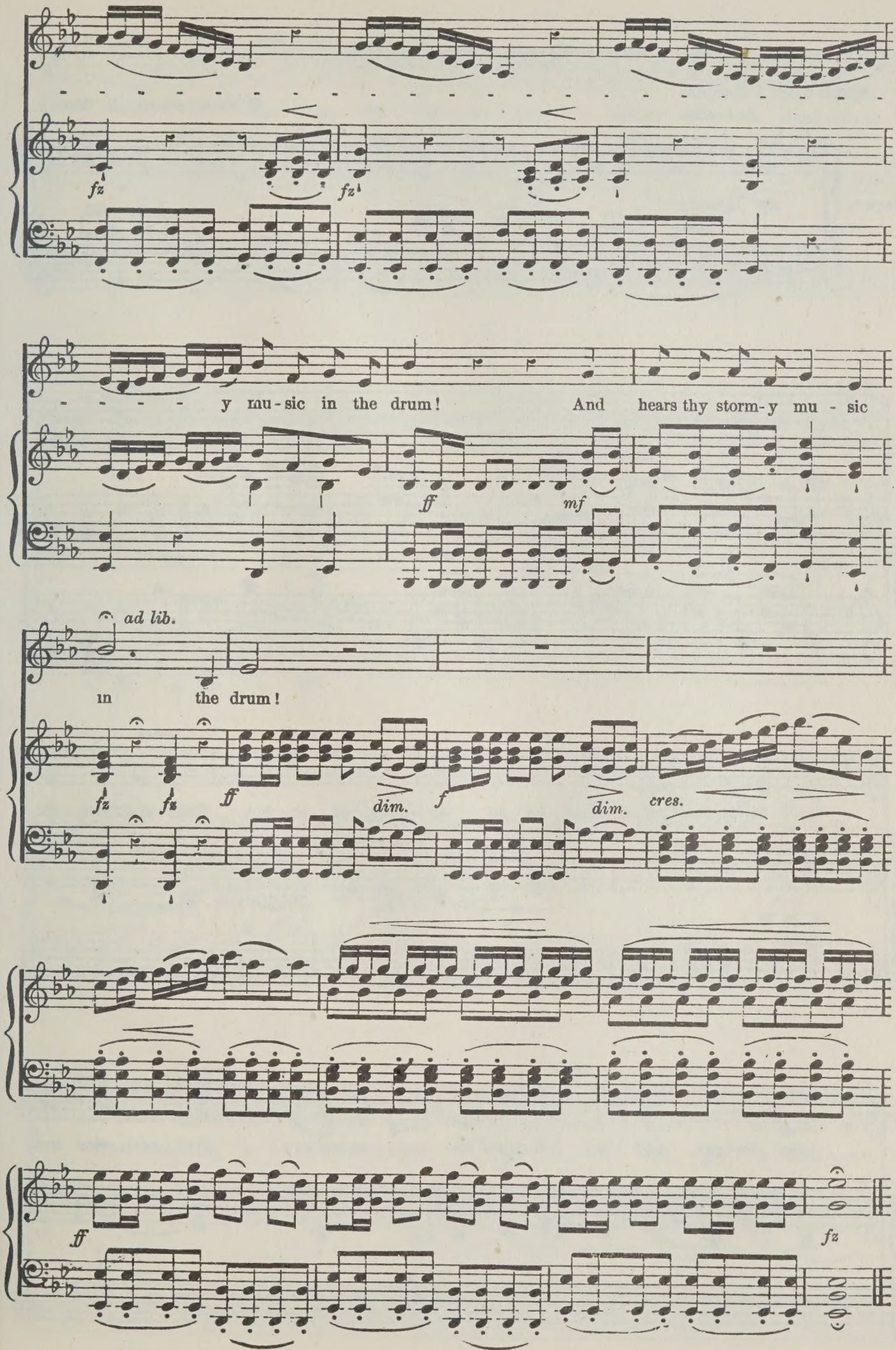



Maestoso ma non troppo presto.
pp
fz
fz
fz
fz
dim.
f
f
f
dim.
f
dim.
S
p
When all... is.....
S
f
dim.
pp
still on Death's de - vo - ted soil, The march - worn
pp
fz p


sol - dier min - gles for the toil; As rings his glit-t'ring
fz p
tube, he lifts on high The daunt - less
ff
mf
brow and spi-rit - speak - ing eye, The daunt - - - -
less brow and spi-rit - speak - ing eye.
fz fz ff fz
fz
dim.


Hails in his heart the tri-umph yet to come, Hails in his heart the
pp
tri-umph yet to come, Hails in his heart the tri-umph yet to come, the
tri- umph yet to come, the tri- umph yet to come.
pp
And hears thy storm - y mu - sic in the drum!
pp
f


hears thy storm - y mu - sic in the drum! hears thy storm - y
p f p
mu - sic in the drum! thy storm - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
f
dolce.
- - - - - - - - - y mu - sic in the drum! hears thy
dim. pp
dolce.
mu - sic, hears thy mu - sic, thy storm - - - -
cres. pp cres. fz


fz
fz
- - - - y mu - sic in the drum! And hears thy storm - y mu - sic
ff
mf
ad lib.
in the drum!
fz
fz
ff
dim.
f
dim.
cres.
ff
fz

Rest, my child.

Words by S. J. Arnold.

Music by Henry R. Bishop.

Andantino.

Piano.

mf legato.

Rest, my child!

dolce.

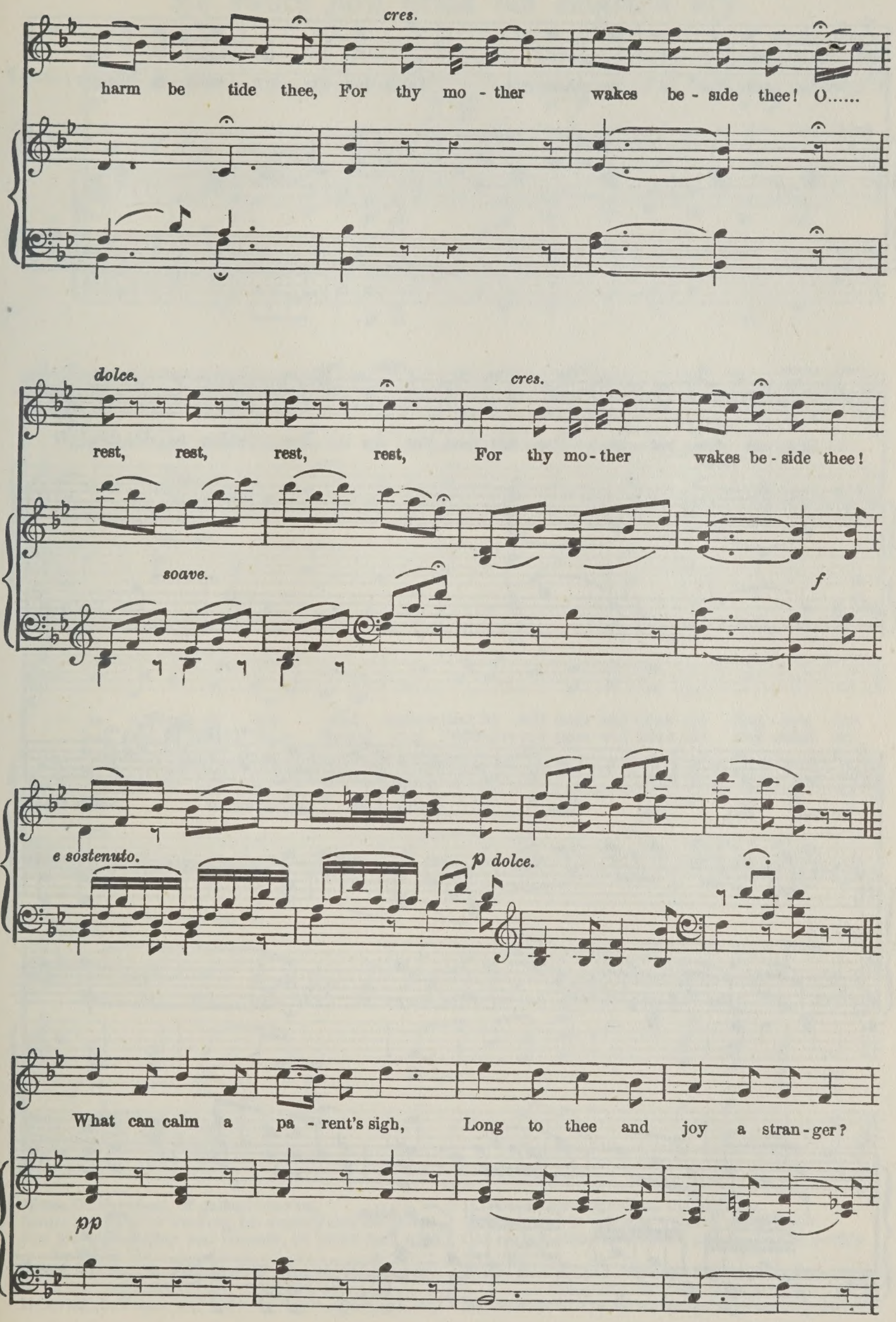
pp

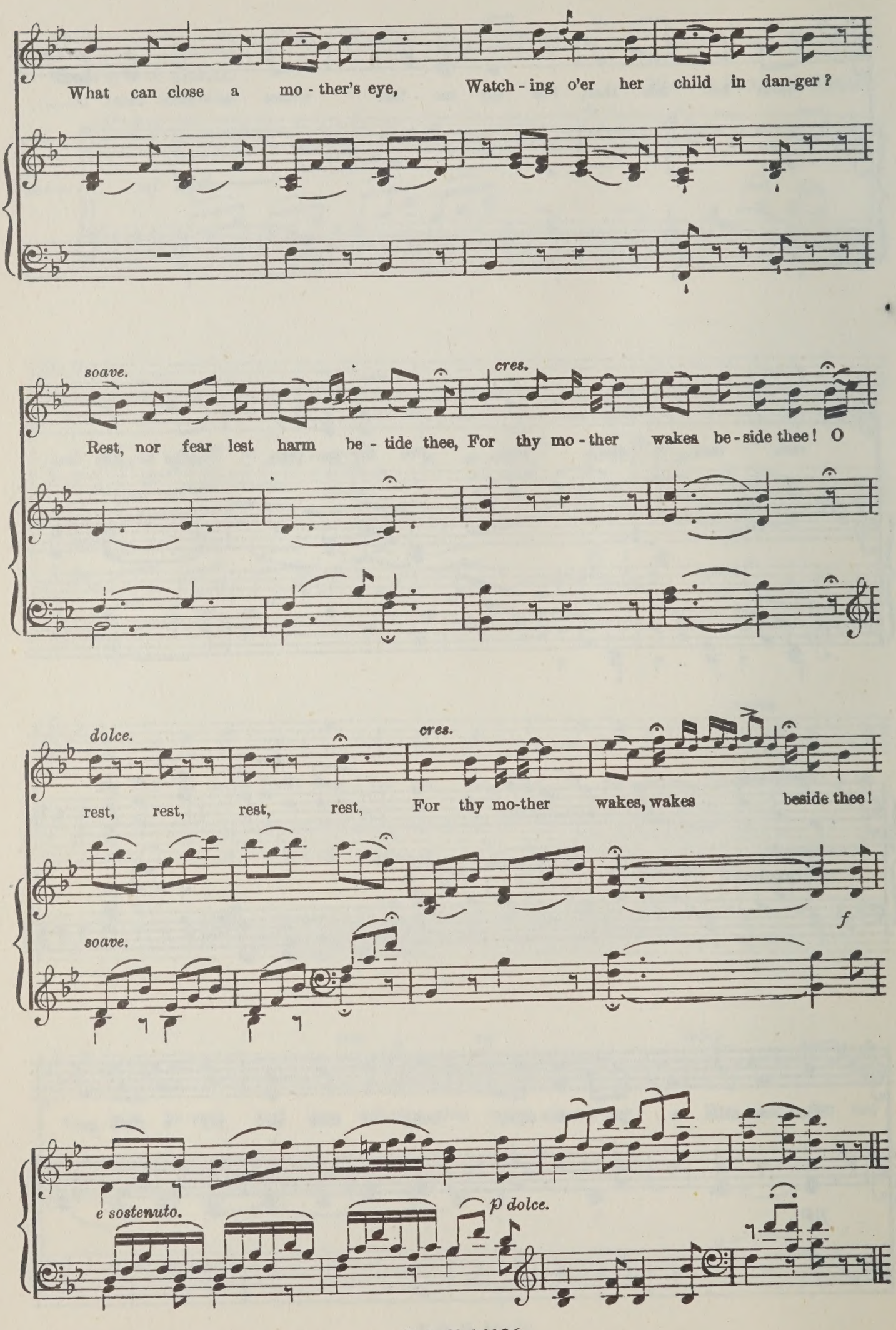
soave.

thy lit-tle heart Shall soon for-get the pang of sor-row, Sleep shall gen-tle

cres. *mf* *dolce.*

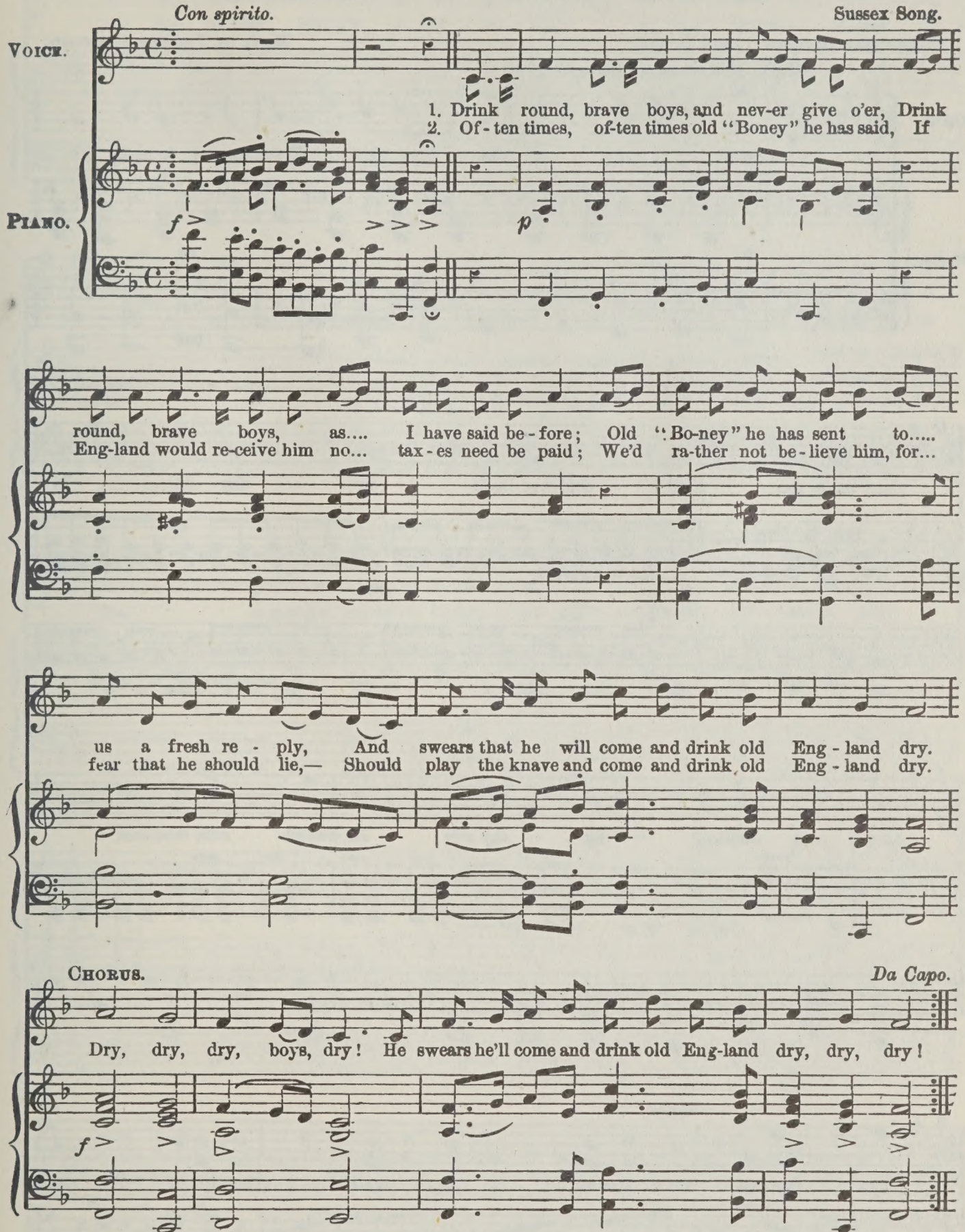
balm im-part, And thou wilt care-less wake to-mor-row! Rest, nor fear lest


cres.
harm be tide thee, For thy mo - ther wakes be - side thee! O.....
dolce.
cres.
rest, rest, rest, rest, For thy mo - ther wakes be - side thee!
soave.
f
e sostenuto.
p dolce.
What can calm a pa - rent's sigh, Long to thee and joy a stran - ger?
pp


What can close a mo - ther's eye, Watch - ing o'er her child in dan-ger?
soave.
cres.
Rest, nor fear lest harm be - tide thee, For thy mo - ther wakes be - side thee! O
dolce.
cres.
rest, rest, rest, rest, For thy mo-ther wakes, wakes beside thee!
f
soave.
e sostenuto.
p dolce.

He swore he'd drink old England dry.

Con spirito. Sussex Song.



3.

'Twas Collingwood, of gallant renown,
Swore he'd fight for his king, his country and the crown,
For his crown, king and country, he would fight until he die,
Before that they should come and drink old England dry.
Cho.—Dry, dry, dry, boys, dry,
He swears he'll come and drink old England dry, dry, dry.

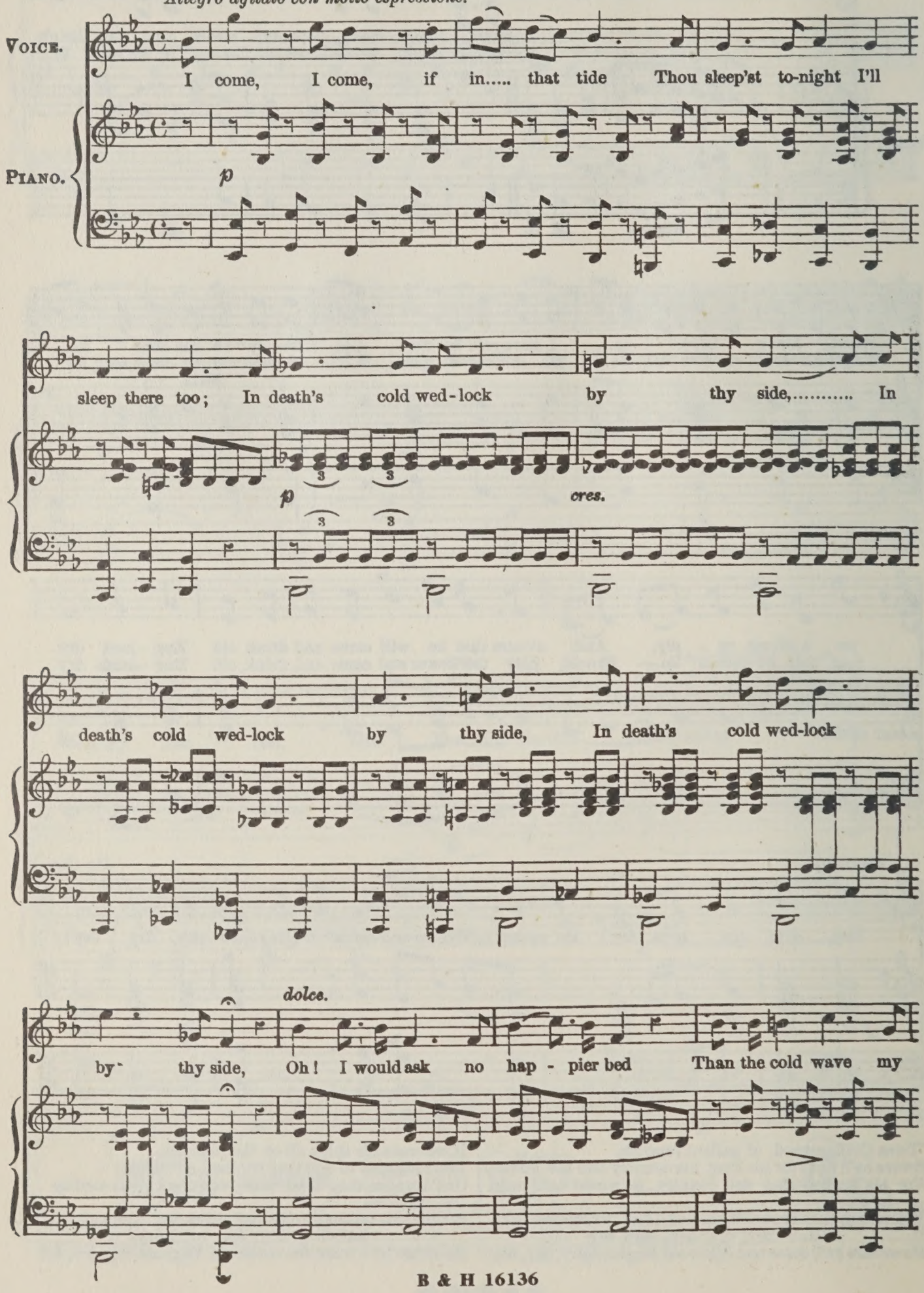
4.

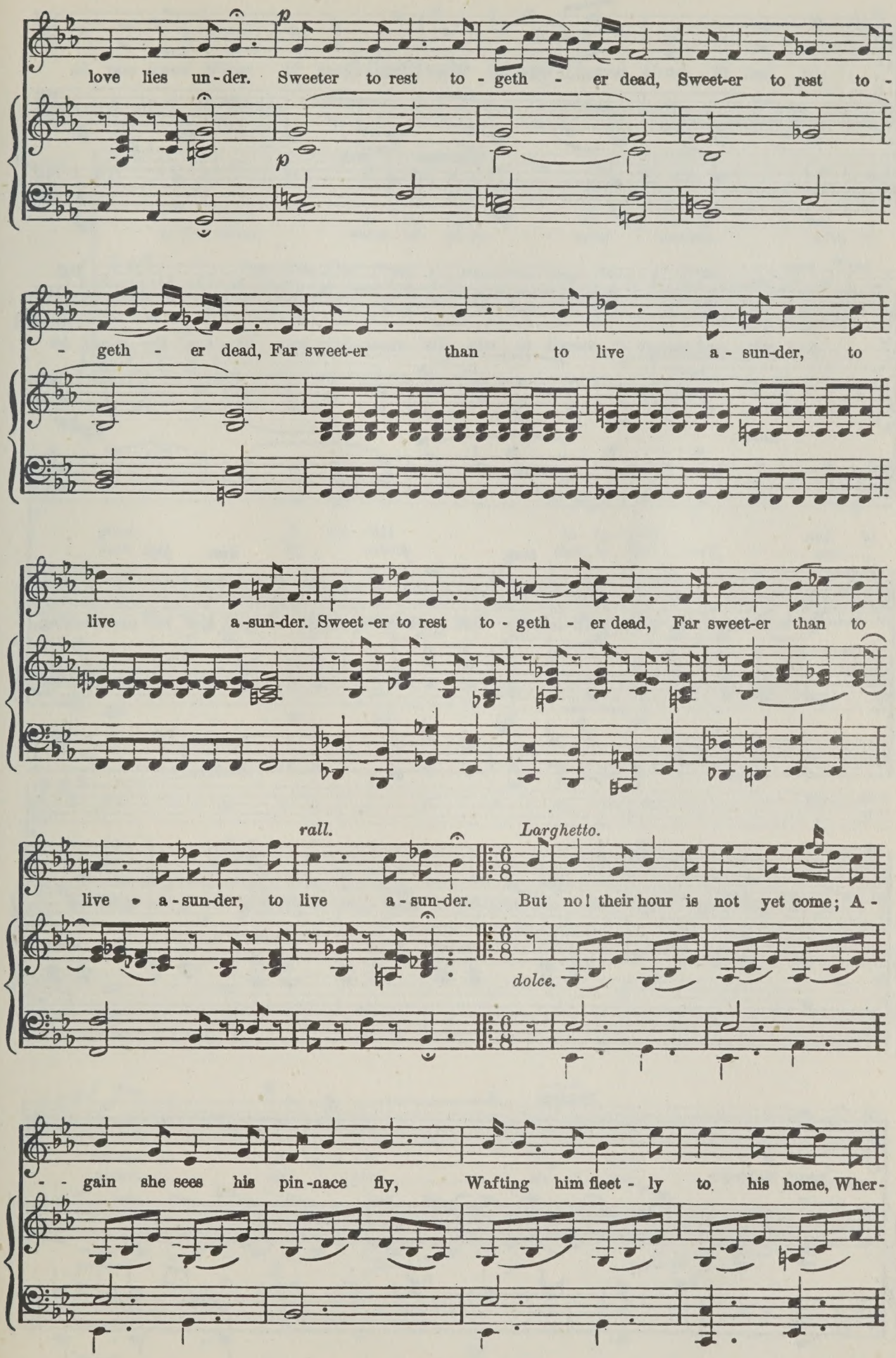
If we meet his ships all on the high sea,
Ten thousand to one that we shall not agree;
Our cannons they shall rattle, and the bullets swiftly fly,
Before that he shall come and drink old England dry.
Cho.—Dry, dry, dry, boys, dry,
He swore he'd come and drink old England dry, dry, dry

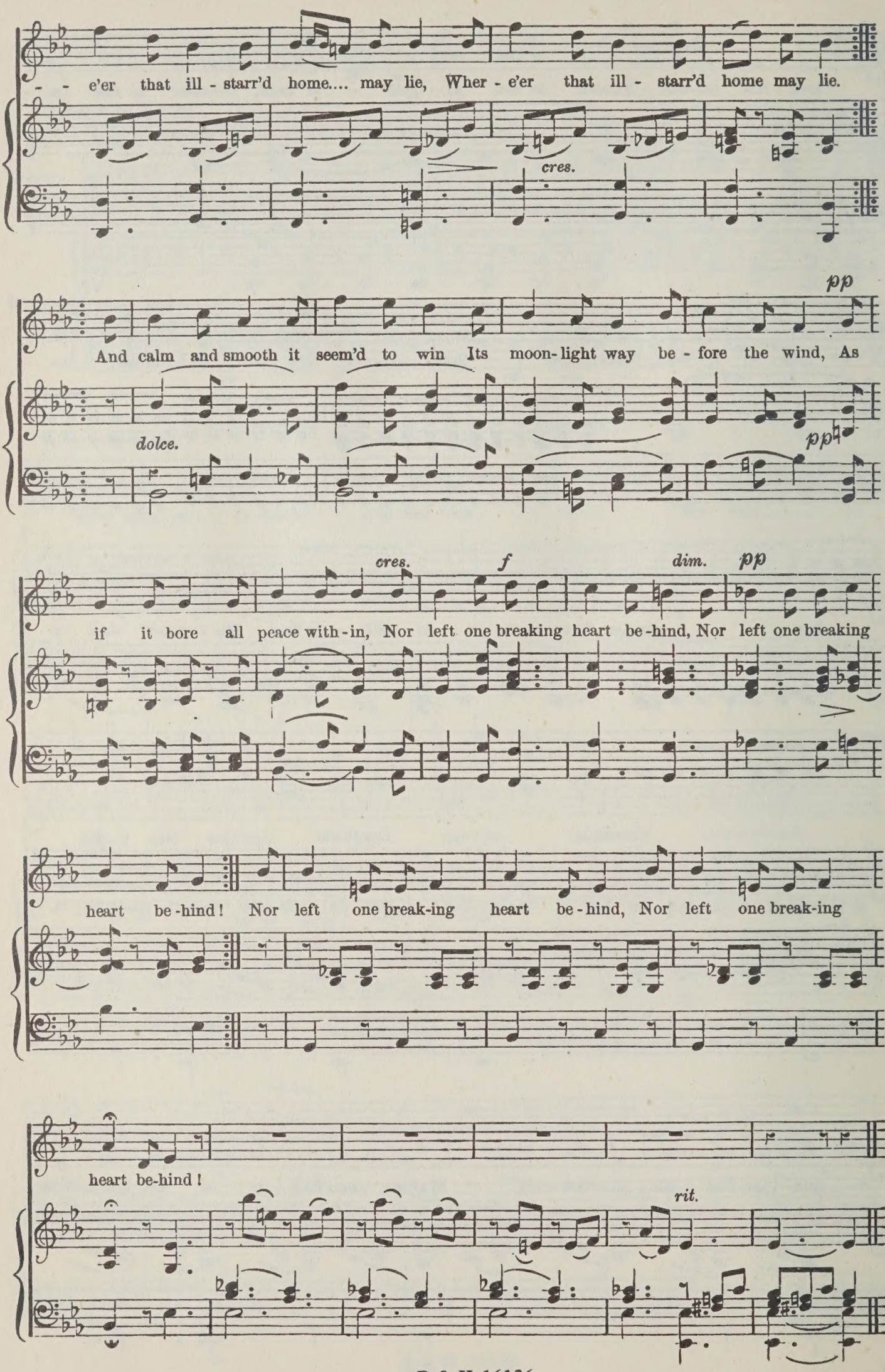
The cold wave my love lies under.

Words from MOORE's "Lalla Rookh." Music by THOMAS ATTWOOD.

Allegro agitato con molto espressione.




p
love lies un-der. Sweeter to rest to-geth-er dead, Sweet-er to rest to-
p
-geth-er dead, Far sweet-er than to live a-sun-der, to
live a-sun-der. Sweet-er to rest to-geth-er dead, Far sweet-er than to
rall.
Larghetto.
live a-sun-der, to live a-sun-der. But no! their hour is not yet come; A-
dolce.
-gain she sees his pin-nace fly, Wafting him fleet-ly to his home, Wher-

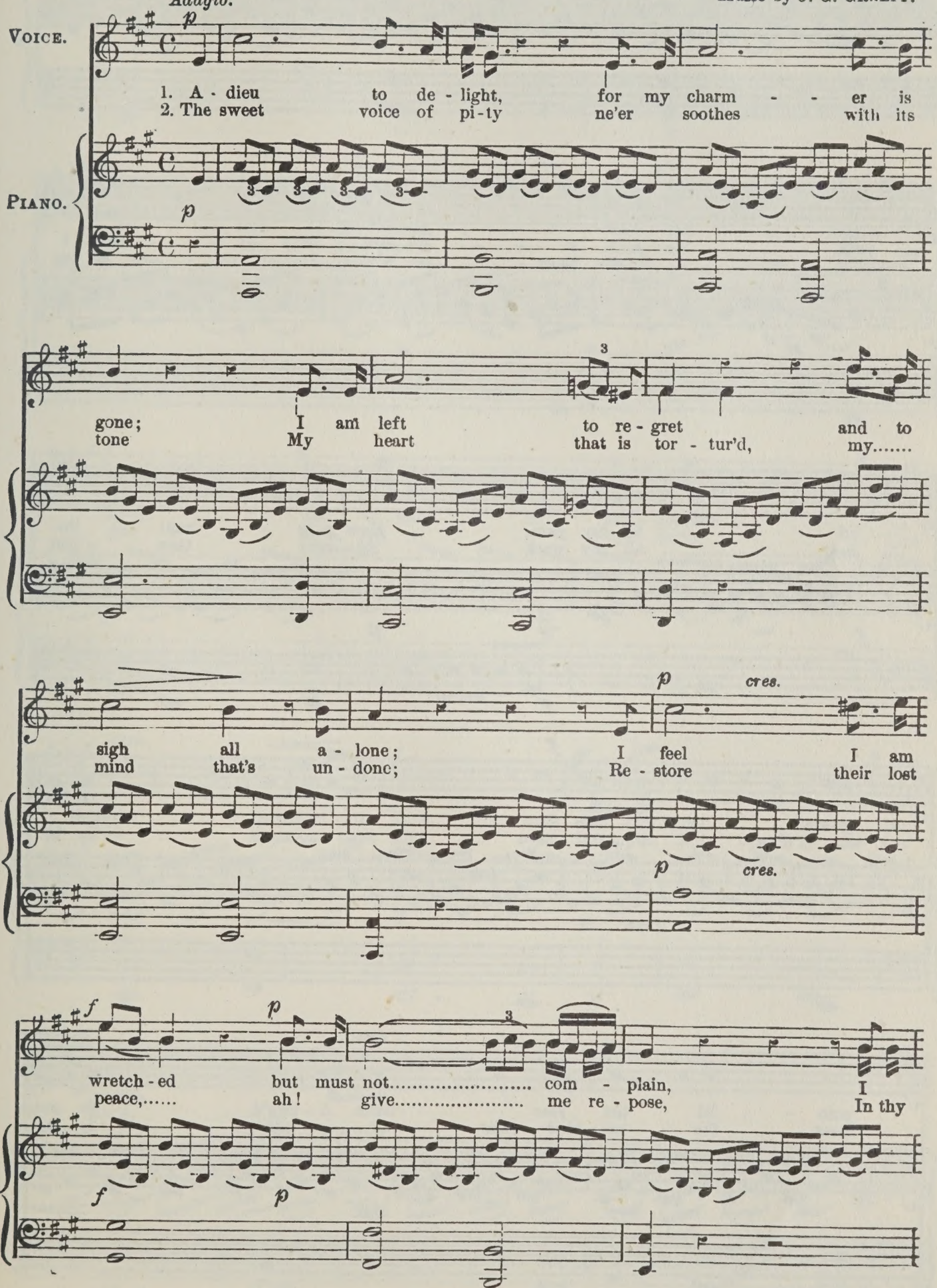

- - e'er that ill - starr'd home.... may lie, Wher - e'er that ill - starr'd home may lie.
cres.
pp
And calm and smooth it seem'd to win Its moon-light way be - fore the wind, As
dolce.
pp
cres.
f
dim.
pp
if it bore all peace with-in, Nor left one breaking heart be-hind, Nor left one breaking
heart be-hind! Nor left one break-ing heart be-hind, Nor left one break-ing
heart be-hind!
rit.

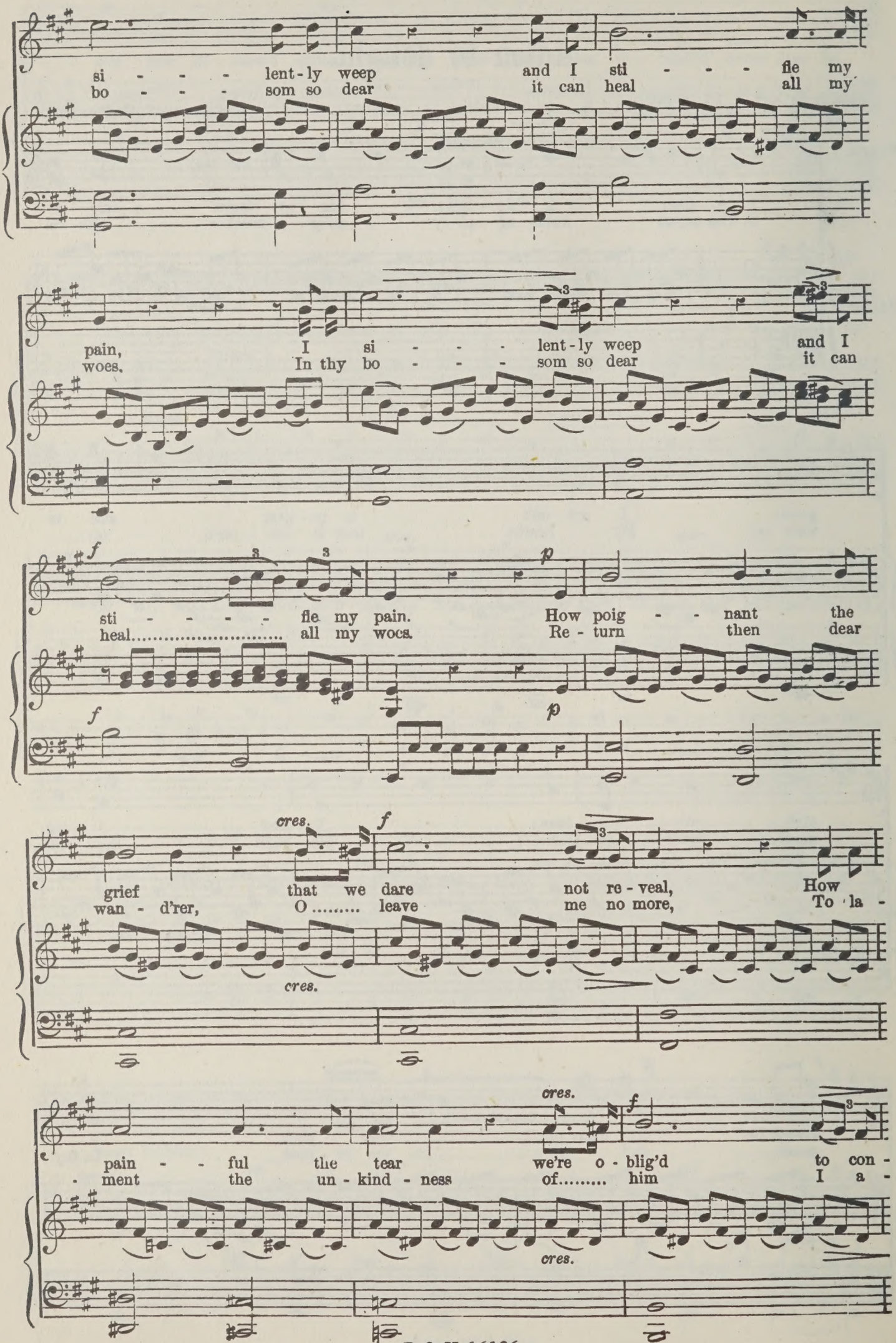
Adieu to delight.

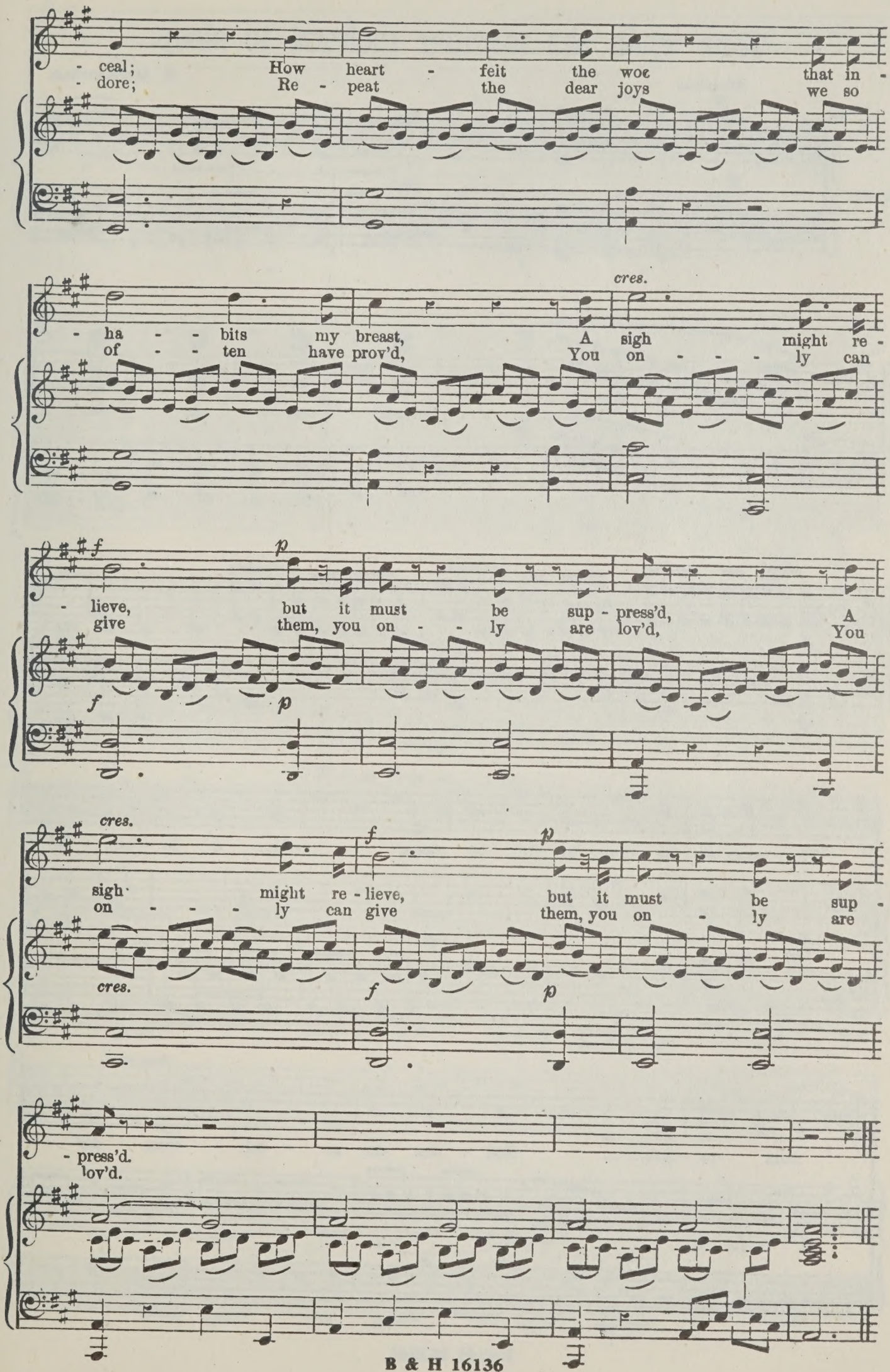
Words by Mrs. F. PLOWDEN.

Music by J. G. GRAEFF.

Adagio.

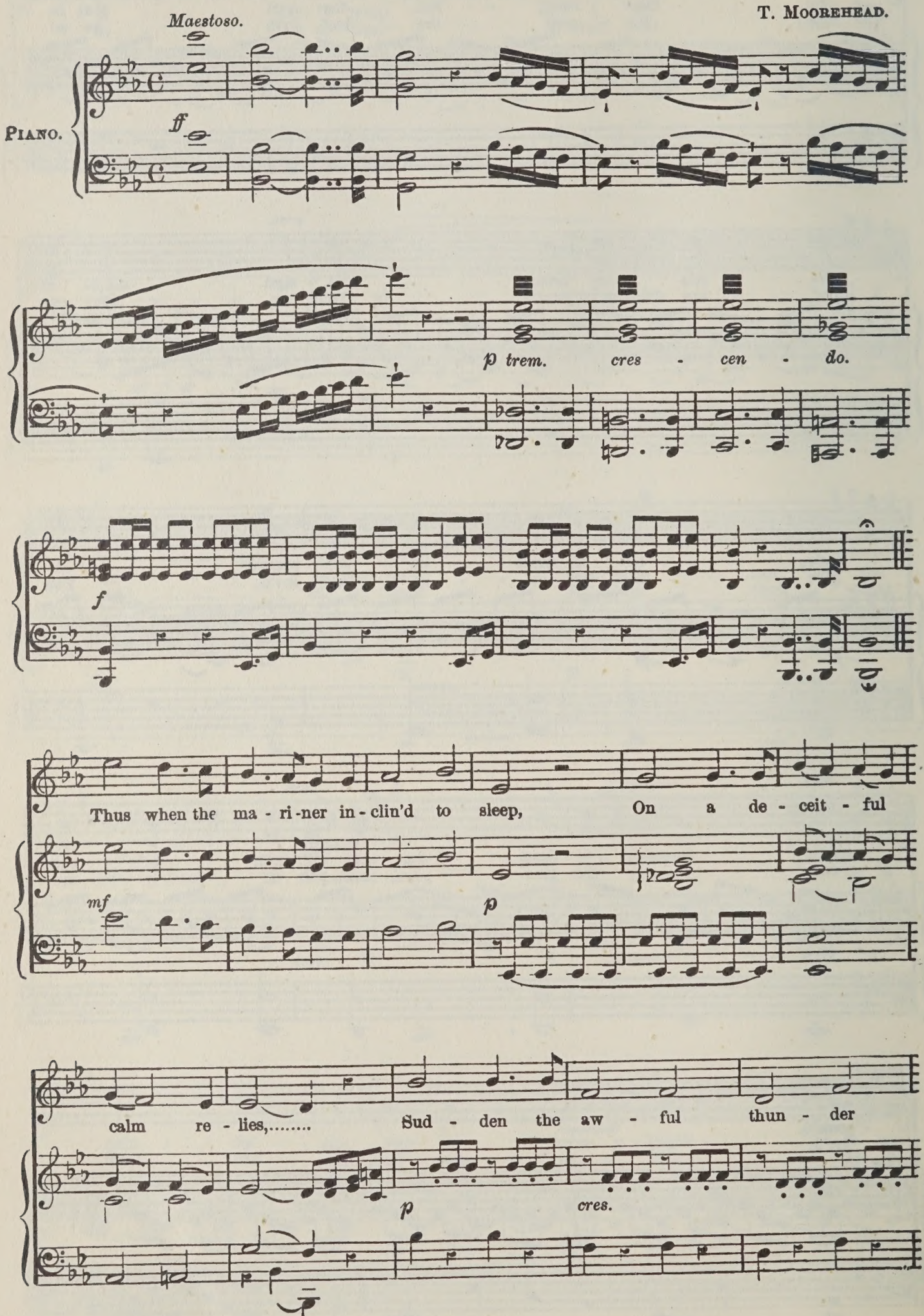


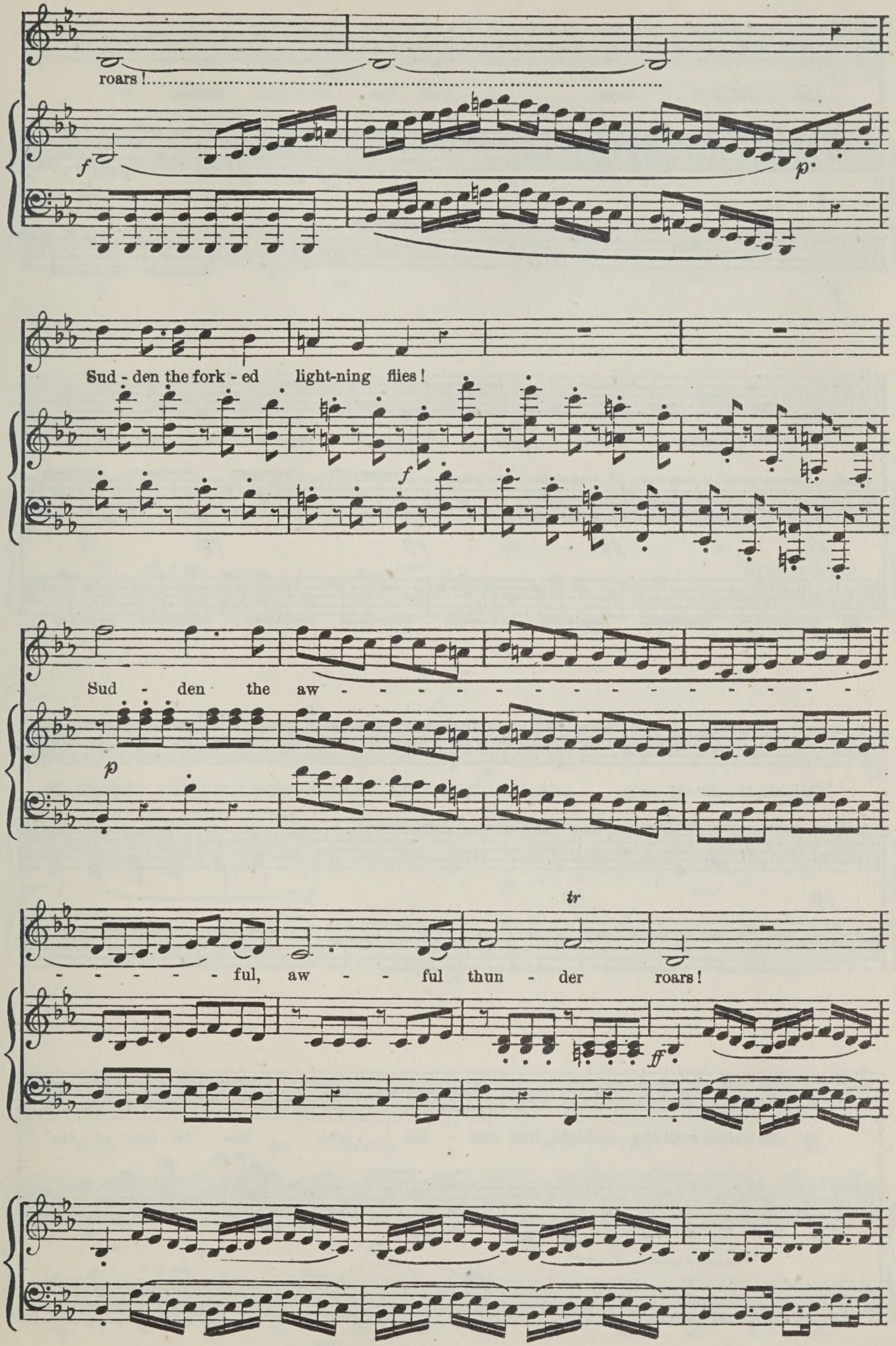

si - - - - lent-ly weep and I sti - - - - fle my
bo - - - - som so dear it can heal all my
pain, I si - - - - lent-ly weep and I
woes. In thy bo - - - - som so dear it can
f p
sti - - - - - fle my pain. How poig - - nant the
heal..... all my woes. Re - turn then dear
f p
cres. f
grief that we dare not re - veal, How
wan - d'rer, O..... leave me no more, To la -
cres.
cres. f
pain - - ful the tear we're o - blig'd to con -
- ment the un - kind - ness of..... him I a -
cres.

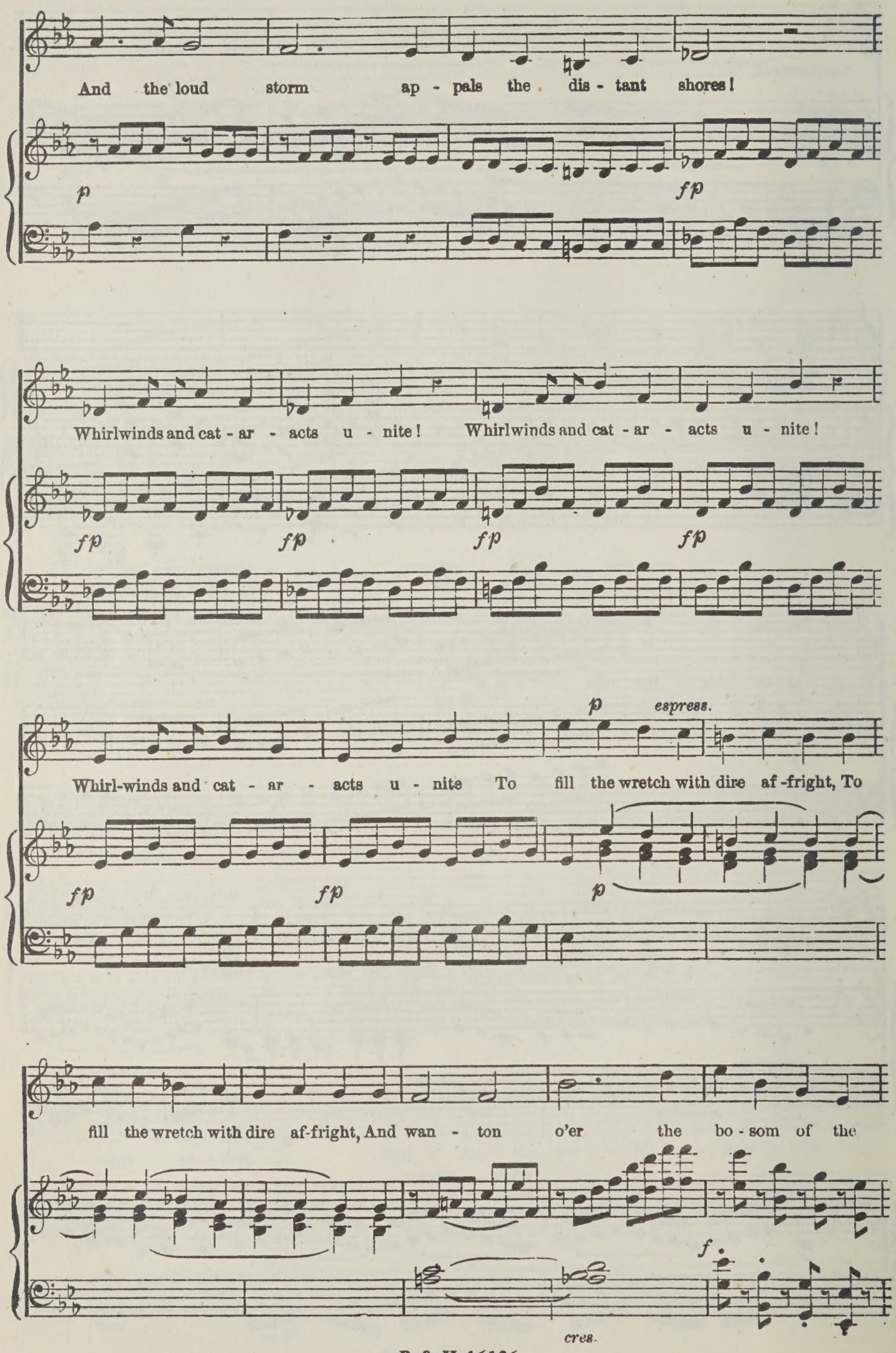

- ceal; How heart - felt the woe that in -
- dore; Re - peat the dear joys we so
cres.
- ha - - bits my breast, A sigh might re -
of - - ten have prov'd, You on - - - ly can
f p
- lieve, but it must be sup - press'd,
give them, you on - - ly are lov'd,
A
You
f p
cres.
f p
sigh might re - lieve, but it must be sup -
on - - - ly can give them, you on - ly are
cres.
f p
- press'd.
lov'd.

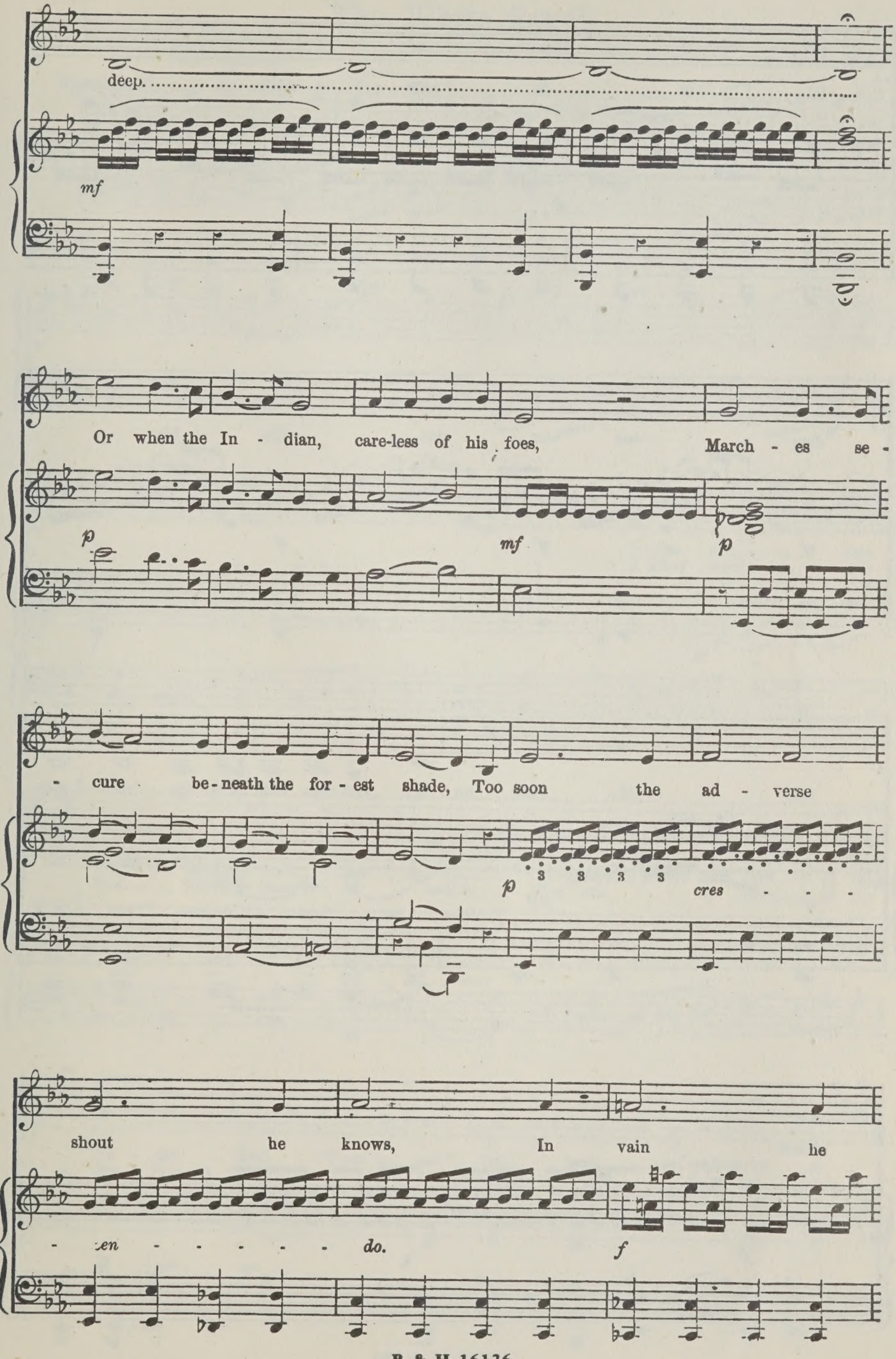
Thus when the mariner inclined to sleep.

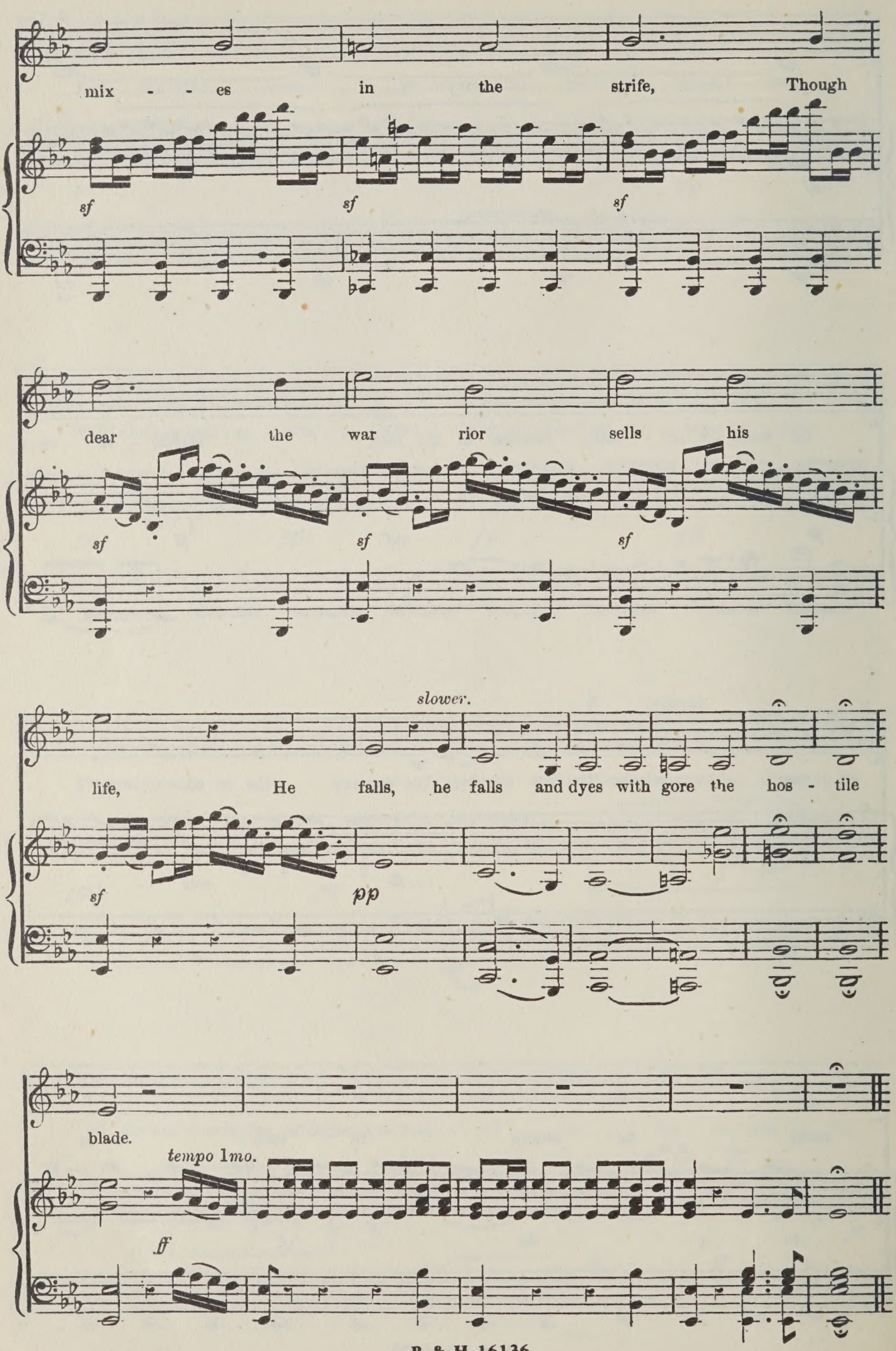
T. MOOREHEAD.




roars!
f
p
Sud - den the fork - ed light-ning flies!
f
Sud - den the aw - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
p
tr
- - - - - - ful, aw - - ful thun - der roars!
ff


And the loud storm ap - pals the dis - tant shores!
p
fp
Whirlwinds and cat - ar - acts u - nite! Whirlwinds and cat - ar - acts u - nite!
fp
fp
fp
fp
p espress.
Whirl-winds and cat - ar - acts u - nite To fill the wretch with dire af-fright, To
fp
fp
p
fill the wretch with dire af-fright, And wan - ton o'er the bo - som of the
f
cres.

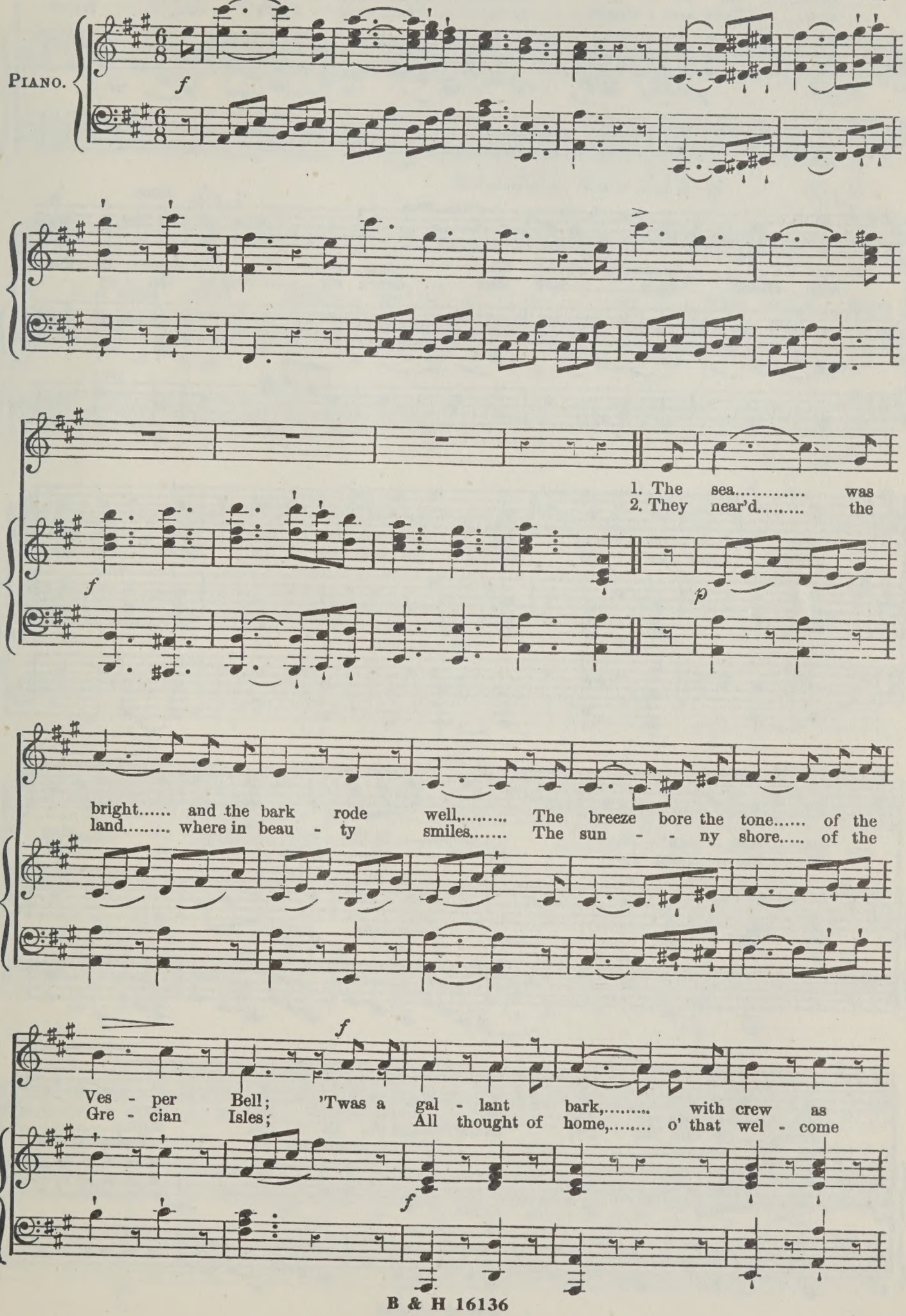

deep.
mf
Or when the In - dian, care-less of his foes, March - es se -
p
mf
p
- cure be-neath the for - est shade, Too soon the ad - verse
p
cres
shout he knows, In vain he
- cen - - - - - do.
f

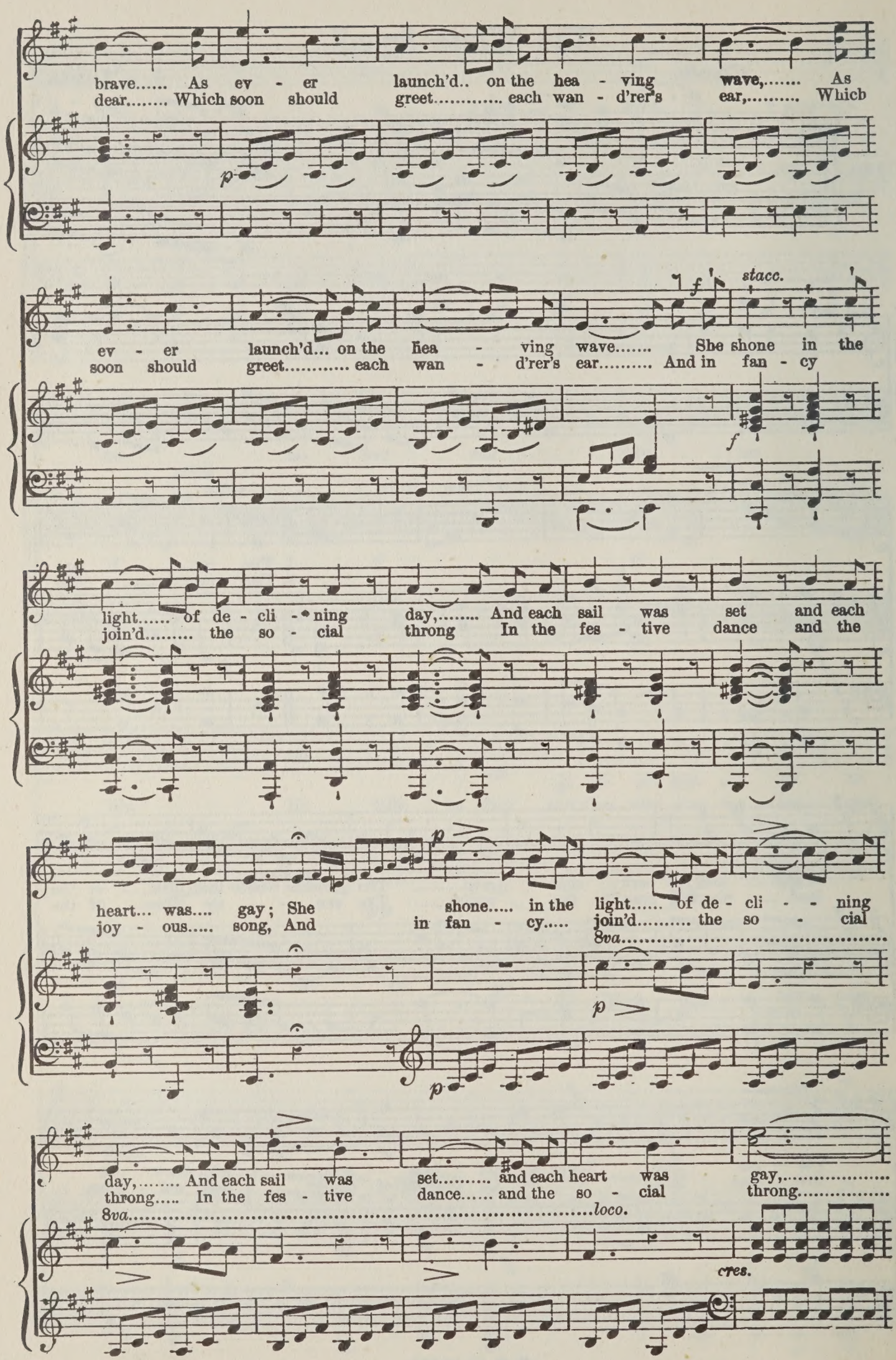

mix - - es in the strife, Though
sf sf sf
dear the war rior sells his
sf sf sf
slower.
life, He falls, he falls and dyes with gore the hos - tile
sf pp
blade.
tempo 1mo.
ff

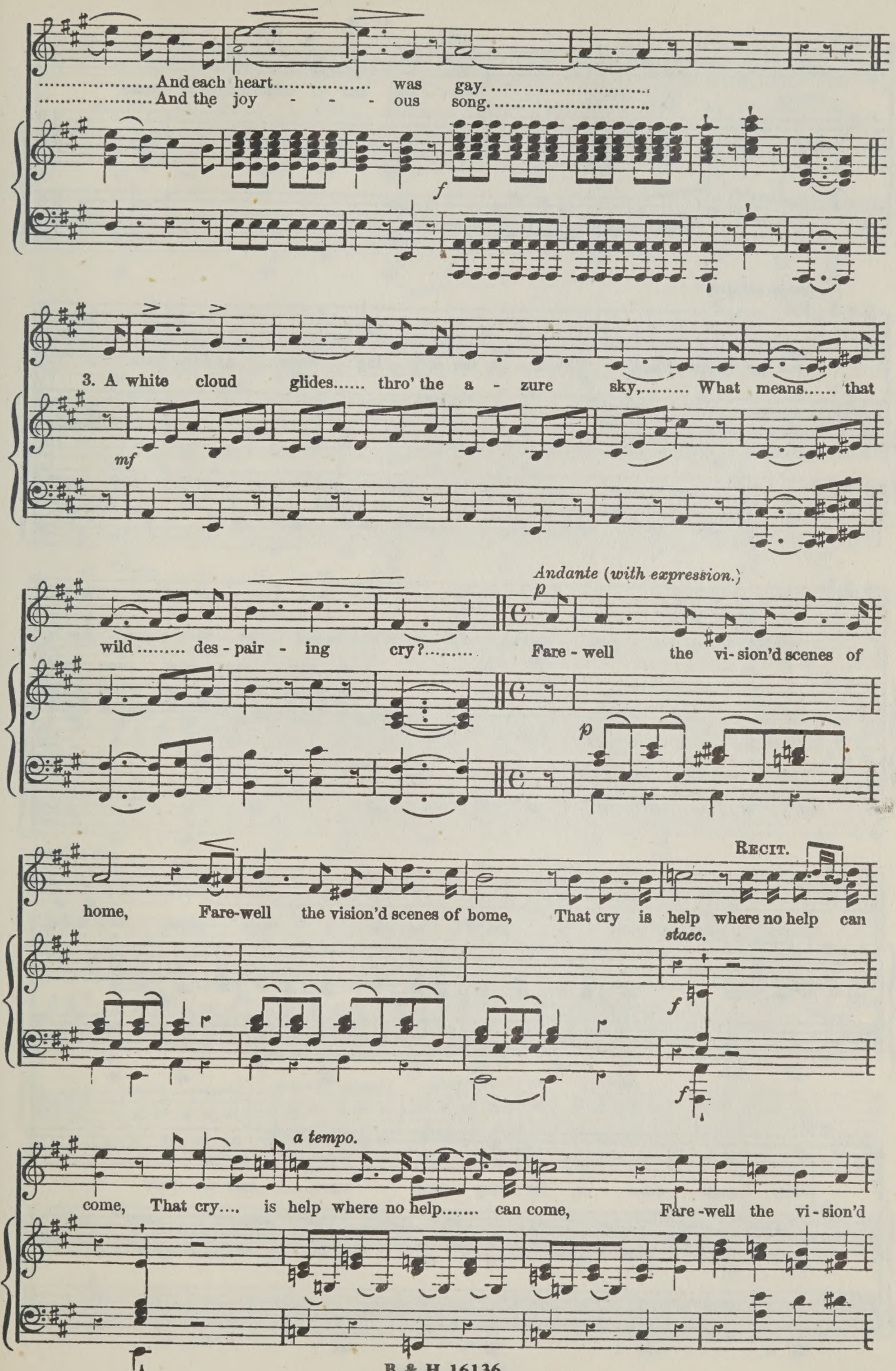
The White Squall.

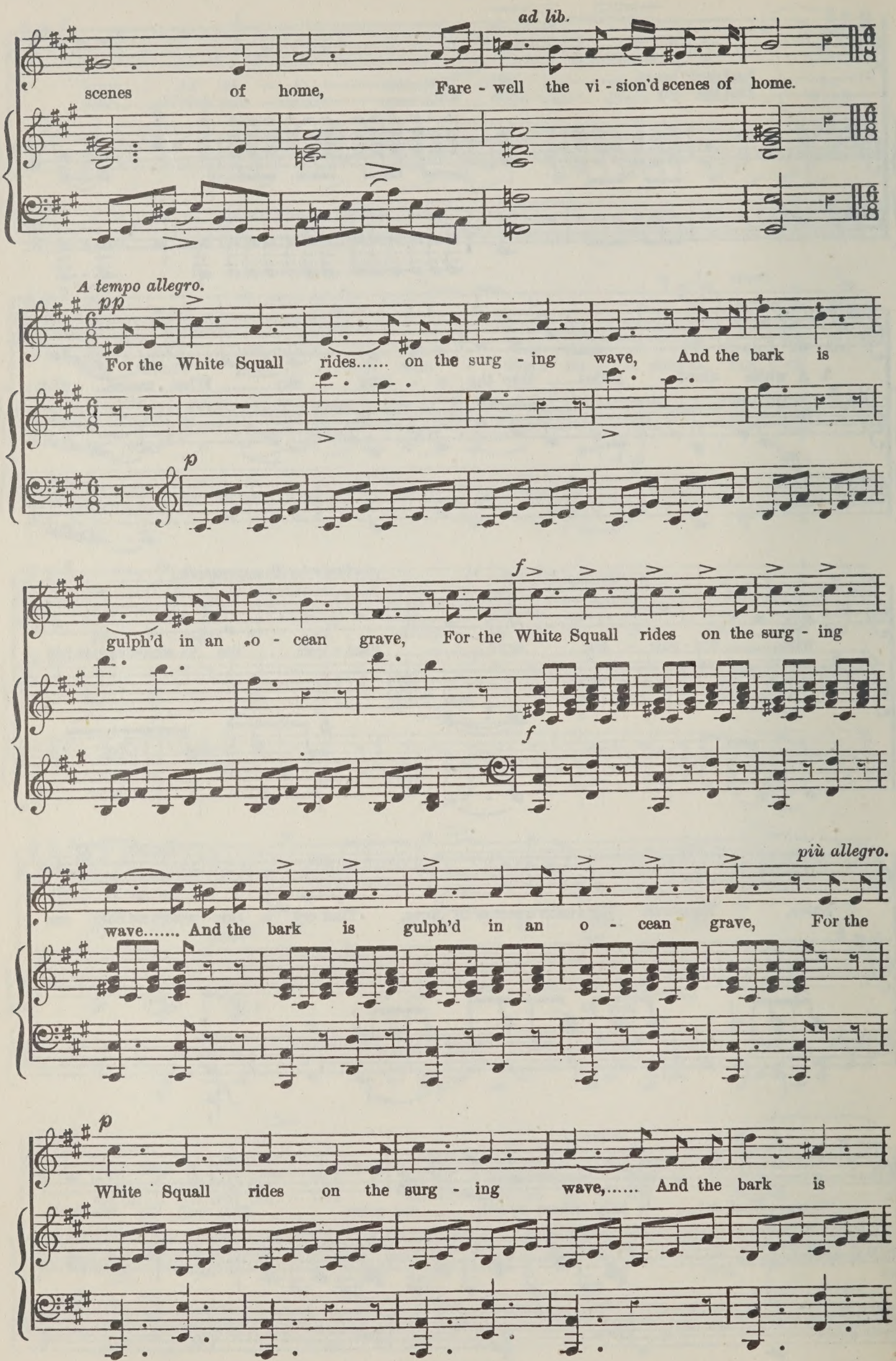
Allegretto.

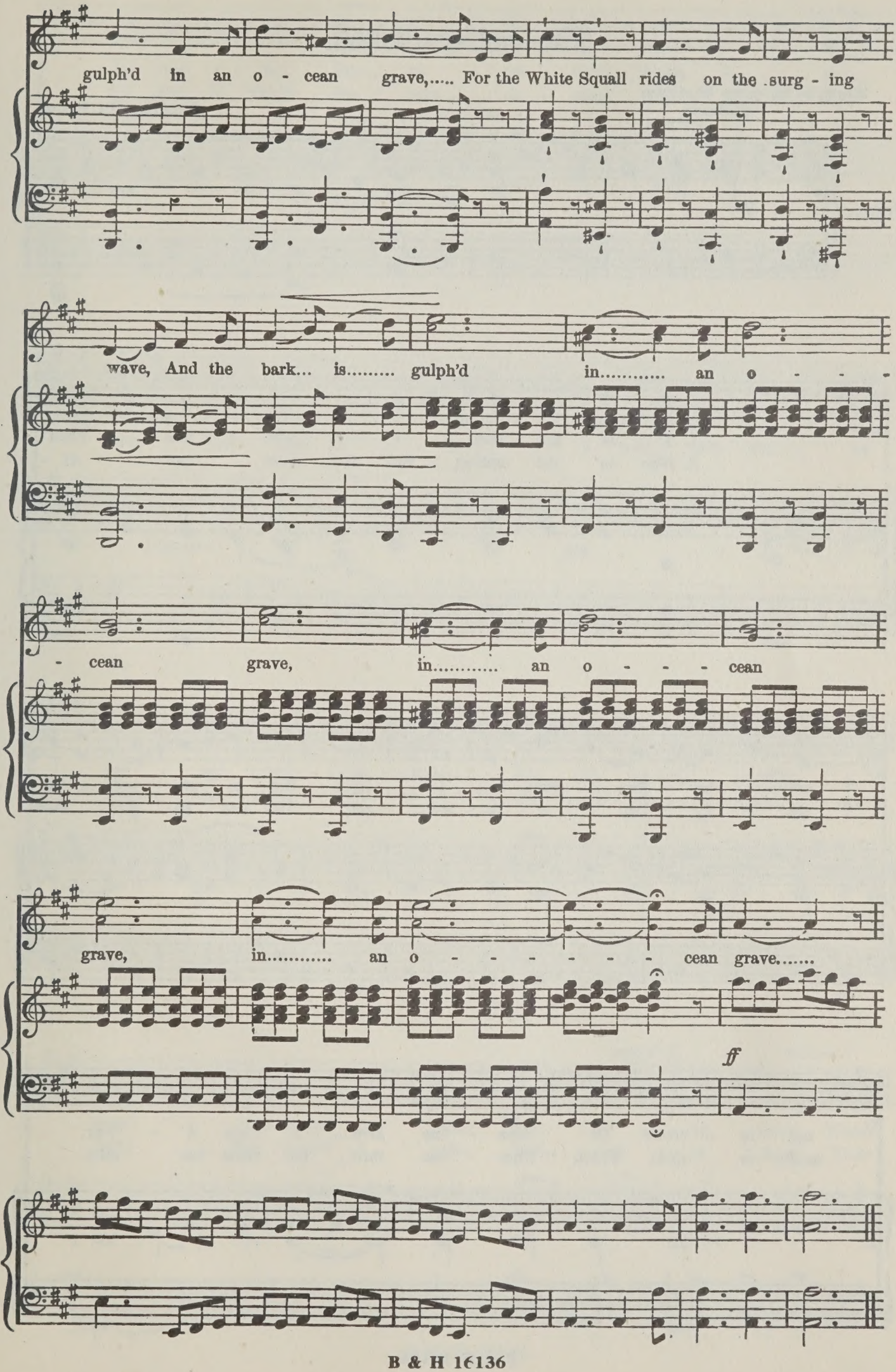
G. A. Barker.




brave..... As ev - er launch'd.. on the hea - ving wave,..... As
dear..... Which soon should greet..... each wan - d'rer's ear,..... Which
p
ev - er launch'd... on the hea - ving wave..... She shone in the
soon should greet..... each wan - d'rer's ear..... And in fan - cy
f
stacc.
f
light..... of de - cli - ning day,..... And each sail was set and each
join'd..... the so - cial throng In the fes - tive dance and the
heart... was.... gay; She shone..... in the light..... of de - cli - - ning
joy - ous..... song, And in fan - cy..... join'd..... the so - cial
8va
p
p
day,..... And each sail was set..... and each heart was gay,.....
throng..... In the fes - tive dance..... and the so - cial throng.....
8va loco.
cres.


And each heart was gay.
And the joy - - - ous song.
f
3. A white cloud glides..... thro' the a - zure sky,..... What means..... that
mf
Andante (with expression.)
p
wild ..... des - pair - ing cry?..... Fare - well the vi - sion'd scenes of
p
home, Fare-well the vision'd scenes of home, That cry is help where no help can
Recit.
stacc.
f
f
a tempo.
come, That cry.... is help where no help..... can come, Fare - well the vi - sion'd


ad lib.
scenes of home, Fare - well the vi - sion'd scenes of home.
A tempo allegro.
pp
For the White Squall rides..... on the surg - ing wave, And the bark is
p
f
gulph'd in an o - cean grave, For the White Squall rides on the surg - ing
f
più allegro.
wave..... And the bark is gulph'd in an o - cean grave, For the
p
White Squall rides on the surg - ing wave,..... And the bark is

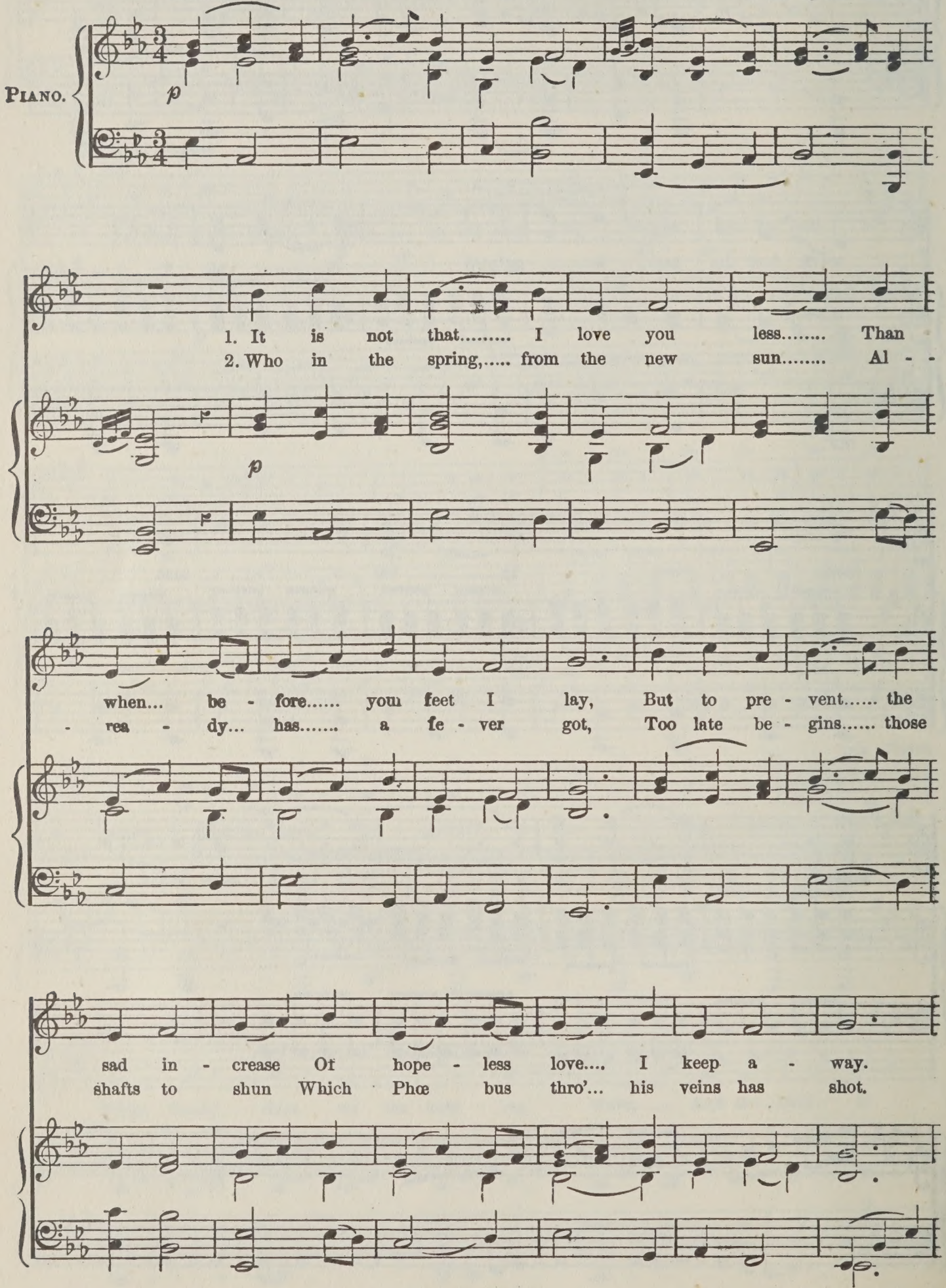

gulph'd in an o - cean grave,..... For the White Squall rides on the surg - ing
wave, And the bark... is..... gulph'd in..... an o - - -
- cean grave, in..... an o - - - cean
grave, in..... an o - - - - - - cean grave.....
ff

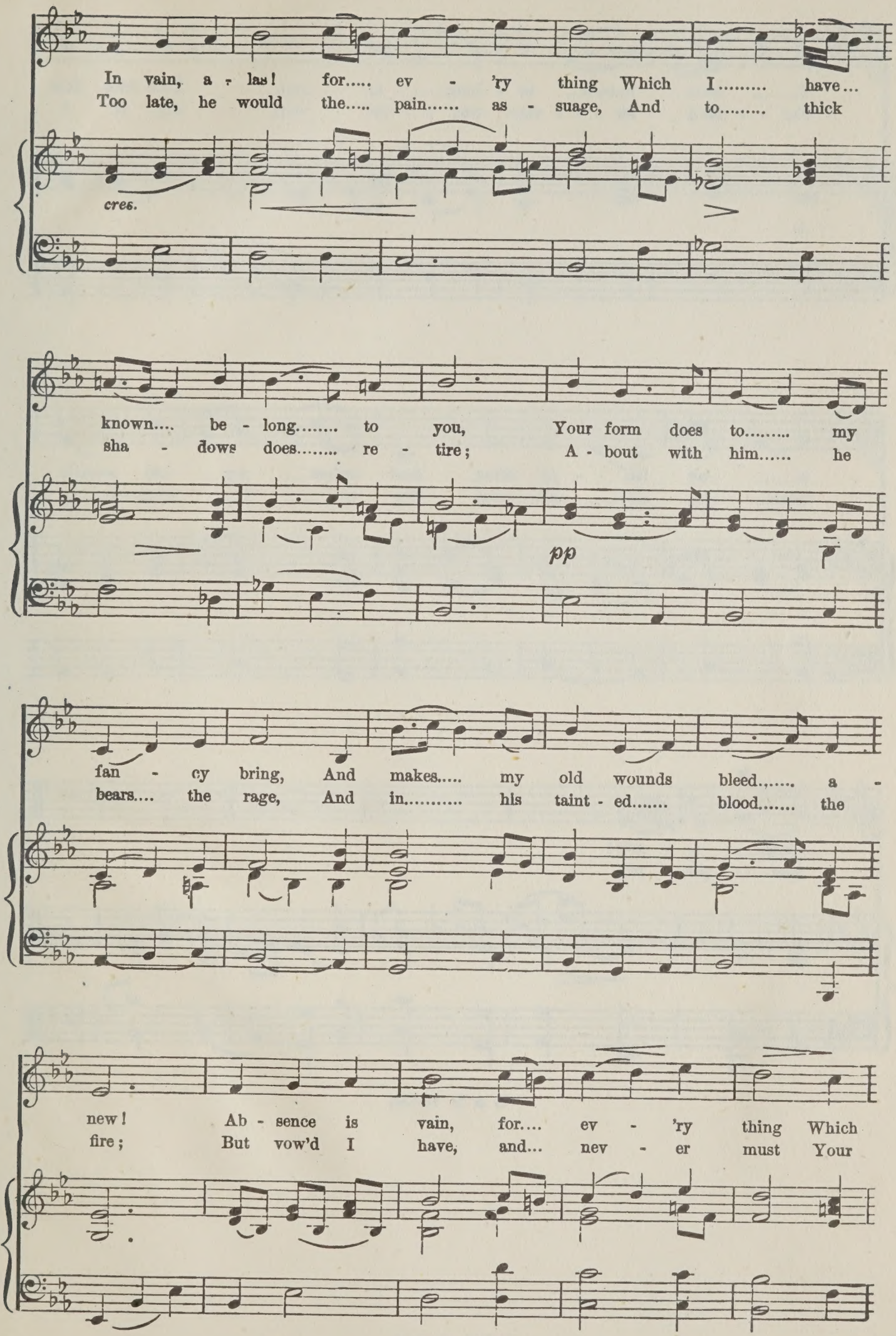
The Self-banished.

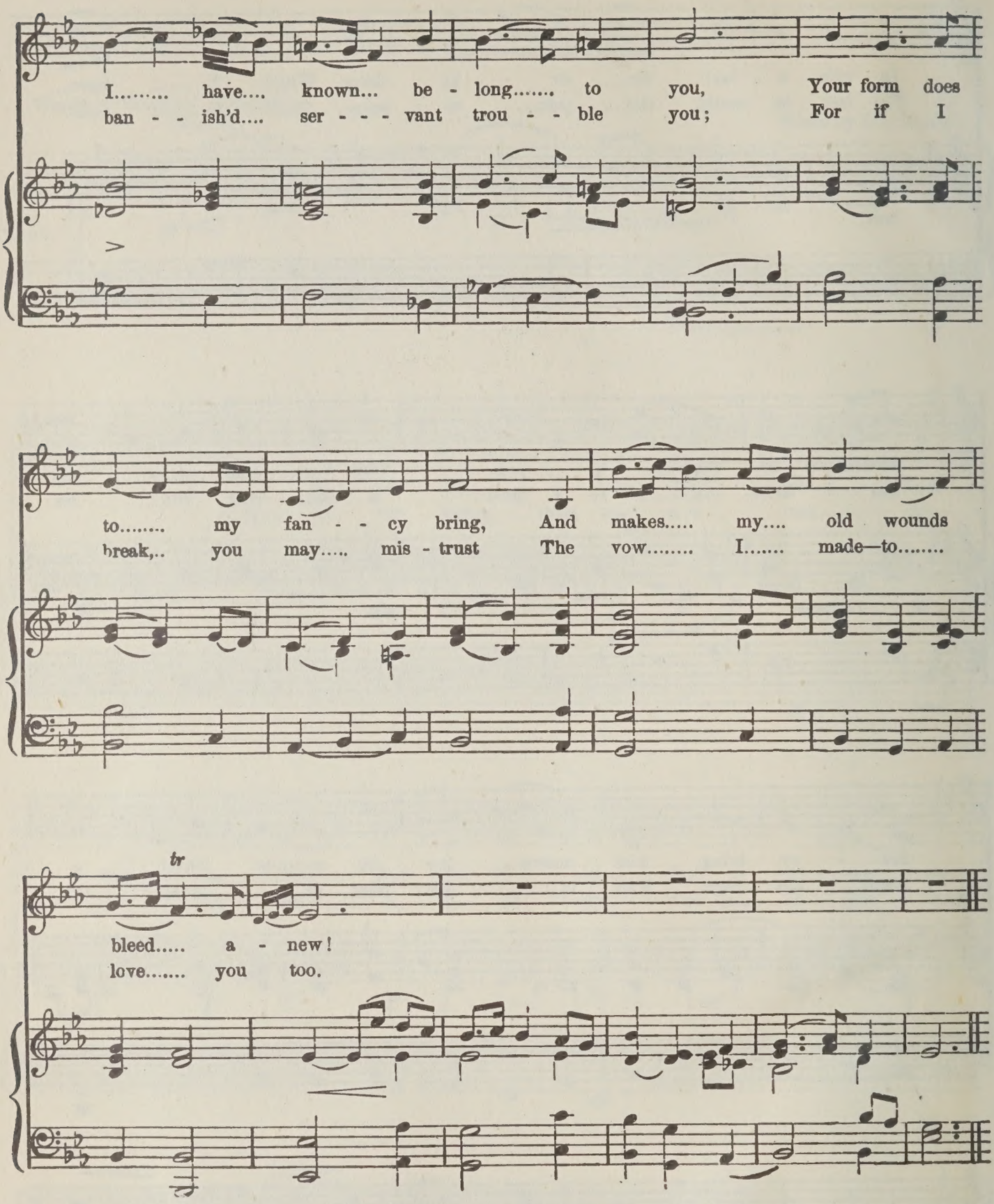
Words by EDMUND WALLER.

Andante.

Music by DR. BLOW.




In vain, a - las! for..... ev - 'ry thing Which I..... have...
Too late, he would the..... pain..... as - suage, And to..... thick
cres.
known.... be - long..... to you, Your form does to..... my
sha - dows does..... re - tire; A - bout with him..... he
pp
fan - cy bring, And makes..... my old wounds bleed..... a -
bears.... the rage, And in..... his taint - ed..... blood..... the
new! Ab - sence is vain, for.... ev - 'ry thing Which
fire; But vow'd I have, and... nev - er must Your


I..... have.... known... be - long..... to you, Your form does
ban - - ish'd.... ser - - - vant trou - - ble you; For if I
to..... my fan - - cy bring, And makes..... my.... old wounds
break,.. you may..... mis - trust The vow..... I..... made—to.....
tr
bleed..... a - new!
love..... you too.

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Music

Hatton, John Liptrott
The songs of England

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